D STEAMBOATS.

Ray and Naviga-
ompany.

AIL DIVISIONS.

e and Yamhill Rivers

R 20, 1881.

UGE DIVISION.

E DIVISION.

D AND BROWNSVILLE
R. to Woodburn.
DEC. 13, 1881.
leave Portland at 7:30 A. M
and Fridays.
ARRIVE.
Brownsville......3:17 P. M.
Portland.........4:25 P. M.
Brownsville at 8:30 A. M.
and Saturdays.

E DIVISION.

ERIDAN AND AIRLIE
R. to Whites.
ARRIVE.
Airlie.........4:25 P. M.
Sheridan.......1:20 P. M.
Portland.......3:20 P. M.

H. PRESCOTT, Manager.
Front and D Streets.

A. L. MAXWELL

cific Railroad.

LE DIVISION.
to Spokan Falls.

ortation Co.

Passenger Steamer
ULLY,

FAST TIME.

WOOD!
LOAD—FROM WHID-
mill or in the box at
attended to.
W. S. M. L. & M. CO.

The Sunday Oregonian.

PORTLAND, OREGON: SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1882

PRICE—TEN CENTS

VOL. I—NO. 12.

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

It was out on the western frontier—
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters,
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness,
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance—
Shows didn't come every night!

Not a woman's face among them;
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.
And behind a canvass curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermillion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a candle at her feet.
Pantaloon stood ready and waiting:
It was time for the going on,
But the clown in vain searched wildly;
The "property-baby" was gone!

He murmured, impatiently hunting;
"It's strange that I cannot find—
There! I've looked in every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not patient men.
The clown bent over the cradle—
"I must take you, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near;
She lifted her baby gently;
"You'll be very careful, dear?"
"Careful? You foolish darling—
How tenderly it was said!
What a smile shone through the chalk and paint—
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose into an uproar,
Misrule for the time was king;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,
Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and a flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You'll hold him as if he was made of glass?"
Said the clown to pantaloon.

The jovial fellow nodded:
"I've a couple myself," he said,
"I know how to handle them, bless you!
Old fellow, go ahead!"
The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby laugh! It was echoed
From the benches with a ring,
And the roughest customer there sprung up
With: "Boys, it's the real thing!"
The ring was jammed in a minute,
Not a man that did not strive
For "a shot at holding the baby—"
The baby that was "alive."

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
In the midst of the dusty ring,
And he held his court right royally—
The fair little baby king—
Till one of the shouting courtiers,
A man with a bold, hard face,
The talk for miles of the country,
And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
And chuckled: "Look at that!"
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
Then: "Boys, hand round the hat!"
There never was such a hatful
Of silver and gold and notes;
People are not always penniless
Because they don't wear coats!

And then: "Three cheers for the baby!"
I tell you, those cheers were meant,
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent,
And there was a sudden silence,
And a gruff old miner said,
"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!
It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
But with faces strangely bright,
The audience somewhat lingeringly,
Flocked out into the night,
And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
"He wasn't a bit afraid!
He's as game as he is good-looking—
Boys, that was a show that paid!"
—*Margaret Vandegrift.*

OCEAN TO OCEAN.

What the Nicaragua Canal Would Do for the Northwest Coast.

A RETIRED SHIPMASTER'S VIEWS.

How it Would Effect the Producers of Grain and Other Staples in Oregon and Washington Territory.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

"The Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua," already possessed of a very liberal and valuable franchise from the government of Nicaragua, authorizing the construction of an inter-oceanic canal through that Republic, are now applying to congress for a national charter. The board of trade of San Francisco, the chamber of commerce of Los Angeles, and the representatives of California at Washington, have placed themselves on record in favor of this beneficent work, while our sister state of Oregon which, owing to her geographical position is even more interested than California, has made no move except by means of a petition signed by some of the most intelligent and influential firms of Portland, which has already been presented to congress and received with the approbation it merited.

THIS APPARENT INDIFFERENCE

Is probably due, more than everything else, to the fact that the canal question has been more generally discussed as a political proposition than as a great and practical work, far-reaching in its beneficial results, and working such a stupendous change in the currents of the world's commerce, that a diligent study of the subject becomes necessary if a full appreciation of the great advantages which it will insure is to be arrived at. It is not within the scope of a newspaper article to explain the merits of this great project or to explain even briefly how it must benefit our country and the whole commercial world. It is the purpose of this paper merely to show how it would benefit Oregon and Washington Territory, a benefit strikingly important at this date and increasing yearly in augmented ratio as our great Northwestern empire is developed.

THE EVIDENCE OF THESE ADVANTAGES

Applies, of course, to any inter-oceanic canal, but the Nicaragua Maritime Canal is specially alluded to; first, because it is the shortest and in point of cost and distance from our north west coast, the most advantageous, and second, because it is an *American* work, to be constructed under the auspices of the United States government, which, jointly with Nicaragua receives special advantages from its completion. The surplus wheat crop of Oregon and Washington Territory for the year 1881 was 112,088 tons. I read in your annual statement thereof the following: "The price of wheat in Oregon exactly follows the English market, and is just so much less than the ruling price per ton in Liverpool as it costs to carry it there with the value of the risk and time added." Mr. Editor, you have truly stated the question—*you have already endorsed* what I shall endeavor to make as plain as the noonday sun, and, if my statements bear the investigation I invite, in regard to the single product of wheat, what shall the inquiring, intelligent student of the facts presented conclude, when the great productive capacity of your splendid country is considered? Think, of the grand future before you, and in connection therewith, your mind will gradually grasp the great results, so beneficial to your young commonwealth, which will follow the completion of

THE NICARAGUA INTER-OCEANIC CANAL.

In its connection with the handling of your wheat crop. The saving insured by this inter-oceanic communication is fourfold: First, on largely decreased rates of freight; second, decreased interest on value of cargo and on ship, or, otherwise, value of time saved; third, decreased insurance on cargo and on ship; fourth, saving in difference in value of wheat "just shipped" and "nearly due." I propose to illustrate these points in their order:

1. *Reduction on freights.* We may assume your average freight during the past year at $19 per ton. Modern screw steamers of 3000 to 3000 tons register could earn money rapidly if paid $7 per ton freight to Liverpool, free of canal toll, which is limited to a maximum of $2 50 per ton, weight or measurement. This would make total freight and canal toll $9 50 per ton, showing a clear gain on freight alone of $9 50. That $7 per ton free of canal toll will pay a steamship fairly for the 25 up to 30 days' trip to Liverpool, if she has any return cargo, is proven by the fact that on other lines of about equal length, and with less facilities for return freight and cheap coal, this rate is considered remunerative. These steamships would coal only at the Atlantic terminus of the canal, and could return with manufactured goods and immigrants from Europe, or, by loading with same from Europe to our Atlantic ports, could there load with the through freight now coming overland by rail, on which your people would save even more by reduced freights than on

CEREAL CARGOES OUTWARD.

2. *Interest on cargo and freight.* We place interest at 7 per cent. per annum and the Cape Horn trip at 140 days, rather under the average from your port. The trip via canal we place at 30 days, although 25 days would generally suffice. The statement stands thus: Interest for 140 days at 7 per cent. is 51 cents per ton on freight; same interest for 140 days is 87 cents per ton on cargo; total interest via Cape Horn, $1 38 per ton. Interest via canal, 30 days, 30 cents on freight and cargo. Saving by use of canal, $1 08 cents per ton of 2000 pounds, with wheat valued at $1 60 per cental—rather below value during past year.

3. *Insurance.* Via Cape Horn, 2½ and 2½ per cent.; via canal, 1¼ and 1½ per cent.; saving via canal, 1 per cent, equal to 32 cents per ton. The above rates were obtained from San Francisco marine insurance companies, by the committee of the board of trade, and assume that the safety of ship and cargo are assured by the canal company while under their control, which would be the case, except as to the ever-present risk of

LOSS BY FIRE.

4. *Saving between wheat just shipped and nearly due.* A careful examination of wheat quotations for the past two years shows an average difference of 1s 6d per quarter of 500 lbs, or 6s per ton, between "nearly due" and "just shipped." Twenty-five to thirty days is the time allowed for "nearly due" quotations, and assuming this as the passage via canal, as before stated, we can justly claim this saving via canal, approximately, $1 50 per ton.

RECAPITULATION.

	Per ton.
Saving on freight..................$	9 50
Saving on interest (cargo and freight)..	1 08
Saving on cargo, insurance............	32
Saving on difference valuation between "just shipped" and "nearly due"......	1 50
Total saving by Nicaragua canal...$	12 40

Equal on your surplus crop of 1881 to..$1,389,891 20

Nearly a million and a half per annum saved to your farmers and merchants on one year's wheat crop alone! The careful investigator, with your increasing production in view, will see no exaggeration in the above figures; indeed, they are within the limits of sober truth, and their comparative accuracy becomes

AN INDISPUTABLE FACT.

When, to the saving thus set forth, are added the benefits accruing to your other productions which must seek European markets; the saving on your inward freights, the low rates of emigrant passage from Europe which would rapidly develop your territory; where all these are considered, the intelligent mind begins to appreciate the importance of urging the speedy completion of the Nicaragua inter-oceanic canal.

No monopoly can control this great ocean highway. With a liberal act of concession from Nicaragua, and under a national charter, incorporated by gentlemen illustrious in the political and financial history of our country, this project should receive the earnest support of the citizens of Oregon and Washington territory as it has of the citizens of California. The fact that it has not received the attention it deserves is probably owing to the absence of intelligent study of the subject, and if I have succeeded in partially demonstrating

THE GREAT PROSPECTIVE VALUE

Of the projected work of the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua, I shall have accomplished the purpose of this hastily written paper.

The subject is now before congress, and I would respectfully suggest that the Portland board of trade will serve well its constituents, and do itself honor, by placing itself on record in favor of this great work, adding to the memorials and petitions already presented, its own urgent request that the incorporation act may receive the sanction of our government, in which case the canal can easily be open to the world within five years, for nature has marked out the path, and offers no obstacles which engineers have not successfully grappled with elsewhere.

WILLIAM L. MERRY.

ART NOTES.

In Shanahan's window may be seen another of those beautiful works by which Capt. Cleveland Rockwell is familiarizing the art-loving eye with the beauties of Columbia river scenery. It is taken in the dreamy haze of an August morning when the air is darkened by the blending of the ocean fog with the smoke of the burning forests. It represents one of the perpendicular basaltic cliffs near Oak Point, on the lower Columbia and a spring-fed rill is dripping down over the moss-grown rocks into the broad bosom of the stream, on which a small schooner is lagging along before a westerly breeze with sails set wing-and-wing. Rockwell also has a very pretty picture of a view in the Big Meadows of Feather river, California, near Lassen's Buttes. The pure and unbroken blue sky shows the serenity of climate so peculiar to northeastern California and southern Idaho.

J. C. Stuart, who came hither from California about three years ago and made his home at The Dalles until a short time since, has located his studio in Union Block, and has quite a meritorious collection of paintings. One of these is a view southward from the base of Hood, which we baptize "The Heart of the Cascades." In the foreground, at the source of the Tygh, is the hunter's camp. To the right is the heavy crest of Mount Washington and beyond it to the left are snowy crests of the Three Sisters, whence flows the mighty Willamette. The shrubbery in the piece is well done and shows the painter to be a close student of nature. Another very meritorious work is the head of "Lucy" an old Modoc squaw who has lived in The Dalles for the last thirty years and is known to everybody in the place. Stuart's masterpiece, however, is his view of Mount Adams from the canyon of the Klickitat. It is taken in the fiery glow of an August evening, just after sunset when the heavens are ablaze with the last rays of departing day. Stuart has a bright future ahead of him, if he continues as he has begun.

In the same studio are two pictures by Espey one representing the Upper Cascades with the steamboat landing in the foreground and the great red mountain at the rear, which is so familiar to the traveling public. The other is a view on the McKenzie, which is really the Willamette proper. In the foreground is a steep hill beside the river with a bear climbing the declivity. In the rear are the saintly spires of the "Three Sisters," clad in their veil of tempest and cloud. There is a deal of beauty in this piece for the reason that the coloring is very subdued and the artist's aim seems to have been to throw the greatest amount of light into the picture with the least possible amount of paint.

There is a great deal of good local ability in Oregon, but the great want is of proper tuition. The city of Portland is as yet too small to support a school of design, much as it is needed. Indeed, it is about all San Francisco can do to keep one alive, with twice the population of Oregon and Washington territory. How can the void be filled here?

Gen. Sherman will complete his sixty-second year on the 8th of February, but there is no law retiring him at that time as his position and that of the lieutenant general expire with the incumbents.

AN OLD-TIME RACE.

Twenty Years Ago on the Lower Sacramento.

THE CHRYSOPOLIS AND NEVADA.

The First A 1 Passenger Boat Built on the Coast, and her Nimble Rival—How the "Crys." Won the Bet.

The first low-pressure steamboat ever built on the Pacific coast was the steamer Eliza Anderson, built at Portland in 1859. The following year, the growth of the grain trade of the upper Sacramento valley was such that the old reliable Antelope and New World were unequal to the requirements of the trade, and the latter boat was sold by the California Steam Navigation Company, to go to Puget Sound. To take her place, or, rather to do the work of both boats, so far as grain freights down stream were concerned, a new boat was built by John G. North, at the Potrero, south of San Francisco, to be designed on the style of the boats engaged in navigating Long Island Sound. She was 285 feet long, 37 feet beam and 10 feet depth of hold. Her hull was built of a keel of Puget Sound fir, with planking of the same material, knees of eastern oak laid alternately with knees of California laurel, or myrtle, as it is called in Oregon. Her main saloon was painted in a china gloss, with gilt caps to the pillars and her ladies' saloon was of polished Honduras cedar.

HER ENGINE

Was a single vertical beam, of 60-inch bore of cylinder with 12 feet stroke of piston. She had two large low-pressure boilers, one on each guard, forward of her paddle wheels which were 32 feet in diameter with 9 feet face of bucket. She began her trips in November, 1860, under command of Capt. E. C. M. Chadwick. Her subordinate officers were William Collett and Orrin Swan, pilots; L. V. Hogoboom and S. W. Shephard, engineers; H. C. Stowell (Sam Slick), mate; W. H. Yates, steward; J. D. Watson and Barney O'Neil, clerks. The bar, which was on the main deck was rented by the captain and two wholesale merchants in San Francisco, at a rental of $50 per trip or $25 per day. Fare was $2 50 to Benicia and $5 to Sacramento; thence $5 to Marysville and $10 to Red Bluff, by light-draught boats which connected with her at Sacramento. She carried 940 tons assorted merchandise and 720 tons dead weight on seven feet of water. On her trial trip she had reeled off sixteen miles per hour with everything new and working stiffly.

CAPT. JAMES WHITNEY, JR.,

The president of the company, was a Mississippi man but had sense enough to see that whenever there was water enough to admit of the extra draft necessarily imposed by low-pressure engines, they were superior to as well as safer than high-pressure machinery. He had designed this boat from the plans of the old reliable "City of Hartford" plying upon the Connecticut river, save that the new boat had a "Texas" or upper cabin for the use of officers (similar to those of the S. G. Reed and Harvest Queen) like a Mississippi river boat. There was a great variety of names suggested for her, but Capt. Whitney, whose originality displayed itself in putting a Mississippi style of cabin on a New York style of boat, wanted some name different from any other boat afloat. He was a great friend of the late J. Ross Browne, who was an accomplished linguist. One day he asked Browne if he could give him a Latin or Greek name signifying "a city of gold?" Browne replied, "Yes, the name is

CHRYSOPOLIS."

And as such the big boat was thereafter known. For nearly a year the splendid steamer had things all her own way and would frequently turn in a $5000 cash return for her round trip, until in the summer of 1861 a spirited opposition sprung up between her and a new high-pressure boat called the "Nevada," built and owned by George W. Kidd, a hydraulic miner and banker of Nevada City. She was 240 feet long, 32 feet beam and 8 feet hold, and was propelled by two high-pressure engines of 24 inch bore of cylinder and 7 foot stroke of piston. She was of beautiful model and commanded by Capt. Kidd in person. His subordinate officers were W. L. Phillips and Andrew Foster, engineers; James McWilliams, clerk; Thomas J. Stump and Charles Clark, pilots; James T. Goodman, steward; Jerry Creighton, mate. It may be proper to state that in those days the mate never went to a wheel, but had enough to do as a deck officer; and a clerk was never called a "purser," that title being used only in the navy and on ocean steamships.

LOW FARES AND FREIGHTS

Were the result of this competition, passage being fifty cents and freight a dollar per ton. There was no reduction in the price of meals or berths, however, the charge being one dollar for dinner which was the only meal served on either boat. But the *cuisine* surpassed that of any hotel in California, the markets being literally bankrupted to contribute to their tables. And such a scene as Davis street, between Pacific and Broadway was for an hour before these boats started out. With the pent-up steam quivering in every joint of their boilers the rival boats were *lying* at the wharf—and so were the runners. Here is a specimen of the "chin music" between Bill Wolfe and George Lloyd:

Wolfe—Git right aboard here, governor. Take you up for a half, and give you a cocktail before dinner.

Lloyd—Don't go aboard that boat. She's called the Erysipelas, and you'll die before she gets to Sacramento.

Wolfe—Governor, you never mind him. The last trip the Nevada made, two of her passengers died of old age. She ain't fast enough to go after a doctor.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK

Both boats would haul in the gang-plank, let go lines and start out at a break-neck pace. The Chrysopolis carried the mails and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express, and could outrun the Nevada in deep water so easily that she always passed Benicia first and entered the mouth of the river ahead. But on the down trip the case was different, for the Nevada had disconnected engines, enabling her to go ahead on one wheel and back on the other. From Sacramento down to the mouth of the river, there were often short bends, where the Chrysopolis, being a "stiff shaft" boat, would be compelled to slow down to make the turns, while the Nevada would work "wide open" at every foot of the way, except at "Kercheval's" and the mouth of "Sutter Slough;" and even those points Tom Stump would make without ringing a "back" bell on either engine. He was the most general pilot I ever saw. No matter how the boat was rigged, he could handle her. She would beat the Chrysopolis from four to five miles to the mouth of the river. Thence to Arsenal point, three miles above Benecia, the waters of Suisun bay were full of

MIDDLE GROUNDS

And treacherous shoals, and the great draft of the Chrysopolis would cause her to "suck" a great deal and lose her speed. But from Arsenal Point to San Francisco, a distance of thirty-three miles, her strong hull and powerful engine told well in her favor, and she would overhaul the Nevada rapidly. But the latter boat generally landed her passengers first, and the company became dissatisfied with the way things were going. On the 30th of December, 1861, O. B. Crary made a bet of $2000 with a man named Tully (supposed to be Captain Kidd's money), that the Chrysopolis would beat the Nevada on the down trip, the following night. Both boats got ready for the race, and the old high-pressure steamer Helen Hensley was put on the line to carry the Chrysopolis' freight, so she could make a flying light run each way. She made the run to Benicia that night with the wind in her favor, but against a strong tide, in an hour and fifty minutes. Captain Whitney was on board and said, "If old Shep don't get this boat to Sacramento ahead of the Nevada, I'll take 'Lige Mott off the Jonathan, and I'll be hanged if we don't beat her then."

THE SWOLLEN RIVER

Was now beginning to rise rapidly, a circumstance which was largely in favor of the big boat, as she drew the most water. The Chrysopolis reached Sacramento ahead of the Nevada, as usual but the betting fraternity did not mind that. They were backing the Nevada for the down trip, as much on the strength of Stump's superb piloting as anything else. But the swollen river, yellow with the debris of a thousand mining camps and bearing seaward the tricklings of a hundred rills on old Shasta's icy crown, was fast filling its banks to the rim; and great eddying swirls could be seen in the wake of the bridge-piers. Every indication pointed to a big river for a big race. Bets ran as follows: $100 to $60 that the Nevada would beat the Chrysopolis to Rio Vista; $100 to $80 that she would beat her to Benicia and even up that she would beat her the race. The Nevada's landing at Sacramento was about as far down stream from that of the Chrysopolis as her dock in San Francisco was farther off than that of the big boat, so that discrepancy was equalized. But there was one thing the betters had overlooked. The Chrysopolis had been taking the south channel around the middle ground in Suisun bay, while the Nevada's lighter draft had enabled her to take the north channel, thus

SAVING ABOUT THREE MILES

In actual distance. The recent rise would enable the Chrysopolis to take the north channel with plenty of water in it. This reduced her run from Sacramento to San Francisco to a total distance of 120 miles had she run in the slough. But a council of war was held in Capt. Chadwick's room just after lunch, in which the two pilots, the captain and the president of the company were present. Capt. Whitney asked:

"Mr. Collett, do you think you can run the slough wide open?"

"I can do it, sir," replied the pilot, "but it's a risky piece of business. She has so much house that if she failed to make a bend and should stick her nose into a lee shore, it might take half an hour to get her off. Besides, the slough is full of eddies in high water, which makes it that much worse."

Capt. Whitney looked thoughtful a moment, and then asked:

"How much water is there in the old river?"

"More than we have any need of."

"How much further is it than by the slough?"

"Something over five miles, sir," replied Collett.

"Can you round every bend in it at full speed?"

"Yes, sir, and do it with ease."

"TAKE THE OLD RIVER, THEN,"

Replied Capt. Whitney, and the council adjourned *sine die*. It was now near the hour of departure and both boats had began to get steam. In addition to her two engineers, the Chrysopolis had on board that day another first-class engineer to go between the two boilers as a water-tender and direct the firing of the furnaces. The runners were yelling away on the levee and the bar rooms were crowded with angry and excited partisans of either boat. Wine and whisky were poured down men's throats like oil upon a hissing flame. Roars of applause would go up at every bet made, although there was heavier betting in San Francisco, over $20,000 being staked at the "Bank Exchange" alone. At half past one the first bell rang from each boat, and Capt. Chadwick walked out on the levee, saying:

"One, two, three, five hundred, or a thousand dollars that I get to Broadway wharfboat first."

This stopped the betting on the wharf, but there were many wagers posted in the saloons after that. At 1:45 the "quarter bell" rang and the saloons began to disgorge their living contents into the drizzling rain. Both wharfboats were black. At last it came down to five minutes before two and the bell began to toll slowly from both boats. The drizzling mist could not

DAMPEN THE EXCITEMENT

Of this occasion. The ponderous walking beam of the Chrysopolis nodded its obeisance to her smaller but ambitious rival, from whose tall chimneys a volume of smoke and steam was escaping. Then came the cry of "Haul in your plank," "Let go your spring," "Take in your head line," "Back her," "Let go your stern-line," "Go ahead." Both boats were off under a full head of steam, but the Nevada was in the lead and was the first to disappear around the bend below the city. A salute of anvils greeted the boats as they passed Sutterville. Thence to the foot of Onisbo island, 38 miles, was the shallowest portion of the river, and whatever of gain the Nevada accomplished must be done right there. She bounded away like a startled deer, with her more stately rival careering after her like a high-mettled racer. On reaching Onisbo island, the Nevada went into the right and took the slough. The Chrysopolis, on the contrary, kept to the left and took the old river, passing Kercheval's house on the head of the island in 1 hour and 32 minutes from the "hook-on" bell. She went through the old river like a shot and reached the foot of the island just in time to see the Nevada landing at Rio Vista, more than

FOUR MILES AWAY.

Several friends of the Nevada had got on board of the Chrysopolis, for several reasons. First, it had been intimated that Phillips had said he was "going to carry blue gas" on the former boat; and second, because they thought they might get better chances for wagers than on their own boat. They now became defiant. The Chrysopolis made a "fly landing" at Rio Vista and threw out the mails and express without heaving a line and took on six passengers without a stage-plank. She ran from Kercheval's to Rio Vista, fourteen miles, in 36 minutes, and passed the Twin Houses on Montezuma hill, 7 miles below, in 19 minutes more. Thence to Collinsville was 11 miles further and it was just top of high tide. She made this stretch in 35 minutes and now began to feel the benefit of her long-stroked engine in the deep water of Suisun bay. Still the Nevada was well ahead of her and Tom Stump had given up the wheel to Charley Clark, who knew the tides as well as any living man of his day. The tide was now beginning to run ebb, which was in favor of both boats but the wind was freshening from the southeast, which was much against the light and springy Nevada. The Chrysopolis made the Benicia wharf in 1 hour and 45 minutes being then

NINETY-FOUR MILES OUT

And having made the thirty-five miles from Collinsville in the time just named. Now came the closing up of the race. The Nevada was over a mile a head when the Chrysopolis touched Benicia dock and Capt Whitney went to the engine room:

"Mr. Shephard, this boat is the most powerful boat of her size in America. She's got an engine big enough for a steamship and you've got lots of anthracite coal bought especially for this race. If you can't beat the Nevada, I'll find an engineer who can."

It was an exciting scene. The engine-room was kept fastened, so that passengers could not see the steam or vacuum gauges; the blowers were roaring out their artificial draft; a grayish smoke, commingled with flame, crept out of her tall stacks while her rival was enveloped in a black cloud caused by yellow pine and Australian coal. At Point Pinole the Chrysopolis began to lessen the distance very plainly; off Point Pablo she had whittled it down to half a mile; at the Brothers, she was growing so close that the figures of the Nevada's pilots could be seen in their eyrie of glass; at Red Rock, Capt. Whitney said "If it only blows this hard: we've got the race won easily."

"A STERN CHASE

Is a hard race," however, but "old Shep" kept the big boat hard at it. The four firemen changed watches every hour and were given champagne and ice at intervals. Off Red Rock it was piping and from our boat we could see two men at the Nevada's wheel, for she was diving into a chopped sea. Off Raccoon straits there was less than ten lengths between the two boats, and at the nose of Angel Island it had decreased to six. I stood alongside the engine room, as "old Shep" poked his head out, and said: "This is a pretty hard race, Mr. Shephard." "Ya-a-s, my sonny, but I've seen sicker children nor this 'ere. Mr. Scott, that pine wood, if you please. There's Alcatraz light, broad abeam." Four truck loads of pitch pine wood had been standing in the wings, on each side of the engine. They were instantly wheeled to the furnaces and cast into the flames which with forked tongues licked up their fat repast. Ha, ha! she feels it, she is making twenty revolutions and her enormous piston is traveling 240 feet per minute, and now she lets out a new link of speed. She glides through the shipping to a dead-lock with the Nevada and draws away from her just about four hundred yards from the dock, winning the race in 5 hours and 18 minutes. Annexed is a

RECAPITULATION.

Sacramento to—	Miles	Total miles	Mean time	Total time
Kercheval's*............	27		1:32	
Rio Vista..............	14	41	0:36	2:08
Twin Houses...........	7	48	0:19	2:27
Collinsville*..........	11	59	0:35	3:02
Benicia..............	35	94	1:45	4:47
San Francisco.........	31	125	1:31	5:18

*Neither boat landed here.

The bets were paid over the following day to those who had backed the Chrysopolis, yet such was Stump's skill in docking a boat that the Nevada's passengers actually got ashore first. In a conversation with Capt. Stump, who really navigated the losing boat, he said, "The wind one way and the tide the other, was too much for us. Smooth water all the way, and we could have beaten her a very clever race. But with a big river and such a sea as we had to-night, she can always beat us." Two weeks later, the Antelope ran into the Nevada and an investigation took place. Pending the investigation Stump's place on the boat was filled by another man. The second trip he made he sunk the boat, after four ineffectual attempts. The next day, as he justly deserved, Tom Stump was acquitted of all blame, but his steamboat was gone. Finding all other avenues of employment closed to him, he came to Oregon. Of his career on the Upper Columbia and Snake rivers, it is needless for me to speak. He was an officer of marked ability and the tutor of some of the ablest steamboatmen I ever met, though none of them equalled him in versatility. His untimely death was regretted by a legion of friends and in particular by

M.

ANGLING.

A Word or two with Those who Love the "Gentle Art."

WHERE SHALL WE WET A FLY?

The Unequalled Fishing of Eastern Oregon—The Blue Mountain Lakes vs. the Puget Sound Streams—The Value of To-day.

Spring will soon be here, and the spring poet will begin to haunt the editorial sanctum, unterrified by the soleless editorial boot and the tobacco-spitten waste-basket. The willow trees and cottonwoods begin putting forth their yellow buds; the frogs go up their duets of flageolet and trombone in the Wapato lakes; the snipe are seen scurrying hither and thither in zig-zag flight and bleating with querulous notes; long streaming files of widgeons and phalanxes of geese are on the wing for the frozen pole; and all nature betokens the approach of the vernal season. It is evident that the winter is well spent and that the shooting season is about ended. The angler now begins putting his house in order for the fishing campaign, in which Oregon is surpassed by no other state in the union and equalled by few, so far as the wily trout is concerned. Trout rods which have lurked *perdu* in some old lumber closet all winter, in company with a side-saddle, are taken down and carefully varnished anew; books of flies are examined and the old ones thrown aside; lines are tested and oiled anew or, if too far gone, thrown aside altogether; and new wading boots ordered from the shoemakers.

EARLY FISHING

Begins in March about Portland for salmon trout only, and gives comparatively good sport in Johnson's creek, below Milwaukie, and all the tributaries of the Willamette up to the falls. Yet these fish rarely rise to a fly, even when the spring rains are over, let alone in the muddy waters that prevail at this season. And of all stupid sport bait fishing is the poorest and most stupid. The bait fisherman is an own brother to the pot-hunter who shoots quail as they huddle under the bushes on a frosty November morning. But there are men who look upon fishing of any kind as sport, and they find lots of fun in hauling two-pounders out of the tributaries of the Willamette between here and Oregon City. The fish are not equal to a brook trout in gameness, nor are they to be compared to Chinook salmon for the table; but as the stage-driver remarked, "they beat ham." They will bite at anything from the scruff of a bull's neck to the hind leg of a Bramah chicken, for the streams contain but little floating food and

THE FISH ARE HUNGRY

Enough to eat jack-knives and tooth-picks. But the real sport begins about the last of April, and for some reason or reasons, to the jury unknown, the streams along the stony prairies of Washington territory, a hundred miles north of here, have the earliest and best fishing known in the north. There is the brawling little Scatter creek, not a mile from Tenino station; the Newaukum river near the station of that name; the Des Chutes river only four miles from Tenino, if the water be not too high; and last and grandest of all, Chamber's creek, the Callkoon of Washington. If you want to go into Olympia and make the capital city your sally port, for I can assure you its people are the very personification of hospitality, you will find McAllister's lake the finest casting ground for boat fishing; and the Des Chutes river at Offutt's has never failed to reward me with a well-filled creel. All these places are on or near the line of the Northern Pacific road.

THE LUCKIEST FISHERMAN

In this "neck of woods" is, beyond doubt, David Monnastes, the pioneer foundryman, who is hugging the shores of the sixties very close and yet walks down half the boys that have not yet turned thirty. He brings in about a hundred fish to any other man's seventy, yet there is a shrewd suspicion in the minds of the boys that Uncle David does not always confine himself strictly to a leader with three flies but carries a fragment of bunch-grass fed porterhouse steak in his basket to tempt the fastidious appetite of *salmo fontinalis*. Our most artistic fly-fisher left us about two years ago—Capt. John C. Ainsworth—and Oregon's loss is Alameda's gain. He used the first Fowler (mind now, this man's name is not Fowleure), rod that I ever saw, weight eight ounces. Instead of the awkward overhand cast that most of our fly-fishers are afflicted with, which reminds one of a red headed woman throwing a rotten apple at a yellow dog, the Admiral has a low under-cut worthy of a French swordsman. His line goes on a dead level about four feet above the ground for twenty yards, when suddenly the flies tower into the air, twelve feet high, for ten yards further and drop lightly on the water. You can imagine

THE IMMENSE PERCENTAGE

That such a cast has in very clear water, like the Blue Mountain lakes of Eastern Oregon, over the slovenly over-handed whip which ninety-nine out of a hundred anglers have. Over at Des Chutes or Chamber's creek, it does not make so much difference; but at Olive lake, thirty miles southwest of Baker City, in the heart of the loveliest mountain range in America, it counts for a good deal. No one who has once fished that lake will ever forget the few minute details which distinguish it from all other fishing in Oregon. The cool thin air which gives new life to the asthmatic lungs of a long sojourner in the Webfoot land; the ravenous appetite which follows it as a natural consequence; the bright sky overhead, mirroring itself in the bosom of the crystal lake below; the dark green pines whose tapering minarets pierce the azure above them; and above all, the charming silence that pervades all your surroundings and impresses on your heart the never-ending worship of nature which still.

"Keeps the reverent frame
With which her years' began;
And all her prayerful voices shame
The prayerless heart of man."

TO HEALTH-SEEKERS,

No other locality can offer such inducements. The great obstacle is now its remoteness from the busy haunts of men and the want of facilities for travel. But wait till the railroad gets into Grand Ronde valley and it will be within thirty-five hours' ride from Portland. The underbrush is full of delicious whortleberries that are the finest prelude to the five o'clock breakfast of an August morning; the marsh below the lake is alive with teal ducks, sprigtails, curlew and jack-snipe; four miles away is a dairy-farm where you can get plenty of milk, butter and eggs; an hour's walk will bring you to where you can kill either a mule deer or an elk; and last, but not least, are the trout, the small, black-mouthed, gamy little fellows, whose meat is as white as snow and as sweet as filbert. Seldom is one caught weighing over a quarter of a pound, and when you hook one that weighs three-quarters, he is good for a pitched battle of five minutes before he can be lifted into the boat, of which there are two on the lake. There is also a raft, which I prefer to the boats. Paddling it up to the windward end of the lake, let it drift slowly back and sit at the stern of it, casting your leader ahead of you. The raft acts as a screen in that clear water and you will catch three fish where the man in the boat will catch one. There is

A GOOD LOG CABIN,

At one end of the lake, built by James W. Virtue, the Baker City banker, at his own expense, and he never objects to loaning the key to a personal friend or anybody that comes well introduced. But it is a good deal more pleasant and independent to camp out, especially if there are no ladies in the party; and with your saddle for a pillow and a mattress of fir boughs beneath you, the physic of the Esculapians may safely be thrown to the "demnition bow-wows," as Mr. Mantalini would say. The writer regards health as the greatest of all blessings; for without health to enjoy it wealth becomes a positive curse. Of the half-dozen millionaires in our growing city, Henry Failing is the only one who has health to enjoy his money. All the others are worthy objects for the sympathy of the intelligent and liberal-minded portion of the community. I have been censured by my friends, more than once, for devoting so much time to field sports and out-of-door life. They tell me I should have stuck to the counter until I had amassed a competency and then enjoyed my leisure with the interest on my money. I took a different view of the case, more than twenty years ago. My experience was that the passion for acquiring money grows upon a man just as does the love of drink or the opium habit; and that by the time a man gets ready to retire from active business life, the love of field sports and manly exercise is

CAST ASIDE,

For the simple reason that he has not the physical endurance necessary to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. Of our eminently successful business men, but two—S. G. Reed and Capt. J. C. Ainsworth—ever lived to stick their pants within their boots, put on a chip hat with a dozen flies in it, and spend four days in the woods with a diet of trout and venison furnished by their own patience and love of woodcraft. My theory is, and has been, that whatever of life is worth enjoying, is worth enjoying now. My parents earned no fortune for me to scatter upon the zephyrs of idleness, hence I owe no similar obligation of niggardness to future generations. For me the lark carols his matin in early spring; the broad fir tree spreads its fragrant penumbra in sultry August; the mallard croaks in the fens as the autumn wanes away; and the whitened road in winter jingles its sleighbells in concert with the glee of laughing girls. At forty-seven years of age I am younger, and certainly happier, than most men of thirty-five:

"Bear lightly on their foreheads, Time!
Strew roses on their way;
The young in heart, however old,
That prize the present day,
I love to see a man forget
His blood is growing cold
And leap or swim or gather flowers,
Oblivious of his gold;
And mix with children in their sport,
Nor think that he is old."

IN SELECTING RODS,

The old Latin motto of *de gustibus non disputandum* comes well into play. A split-bamboo is the lightest of all fly-rods and the best in a general way, but I prefer them for Eastern Oregon, while for the Willamette valley and Puget Sound I am not so partial to them, as the damp weather will sooner or later loosen the splices. I saw at Silver City last summer a rod made in Philadelphia weighing 10 ounces and 8½ feet long. The butt was of ash, cane-wrapped; and the middle joint and tips of Bathsbara wood, which is far more pliant than either greenheart or lancewood. The cost of this rod was $11 by mail, and I never saw its superior for service. The best cheap rod I ever saw cost $6 by mail and was made at Cazenovia, N.Y. The butt was of ash, the second joint of greenheart and the three tips were of Cuba lancewood, which is far superior to that cut on the Spanish Main. The tips were of various length, so that the rod could be made 8½ or 9 feet long, at the angler's option. To change from open fishing, like the Bruneau or Wallowa, to the densely wooded streams along Puget Sound, such a rod was more than valuable. But if you can afford it get a split bamboo, at a cost of $25. It will last you a life time and enables you to deliver your flies

FORTY YARDS AWAY

With more ease than you can send them thirty with either the Philadelphia or the Cazenovia rod. So long as the fish are tame, it makes but little difference what rod you use, but when they are wild, as they always are on Long Island and in Pennsylvania, where a really good angler can always catch fifty in a day, the man who can stand furthest from the water well catch the most fish. Hence the day is not far off when, visitors becoming the more frequent, our trout will increase in shyness and the split bamboo will be the rod for Oregon as it has already proven to be the rod for everywhere else. Capt. Ainsworth, the elder, paid $65 for his and on some gentleman's remarking "that's a good deal of money to put into a fish-pole;" the Admiral replied, "you once paid $1200 for a running horse, and I've had a good deal more fun out of my pole than you ever got out of your horse." That is the real secret of it, after all. It's not what you pay for a thing, but do you get value received out of it? If a split bamboo rod worth $25 will restore your health after you are broken down with fatigue in the shop or at the counter, it is worth the whole medical profession, Dr. Bliss included.

"A GOOD TIME IS COMING,

It is almost here" when I shall be wading the clear waters of the upper Clackamas with a leader of black gnats, professors and brown hackles, and shall come home with a basket that makes my shoulders ache and the appetite of a wolf. I shall have some hard tack in my basket and a venison sausage with it, winding up with a pull at my meerschaum, the faithful friend that has proven so constant a solace. Here beside the crystal stream that bears the snows of Hood westward to the sea, will I pitch my tent and whip its glassy surface. The smoke and hum of the busy city will be left far behind me and the pure air of the pines shall put new blood in my veins, new light in my eyes and new life in my heart. And in parlance Mose-aic, "ef yer a-comin', why dont yer, come along, s-a-y?"

"Here is the angler's paradise,
A dreamy, Eden-like retreat,
With balmy perfume in the air
An' wild flow'rs springing at your feet.

M.

TRESPASSES.

By one who Lives by Keeping up Other Men's Fences.

AN OLD GRUMBLER IN HIS GLORY.

It is Better to be a Diogenes and Growl in your Tub, than to be a Pericles and Win a Great Battle.

It may be true, as Portia tells us in the Merchant of Vengeance, that "the quality of mercy is not strained;" but it does sometimes get a severe stretching. I see that George C. Gottung, a German who was recently sentenced to ten years in San Quentin for the murder of his wife at San Francisco, in November last, was married to a Miss Mary E. Willis in his cell an hour after his sentence. That girl has nerve beyond doubt, but I question her discretion. I think if Mr. Gottung, had got hung, as his name implies that he deserved to be, Miss Willis would have escaped a fate as bad as that of her predecessor in matrimony.

This is no worse, however, than the silly and sentimental slobbering perpetrated by respectable Washington ladies over that wretched lump of humanized ordure, Charles J. Guiteau. It is enough to disgust any man or any woman of good common sense, to see the way that ladies of high social standing have been flocking for autographs and locks of hair from this God-forsaken wretch, whose necrosised bones and mephitic flesh are paying the penalties of his brutal appetites and vaunted lust. It is a pity to hang him. He should be walled up in a brick dungeon without a door and fed through a trap like the caged wolf that he is, until his scrofulous carcass rots unto death.

My emaciated friend Caples is in a quandary. He is laboring between two fires, and between the two stools lie thinks himself likely to come to the ground. If he lets out the two girls who saw the Borgian Bradley beat the dead Brown over the head with brass-knuckles, the Sullivan-Hamilton gang will either spirit them away or murder them; if he keeps them in jail, they will take the sulks and refuse to tell what they know. He reminds one of old General Pillow, whom some acquaintances asked in New Orleans, shortly after the close of the war:

"Well, Uncle Gid, how goes it?"

"Devilish rough my son; rougher than an alligator with one eye."

"How did you come to lose all your property?"

"Too many presidents, sir. Abe Lincoln ran off all my niggers and Jeff Davis burned up all my cotton. Its d—lish rough, sir, to have so many presidents."

A little girl about ten years old was spending last Saturday with my wife and she asked her, "Do you go to Sunday school, Lillie?"

"No ma'am, I don't. I go round to Aunt Emily's and sit in the bay window with Mamie and see the other girls as they come home from Sunday school."

"Do you, indeed?" asked Mrs Grizzly.

"Yes ma'am. That's what we call our game of remarks."

That was a pretty little bit of instrumentation, Gottschalk's "Last Hope," that Ned Coursen gave us on the organ at Trinity, last Sunday night. It reminded me of a party where I met Gottschalk in New Orleans, just at the outbreak of the civil war, and he played that very same composition on the piano. However, I like it better on an organ, for it is one of the prettiest andantes ever written. And speaking of Trinity, reminds me that a stout young English parson officiated that night, a new arrival, and a splendid specimen of robust manhood he was. But he had a very lardy-dahdy sort of a drawl, which detracted from a finely written sermon. He did not exactly say "'E that hath yabs to yah, let him y-a-h;" but he was an agreeable relief, notwithstanding his Dundrearyisms, to the chronic rising inflection of the regular clergyman, which reminds one of the waiter who

"Shouted through the hall,
'We don't give bread with one fish ball.'"

Quintilian was right when he said that "delivery bears away in oratory."

Last Thursday night I walked through Chinatown, amid a deafening roar of fireworks and a sickening stench of sulphur, dried fish, rancid pig, rotten cabbage, and other balmy odors known only to the central flowery land. The Fredgebear—I mean the chevalier—had me by the arm and asked if I thought there would be that much noise made on the 22d of this month. My reply was a negative one, and the chevalier remarked that it was a great pity that Washington had not been born in China—he might have had, in future ages, some tribute of respect paid to his memory.

While we stood there an aged Teuton recognized me and said, "Ich tort der vas no brivilitched glasses in dish Gundry?"

"There are none," was my reply. "Why do you ask?"

"Vell, ofer a boor leedle Deutscher vos to go mit himzelf von der streed oud, und vire off a revalfer, along komes a politzeidener und dook him off to der skookum haus. Und dond you make forgedness of dot."

The smoke has scarcely blown away, although I bless Divine Providence for the welcome "blizzard" of Friday morning which partially "broke up the jam," to borrow the parlance of the logging-camp. Such a tissue of smells as Second street had, surpassing all the select stenches of the Ghetto, Scutari or Galata. I cannot say that I envy the pseudo-millionaires who have planted this reeking cholera broth and bobbling hell-boquet in the very heart of our beautiful city. My friend, the Rev. Deuteronomy Damnemall, whose rooms will be in the basement of Strowbridge's Block if ever an earthquake overtakes Portland and stands that building on its head, affects the Anacreontic style of Tom Moore. He is now writing a piece of spring poetry for Mr. Acton's Apollinaris, which shows a rare poetic vein. I can only remember the two last lines:

"You may stick your head out of the window, at will,
But the smell of the Chinaman clings to it still."

Some soft-hearted correspondent of yours at San Francisco affects to believe Miss Carrie Bradley innocent of the murder of the granger Brown. So do I until she is proven guilty. But I think he slobbered over the thing like a man in the last stage of impotency. It would have been best for your correspondent to have given merely the cold facts (no allusion intended to a former vice president of the United States), in the case and let your readers draw their own conclusions. If he is about to establish himself in the general vindication business, he can find plenty of subjects to work upon in the persons of Beatrice Cenci, Mrs. Brownrigg and Lucretia Borgia, M. D.

But one thing I do hope, and that is, when the Oregon reaches her dock on Monday night, that no offer of personal violence be done to the woman Bradley. Seattle had cause to complain of the laxity of her criminal courts; but Portland has none. She has done her duty in convicting crime and executing her sentences with all possible rapidity, for the law is deliberate and always hangs the right man while the mob often does otherwise. I am not a carpet-bag judge, in hourly dread of being decapitated by a stalwart administration; hence the readers of this paper need expect no theatrical demonstration on my part when the steamer reaches her wharf with the Demoness de Bradley on board. Let order prevail, that the law may be feared and respected.

GRIZZLY.

The Albany *Democrat* says that W. H. Brown and Griggs Hampton brought down and sold to Billy Watkins last Thursday, 308 pounds of deer hides. The deer were killed on the Santiam above Sweet Home.

ing killed, including the French consul. The total number of victims is 1500. It is said Col. Mas has since been shut by Garcia of Calderon's troops.

A severe accident lately to a star performer had a far happier termination than was expected. The wife of W. H. Stowe, Esq., manager of Dan Rice's Great Show, was terribly injured by being thrown from her horse while performing at Cadiz, Ohio. St. Jacob's Oil alone was used and cured her in four days.

The late Aml Loring, of North Yarmouth, Me, left [illegible] to his children and [illegible] to missionary societies.

When the ostrich-farming fever struck South Africa old birds used to fetch $[illegible] a pair; now they sell for from $25 to $70.

A party of young men in Louisville invested in a cotton "bucket-shop" in that city. When the bottom dropped from the bucket they were $200,000 behind.

Justice Otterbourg recently ruled that a woman who for two months kept a pet dog at a certain boarding house should pay $1 extra for the dog's board.

J. H. CUTTER OLD BOURBON WHISKY
And for
VAL. BLATZ MILWAUKEE BEER. 1p

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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 19, 1882.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

To say my prayers is not to pray
Unless I mean the words I say;
Unless I think to whom I speak,
And with my heart His favor seek.

In Prayer we speak to God above,
We speak the blessed Saviour's love;
We ask for pardon for our sin,
And grace to keep us pure within.

But oh, if I am found to smile,
Or play or look about awhile,
Or think vain thought, the Lord will see,
And how can he be pleased with me?

Then let me, when I try to pray,
Not only mind the words I say,
But let me strive, with earnest care,
To have my heart go with my prayer.

FISTIANA.

Thirty-five Years' Record of the American Prize Ring.

"THE MANLY ART OF SELF-DEFENSE."

The History of Mug-Pounding in the United States from Tom Hyer's Day down to Paddy Ryan.

The recent fight between Ryan and Sullivan, during the fore part of this week, has created so much excitement among all classes in this city that we are justified in obtaining a brief resume of the history of pugilism in America, taking Tom Hyer as certainly the first, if not the greatest, of all American fighting men. Tom Hyer was born in America on New Year's day, 1819, and thirty years after, 1849, was the first American champion. James, or, as the world knew him, "Yankee" Sullivan, came to America for the second time in 1841. Sullivan had conquered Hammer Lane in England, and, as the record goes, landed in Gotham in the early part of the year mentioned. Before the expiration of the year Sullivan had defeated "Vince" Hammond, an Englishman at League Island, near Philadelphia, and he made such an artistic job of it that Yankee's fame went far and wide. One week after, September 9, 1841, Tom Hyer whipped "Country McClusky." They fought up the Hudson. There was no ring with ropes and stakes. Next came Hyer and Sullivan. They had long been drifting together. They met at Rock Point, Kent county, Md., on Wednesday, Feb. 7, 1849. The record goes on to say: "The stakes were made impromptu from pine billets found in the neighborhood. Snow was on the ground, but the sacred enclosure was soon nicely cleared. Hyer won a "hurricane fight" in 16 rounds, requiring 17m. 18s. Sullivan was clearly overmatched. The fight was for $5000 a side. Hyer stood 6 feet 2½ inches and weighed 185 lbs. Sullivan was 5 feet 10½ inches and 155 lbs. in weight.

MORRISSEY AND SULLIVAN.

Four years elapsed and there was much "fight talk." John Morrissey appeared among the hard-headed graduates of the Park row headquarters, and shortly after being introduced all around and ascertaining to his satisfaction that there were fighters about visited California. There, on August 31, 1852, he fought George Thompson, the trainer of Hyer, and was given the battle on a foul blow, in eleven rounds and sixteen minutes. Morrissey upon his return to New York wanted to meet Hyer, and at last the latter consented to make a match for the sum of $10,000 a side. Morrissey and his party then fastened upon Sullivan to take Hyer's place, and after the usual preliminaries they fought at Boston Corners, near the state line, between New York and Massachusetts, on October 12, 1853, for $1000 a side. After 37 rounds, in 55 minutes, the several umpires and seconds got into a fight, and Sullivan also "took a hand in the outside music." During the confusion "Time!" was called, but Sullivan not being allowed to get to the scratch Morrissey was declared the winner. Morrissey's mind wandered in the thirty-sixth round, but in the thirty-seventh his powers of endurance seemed to take a new lease. Sullivan was arrested and lodged in jail at Lenox, Mass., where a bill of $1500 stood against him. Hyer disinterestedly raised the money from among his friends and those of his old opponent and caused Sullivan to be liberated. Sullivan died in San Francisco, "by the hands of the Vigilance Committee," so runs the story, "May 31, 1856, aged forty-five years."

HEENAN AND MORRISSEY.

There was plenty of prize fighting in the country between the years 1853 and 1858, but the heavy weights did not resume hostilities until October 20 of the last named year, when John C. Heenan, better known at that time as the "Benicia Boy," and Morrissey came together at Long Point, Canada, for $2500 a side. Morrissey's height was 5 feet 11½ inches and his weight about 173 pounds. Heenan stood 6 feet 2 inches, and his weight had disadvantageously increased from the time that he left New York to 190 pounds. Morrissey won in 21 minutes after 11 rounds. The record thus tells the story of the last round:

"The fight was now reduced to a mere question of endurance. What ability to hit remained was with Morrissey. Heenan reeled and staggered as both were led to the scratch. All that Morrissey need do was to lead off and hit him, without danger of rejoinder. Heenan endeavored to counter, but he struck wildly in the air, and, overreaching himself in this way in endeavoring to return a sharp blow which Morrissey had delivered on the neck, he fell from exhaustion and was carried insensible to his corner. Heenan was unconscious at the next call of "Time!" Heenan was not physically fit for such an encounter; but, on the other hand, Morrissey fairly won the battle and the proud distinction of 'Champion of America.'"

Morrissey did not do any more ring fighting, but once or twice appeared in public with the gloves on for charitable purposes. At a benefit for the widow of William Harrington, held April 4, 1859, at Hoym's theater, Morrissey set to with his old antagonist, the "Benicia Boy." About $2000 were raised.

COBURN AND M'COOLE.

Morrissey having retired Heenan looked for other worlds to conquer, and so in good season, after a challenge, met Tom Sayers and gave that champion of England such a fight that the ring was broken in by a mob and Heenan robbed of well-earned honors by the referee deciding the battle a draw. Heenan returned to New York on the 14th of July, 1860, and received a grand ovation. The "Benicia Boy" remained in this country until 1863, when he returned to England, and, fighting Tom King, was defeated. This year was signalized by the championship contest between Mike McCool and Joe Coburn. They fought May 15, at Charlestown, Cecil county, Md., Coburn winning in 67 rounds, occupying one hour and ten minutes. The record goes on to say that McCoole was twenty pounds heavier than Coburn and that the latter's fine style of fighting was the subject of general admiration. On December 24th, 1863, Coburn issued a challenge to Tom King, whose victory over Heenan had just been announced in this country, proposing to fight in America for $5000 a side. King having retired from the ring the challenge was extended to the then claimant of the English championship, Jem Mace, Coburn offering him $1000 for expenses if he would fight in Canada. This Mace declined to do, but finally articles were signed to fight in Ireland for £1000, Coburn to receive $100 for expenses. Hyer died in New York on the 26th of June, aged 45 years 5 months and 26 days. He was buried in Greenwood cemetery on June 28, 1863.

DUNN AND DAVIS.

On the 16th of May, 1865, Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn, and Bill Davis, of California, both of whom had challenged to fight any man in America, met in the ring in Pike county, Pa., near Port Jervis, N. Y. The amount at stake was $2000 a side. "A long winded effort," the record says, "to secure a referee was terminated by the selection of two men for that office—Joe Coburn for Dunn and Tim Hurley for Davis." Dunn proved the winner in 43 rounds, occupying one hour and six minutes. Davis was blind from blows received in the eyes and face. Davis was considered "a good, clever, old-fashioned fighter, slow and sure, and not a hair in his head but was game." Dunn retired and Davis, as a consequence, claimed the championship. Mike McCoole felt that Davis' aspiration to stand at the head of the pugilistic heavy weights should be checked, and so, challenging him, the two came together on Sept. 19, 1866, at Rhoads' Point, Mo. McCoole was the victor, 34 rounds being fought in 34 minutes. It was brave to watch all the way through, and the strongest man won. There was no [illegible] from either side. Davis afterwards [illegible] on First street near Pine in Portland, and is now city marshal of Ainsworth, W. T.

JONES AND M'COOLE.

It was in 1867 that Bill Ryall, Tom Allen, Peter Morris, Abe and Harry Hicken, Ned O'Baldwin and Jack Hicks arrived in New York. On the 31st of August that year Mike McCoole and Aaron Jones fought for the heavy weight championship. Jones had fought Tom Sayres twice and other good men beyond the sea. The stakes were $5000 a side. They fought at Busenbark's Station, Ohio, and around the ring was an immense crowd. McCoole won in 34 rounds after 26 minutes. Jones was unconscious for 30 minutes after the fight was over. McCoole forced the fighting all along; and Jones acted on the defensive. The medical examiners said that two of Jones' ribs had sustained compound fractures from the terrific blows received at the hands of his opponent in the 25th round. The blow which finished the fight was received by Jones upon the forehead and produced concussion of the brain and vomiting. A slight congestion of the lungs also ensued. On October 5th, this year, old Bill Davis whipped a stalwart young Canadian, named Charley Gallagher, the pair coming together at Fighting Island, near Detroit. The stakes were $500 a side. Gallagher seemed master of the situation until the 45th round, when Davis rapped Charley heavily on the neck, knocking him out. This was not a championship battle.

COBURN AND M'COOLE AGAIN.

Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole concluded to try it again on the 27th of May, 1868, for championship honors, the stakes being $5000 a side. A spot near Cold Spring Station, Ind., was selected to pitch the ring. Both were arrested McCoole the day before the fight and Coburn near the ring. Each was sentenced to 40 days' imprisonment in the jail at Laurenceburg, Ind., but were liberated on July 3. Each party received back his money. Great disgust among the fraternity was the result of this fizzle, and neither man meant fighting from the beginning. On the 11th of September, 1868, there was great excitement in pugilistic circles over the publication of a challenge from John C. Heenan to Mike McCoole, offering to fight for $10,000 a side in either Maryland, Virginia or Canada. McCoole declined. He had sense enough not to fancy the job of meeting Heenan in the ring. October 29, same year, Ned O'Baldwin and Joe Wormald (who had arrived from England in August) had a milling match for $1000 a side. They called it for the "championship of the world." The result of the battle was looked for with great interest. The ring was pitched at Lynnfield, Mass. One round only was fought, when the police appeared and arrested both principals. Both men were shortly after released, and Dan Noblo, the referee, appointed another time and place of fighting, but Wormald refused to obey, and Ned got the stakes.

THE FIGHTS OF 1869.

Jem Mace arrived in New York during the month of September, 1869, and that year there was much loud talk about championship matches. On January 12 Tom Allen whipped Bill Davis at Chateau Island, the stakes being $1000 a side. On February 23 Charley Gallagher met Tom Allen on Carroll Island, near St. Louis. The stakes were $1000 a side. The fighting was very rapid. In the second round Gallagher hit Allen in the neck and knocked him out. The fight lasted only three minutes. On June 15 the great battle of the year took place at Foster's Island, near St. Louis, Mike McCoole and Tom Allen being the principals, for $1000 a side. There were nine rounds, when McCoole's friends broke into the ring and claimed it on an alleged foul. McCoole was the worst whipped man ever seen in or out of the ring, while Allen showed scarcely any signs of having been fighting. The referee finally gave the stakes to McCoole, on the ground that Allen had gouged him in the eyes in the last round.

Allen and Charley Gallagher again met on the 17th of August, 1869, within fifty miles of St. Louis. The stakes were $1000 side. Gallagher's friends outnumbered Allen's ten to one. Allen whipped Gallagher as he liked, and when time was called for the twelfth round one of Gallagher's seconds threw up the sponge. The fight ended here, and the crowd left for the boat. The referee decided the fight a draw, which caused dissatisfaction and trouble. Finally he reversed his decision, and decided that as Allen had left the ring he felt justified in giving the fight to Gallagher, but he would call it a draw. "To this Gallagher had manhood enough to accede, and, of course, Allen agreed, for if he had not he wouldn't have received a dollar."

ALLEN AND MACE.

Tom Allen was regarded as the rightful heavy weight championship in 1870, but early in the year the friends of Jem Mace wanted him to meet the sturdy Tom. The stakes were $2500 a side, and the ring was pitched near New Orleans. An immense crowd gathered about the roped arena, representing all parts of the country. Ten rounds were fought in forty-four minutes, Mace being the victor. The record goes on to say that in the last round it was thought that Mace had broken Allen's neck, but, fortunately, upon examination by a physician, it was found that his right shoulder was only paralyzed. Allen whipped James C. Gallagher, near St. Louis, on November 5, this year, Allen putting up $1000 against $500 staked by Gallagher.

Joe Coburn and Jem Mace were matched for championship honors in December, 1870, and they met in the ring on May 11, 1871, near Port Dover, Canada West. The stakes were $2000 a side. It was a bloodless meeting, for they stood facing each other more than one hour and seventeen minutes without delivering a blow. The referee ordered the men to fight at Kansas City, Mo., on June 2d, but Coburn refused to be governed by the mandate. Harry Hill, who held the money, refused to give it up, and a fresh match for $1500 a side was arranged. The latter came off at Bay St. Louis, Miss., on November 30th. Eleven rounds had been fought and the twelfth commenced. Mace was in the centre of the ring, but Coburn stuck persistently to his corner. He would not come out, notwithstanding repeated urgent calls from many of the prominent spectators. At last the referee became annoyed, and stepping inside the ropes declared the fight a draw.

MACE AND O'BALDWIN.

Mace was matched for the championship with Ned O'Baldwin, and the stakes were $1000 a side. The fight was to have taken place down Chesapeake Bay, but the authorities at Baltimore prevented the excursion boats leaving the dock. The stakes were subsequently withdrawn, to the intense disgust of everybody. Mace returned to England on September 19th, this year. O'Baldwin retired from active participation in milling contests about this time. On September 23, 1873, Allen whipped McCoole near St. Louis, Mo., in nine rounds, lasting twenty minutes. The stakes were $1000 and McCoole's face was mashed to a jelly and his nose broken. Matters remained quiet for a time, when Allen and one Ben Hogan made a match for the championship. Omaha, Neb., was selected as the fighting ground, and when Hogan's friends saw that Allen was fast using him up they drew knives and pistols, and stopped the battle. Tom Allen was once more robbed by outsiders in the interest of a losing man. Jem Mace returned from England in 1876, bringing with him Joe Goss, now so well known in pugilistic circles. Shortly after arrival Goss was matched to fight with Allen for the championship, the stakes being $2000. They met on September 7, 1876, in Boone county, Ky. Goss was given the fight, twenty one rounds in fifty-three minutes. The principals were arrested. Allen left for England. Goss served out the time for which he was sentenced.

FIGHTS EASILY REMEMBERED.

Then Johnny Dwyer appeared prominently in the pugilistic world. He challenged Allen, but the latter did not care about the job, as he was about leaving the country. Paddy Ryan and Dwyer were matched and the money all posted, but Ryan was injured in a street fight in Brooklyn, and his backers, fearing the knife wound he received might prove a serious drawback, would not agree to a final stakeholder, and so the affair fell through. Johnny Dwyer and Jimmy Elliott, both of Brooklyn, were then matched for the championship honors. The stakes were $1000 a side. They fought on Long Point Island, Canada, May 8, 1879, and Dwyer knocked Elliott out in twelve rounds, occupying twelve minutes and forty seconds. Dwyer shortly afterward retired from the business at the request of his brother, a prominent politician of Brooklyn. Last on the list come Joe Goss and Paddy Ryan. After a good deal of trouble they were brought together at Collyer Station, W. Va., on June 1, 1880. Goss was not in good physical fix, yet it took Ryan an hour and twenty-eight minutes and eighty-seven rounds to whip him. "How was it, Joe?" asked a friend immediately after the fight. "Why, my boy, nature gave out." [illegible] Ryan was fully punished.

THE WHEREABOUTS.

Of some of these worthies it may interest some of our readers to know what has become of them, and we give them what we can glean from our exchanges. Hyer, Morrissey and Heenan are among the earlier ones, and when in the vigor of manhood they possessed size and science and great pluck. Each died a natural death, Morrissey living many years after the other two and attaining a high position in the world of politics. Sullivan committed suicide in San Francisco. Coburn is living in Auburn penitentiary. Mace is in Melbourne, Australia, and has amassed a fortune in making books for betting purposes. Tom Allen is living in England, having made money enough to pass the rest of his days in ease. Big Ned O'Baldwin, just 6 feet 5½ inches, was murdered in Lynch's saloon on Canal street, New York, and the man that fired the shot killed one of the few fighters that Mace had great respect for in the ring. Joe Wormald died in a hospital in Canada. McCoole is somewhere in the south, unknown as the once famous aspirant for championship honors. Jimmy Elliott was well at last reports from his residence at Sing Sing. Joe Goss is in New Orleans to be Sullivan's second in the coming fight. Johnny Dwyer is south at this time, but there is an impression abroad that he may, at no distant day, be compelled to meet the great conqueror and leveller of all. While a member of the pugilistic fraternity Dwyer never suffered defeat.

CIVILIZED REDSKINS.

How the Descendants of Cooper's Heroes Live in New York State.

Indian Agent interviewed in the Troy Times.

"What is the total number of Indians in the state of New York?"

"I can't give the exact figure, but I should say about 5000."

"Are these Indians taxed?"

"No."

"Then they don't vote?"

"Only on the Oneida Reservation. Here they abandoned their tribal relations and allotted their lands in severalty and became a segregated community. Then, under the Fourteenth Amendment, they began to assert their rights as citizens in using the elective franchise. The first man who voted was arrested, indicted and convicted of illegal voting. But on an appeal to the United States district court for the northern district of New York, Judge Wallace decided that they were entitled to the right of suffrage. In 1873 they voted."

"How many different nations are there, and what reservations do they occupy in the state?"

"There are six different nations in New York. The Senecas occupy the Allegheny in Cattaraugus and Tonawanda reservations. They are owners of the Oil Spring reservation, which is unoccupied, except by white farmers, who lease it. There are no Indians on it. The Tuscaroras are seven miles from Niagara Falls. They occupy the reservation of that name. The Onondagas, at Onondaga Castle, own the reservation known as the Onondaga. It is situated about six miles from Syracuse. The Oneida reservation lies in Madison and Oneida counties. The castle extends over the line into the first named county. The St. Regis Indians are on the same reservation in Franklin."

"Are not the Mohawks New York Indians?"

"The Mohawks are a part of one of the nations of the Iroquois Confederated Five nations. They fought with the British during the revolution instead of with the continentals. This put them in bad odor, and at the close of the war they removed to Canada. The British government gave them a large tract of land at Niagara Falls. The St. Regis tribe never belonged to the Iroquois Confederation, but to the Coghtawagns of Canada. They came over to New York."

"What about the Tuscaroras?"

"The original five nations on their incursions or depredations south, fought the Virginia Indians, and went as far as North Carolina. In one of their incursions, the Tuscaroras, of North Carolina, took sides with the New York Indians, and, when the latter retreated, the North Carolinians combined against their former allies, taking 800 of them prisoners, and selling them into slavery. The New York Indians then gave the remnant of the Tuscaroras an invitation to come and make their home with them, which they accepted, reaching New York in 1813, and were adopted as the sixth of the Iroquois Confederation. The Mohawks, after the revolutionary war, leaving New York and going to Canada, left the confederation again a five nations. The St. Regis, or Canadian Indians, who became New York Indians by settlement and location, were never admitted into the confederation."

"Are these Indians the recipients of annuities, as pasteboard blankets, celluloid crackers, India rubber beef, etc., such as they get out west?"

"The five nations of New York Indians receive an annuity in goods of the value of $4,500, as agreed to by the treaty of Canandaigua in 1794."

"Of what do these goods consist?"

"The treaty gave them horses, cattle, farming utensils, blankets, etc.; anything, in short, that would be for their comfort and improvement; latterly, however, the annuity is paid in blankets and cotton goods."

"What is the quality of the goods?"

"In 1864 they were plain cotton calicoes, and I remember the deliveries, when the agent got insane and I went up there, of calicoes that you could stick your finger through, and that you could buy now for 4 cents a yard. It cost the government 25 cents; of course the Indians got very little of it, on account of the limit of their annuity; at the same time clothes that cost 7 or 8 cents were billed at 45 cents per yard. Merchants came to them, strange as it may seem, and offered three months after the purchase, under the government contract, 35 cents for the 3-cent calico and 50 cents for the brown sheeting cloth. The allowance to these Indians being limited, and, being in goods, they get several times more each year than they did formerly. For instance, if the calico they got in 1864 was worth 25 cents a yard, they now get six and one-fourth yards, we will say, where they only got one then."

"Are there any money annuities?"

"Yes, the Senecas have a fund of $305,000, arising from the sale of their lands in New York, which is held in trust by the United States."

"At what interest?"

"They receive 6 per cent on $100,000, and 5 per cent on the remainder. The Senecas, Tuscaroras, Onondagas, Oneidas and St. Regis Indians receive about $7300 from the state of New York. That arises from the purchase of the Onondaga Salt Springs and other reservations."

"I never knew those things before," said a gentleman at my elbow, who had been an interested listener.

"Few people do," was the sententious reply. "Even the Commissioner of Indian Affairs does not."

"Are these Indians dying out or increasing in numbers?"

"The variation in number has been very slight for forty years past."

"They are civilized, are they not?"

"O, yes. They have churches and ministers and schools on their reservations, built and maintained by the state of New York. The state also provides money for the maintenance of the children of Thomas' Orphan Asylum at Cattaraugus reservation. Under the constitutional amendments of 1874 this was adopted as a state charitable institution, and so saved in that way."

The following is old but good: A blacksmith, who was suffering from a violent fever, was given up by the doctor. One day the sufferer, scenting the aromatic perfume of the Teuton's delight (sauer kraut and specht) said he would rather die with a stomach full of the delicacy than live without it. Result: He was at work next day, when the doctor inquired of his wife: "Has he taken the medicine?" "No, he ate sauer kraut and specht." The doctor made a note: "Sauer kraut and specht is good for fevers," and tried it on a tailor, who was suffering from the same disease. Next day the tailor was dead, and the doctor made another note: "Sauer kraut good for blacksmiths, but death to tailors."

A fight among the lawyers of Chicago was a spirited court scene in the Garden City. There were two generals down, and the floor was covered with hats and legal papers and blood. There were a dozen or more engaged in the melee just at the closing moment, and a stranger who made himself active on the occasion was struck by both parties, and went away without his hat and with his hand on his left eye. This tempest in a tea-pot was precipitated by Gen. Stiles' statement that there was some jury packing going on.

PUNCH ON SPECIAL PLEADING.

INTRODUCTION.

Before administering law between litigant parties, there are two things to be done in addition to the parties themselves; namely, first, to ascertain the subject for decision, and secondly, to so complicate it as to make it difficult to decide. This is effected by letting the lawyers state in complicated form the simple cases of their clients, and thus raising from these opposition statements a mass of entanglement which the clients themselves might call nasty crotchets, but which the lawyers term "nice points." In every subject of dispute with two sides to it, the one is right and the wrong ... in the style of putting the contending statements, so as to mix the right and the wrong together, the science of special pleading consists. This system is of such remote antiquity that nobody knows the beginning of it, and this accounts for no one being able to appreciate its end. The accumulated chicanery and blundering of several generations, called in forensic language "the wisdom of successive ages," gradually brought special pleading into its present shape, or, rather, into its present endless forms. Its extensive drain on the pockets of the suitors has rendered it always an important branch of legal study; while, when properly understood, it appears an instrument so beautifully calculated for distributive justice, that when brought to bear upon property, it will often distribute the whole of it among the lawyers, and leave nothing for the litigants themselves.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN ACTION, FROM ITS COMMENT TO ITS TERMINATION.

Actions are divided into *Real*, in which there is often much sham; *Personal*, in which the personality is frequently indulged in by counsel, at the expense of the witnesses; and *Mixed*, in which a great deal of pure nonsense sometimes prevails. The legislature, being at last sensible to the shamness of real and the pure nonsense of mixed actions, abolished all except four; and for the learning on these subjects, now become obsolete, we must refer to the "books," which have been transferred to the shops of Butter from the shop of Butterworth.

There are three superior courts of common law, one of their great points of superiority being their superior expense, which saves the common law from being so common as to be positively vulgar; and its high price gives it one of the qualities of a luxury, rendering it *caviare* to the million, or indeed to any one but the *millionnaire*. These courts are the queen's bench,—a bench which five judges sit upon; the exchequer, whose sign is a chess or draught board, some say to show how difficult is the game of law, while others maintain it is merely emblematic of the drafts on the pockets of the suitor; and, thirdly, the common pleas, which took its title, possibly, from the fact of the lawyers finding the profits such as to make them un-common-ly pleas'd.

The real and mixed actions not yet abolished are, first, the writ of right of dower, and second, the writ of dower; both relating to widows: but as widows are formidable persons to go to law against, these actions are seldom used. The third is the action of Quare Impedit, which would be brought against me by a parson if I kept him out of his living; but, as the working parsons find it difficult to get a living, this action is also rare. The fourth is the action of ejectment, for the recovery of land, which is the only action that cannot be brought without some ground.

Of personal actions, the most usual are debt, and a few others, but we will begin by going into debt as slightly as possible. The action of debt is founded on some contract, real or supposed; and when there has been no contract, the law, taking a contracted view of matters, will have a contract implied. Debt, like every other personal action, begins with a summons, in which Victoria comes "greeting;" which means, according to Johnson, "saluting in kindness," "congratulating," or "paying compliment at a distance;" but, considering the unpleasant nature of a writ at all times, we cannot help thinking that the word "greeting" is misapplied. The writ commands you to enter an appearance within eight days; and, by way of assisting you to make an appearance, the writ invests you, as it were, with a new suit.

The act of covenant lies for breach of covenant, that is to say, a promise under seal; and under wafer it is just as binding, for you are equally compelled to stick to it like wax.

The action of detinue lies where a party seeks to recover what is detained from him; though it does not seem that a gentleman detaining a newspaper more than ten minutes at a coffee-house would be liable to detinue, though the action would be an ungentlemanly one, to say the least of it.

The action of trespass lies for an injury committed with violence, such as assault and battery, either actual or implied; as if A, while making pancakes, throws an egg-shell at B, the law will imply battery, though the egg-shell was empty.

The action of trespass on the case lies where a party seeks damages for a wrong to which trespass will not apply,—where, in fact, a man has not been assaulted or hurt in his person, but where he has been hurt in the tender part his pocket. Of this action there are two species, called assumpsit—by which the law, at no time very unassuming, assumes that a person legally liable to do a thing has promised to do it, however unpromising such person may be—and trover, which seeks to recover damages for property which is supposed the defendant found and converted; so that an action might perhaps be brought in this form to recover from Popery those who have been found and converted to the use, or rather lost and converted to the abuses, of the Romish church.

Having gone slightly into the different forms of actions; having just tapped the reader on the shoulder with a writ in each case, which, by the way, should be personally served on him at home, though the bailiff runs the risk of getting sometimes served out, we shall proceed to trial—perhaps of the reader's patience—in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE DECLARATION.

The writ being now served, it is next to be returned, and this is sometimes done by giving it back at once to the bailiff, or throwing it in his face. Such quick returns as these would bring such very small profit to a plaintiff, that they are not allowable; and the writ can only be returned by the sheriff bringing it back, on a certain day, into the superior court. He then gives a short account, in writing, of the manner in which the writ has been executed; but if the bailiff has been pumped upon, as we find reported in Shower, or pelted with oysters, as in Shelley's case, or kicked down stairs, as he was in Foot against the Sheriff, it does not seem that the particulars need be set forth.

If the defendant does not appear within eight days after the writ has come "greeting," as if it would say "my service to you," the plaintiff may, in most cases, appear for him; and this shows how true it is that appearances are often deceitful and treacherous; for, when a plaintiff appears for a defendant, it is only to have an opportunity of appearing against him at the next step.

The pleadings now commence, which were originally delivered orally by the parties themselves in open court, when success might depend on length of tongue; but the parties themselves being got rid of in the modern practice, and the lawyers coming in to represent them, success usually depends on length of purse. The object of pleading, whether oral or written, is to bring the parties to an issue, which means literally a way out; but in practice the effect of getting plaintiff and defendant to an issue is to let them both regularly in.

Almost all pleas, except those of the simplest kind, must be signed by a barrister, who does not usually draw the plea, but he merely draws the half guinea for the use of his name. The pleading begins with the declaration, in which the plaintiff is supposed to state the cause of action, but in which he gives such an exaggerated account of his grievances that not more than one-tenth of what he stated is to be believed. For example, if A has had his nose slightly pulled by B the former proceeds to say that "the defendant, with force and arms, and with great force and violence, seized, laid hold of, pulled, plucked, and tore, and with his fists gave and struck a great many violent blows and strokes on and about divers parts of the plaintiff's nose." If Jones has been given into custody by Smith, without sufficient reason, and Jones bring an action for false imprisonment, instead of saying "he was compelled to go to a station-house," he declares that the defendant, "with force and arms, seized, laid hold of, and with great violence pulled and dragged, and gave and struck a great many violent blows and strokes, and compelled him, the plaintiff, to go in and along divers public streets and highways, to a police station, whereby the plaintiff was not only greatly hurt, bruised, and wounded, but was also kept."

If Snooks's dog bites Thompson's pet lamb, Snooks declares, that defendant did wilfully and injuriously keep a certain dog, he, the defendant well knowing that the said dog was and continued to be fierce and mad, and accustomed to attack, bite, injure, hurt, chase, worry, harass, tear, agitate, wound, lacerate, scalp and kill sheep and lambs; and that the said dog afterwards, to wit on the — day of —, and divers other days, did attack, etc., etc., down to and kill one hundred sheep and one hundred lambs of the plaintiff, whereby the said sheep and the said lambs (it will be remembered there was only one lamb) were greatly terrified, damaged, injured, hurt, deteriorated, frightened, depreciated, floored, flustered, and flabbergasted, to the damage of the plaintiff of £—, and therefore he brings his suit.

The various forms of declaration are so numerous that they fill a volume of seven hundred large pages of Chitty, who is quite chatty on this dry subject, so much does he find to say with regard to it. To this able and amusing writer we refer those who are curious to know how a schoolmaster may declare for "work and labor, care, diligence, and attendance of himself, his ushers and teachers, there performed and bestowed in and about the teaching, instructing, boarding, educating, lodging, flogging, enlightening, thrashing, washing, whipping, and otherwise soundly improving divers infants and persons." These, and almost all other conceivable causes of action, are dealt with fully in the pages to which we allude; and to all therefore who wish the treat of going to law are referred to the treaties alluded to.

AMERICAN SILK GOODS.

The Progress which one of our great Industries is Making.

N. Y. World.

The silk trade of America and the subject of sericulture generally cannot be said to have enlisted that attention outside of the circle directly interested to which they are reasonably entitled. Anyone reading the volume published under the direction of the Silk Association of America by Mr. William C. Wyckoff, of this city, will certainly be interested and very probably be surprised. "Everybody," he says in his preface, "knows that silk goods, both domestic and foreign, are cheaper now than formerly, but comparatively few persons are aware that the American goods are, as a rule, better as well as cheaper. That there is much general ignorance on this subject may be shown in many ways. Perhaps the most striking illustration is presented by the fact that nearly the entire product of some of our silk mills is still represented as of European make in the final sales of the retailer to the customer. In fact, our manufacturers have been obliged to make better fabrics than their foreign rivals in order to attain standing in a market where imported articles held a long-established reputation." Census bulletin No. 69, prepared by Mr. Wyckoff as a special agent of the census office, gave 31,440 as the greatest number of hands employed at any one time during the year ending June 30, 1880, in the various factories, to whom $9,107,835 were paid in wages. The total number of factories reporting was 383, representing a capital investment of $18,899,500, and employing 8167 looms. The total net value of finished goods produced was set at $34,410,463, the gross value of materials and supplies being $22,371,390. The principal articles of production were: Machine twist, $6,000,265; ribbons, $5,955,805; fringes and dress trimmings, $4,950,275; dress goods, $4,115,205; handkerchiefs, $3,862,550; cords, tassels and millinery trimmings, $1,866,576; upholstery and millinery trimmings, $,392,-356; satins, $1,101,875. It is not very easy to make comparisons with imported silks, as the invoice value of these latter is said to be, on an average, 25 per cent. under the real figure, while the duty and dealers' profits have to be added, but it is estimated that rather more than a third of the silk goods used in the United States were of American manufacture. About 95 per cent. of the imports come through this port. The total value in 1880 was $33,305,460, or about $7,500,000 more than in the preceding year, a showing without parallel since 1871, when the imports amounted to $33,899,719. In 1877 and 1878 a figure of barely $20,000,000 was attained, the figures being eloquent as to the financial condition of the community. Silk, it may be said, stands fourth in the list of duty-paying imports, contributing $18,556,400 to the treasury, and so ranking after sugar, wool and iron. The imports of raw silk in the last fiscal year amounted to 20,198 bales, valued at $10,885,167, a falling off from 21,741 bales, valued at $14,749,943, in the previous year, but far in advance of former seasons.

Perhaps the craze which most frequently agitates the agricultural community is that of producing silk for home manufacture. There is no difficulty in breeding and rearing silkworms if one has time, patience and mulberry trees at command, but there is no market for cocoons, the manufacturer wanting reeled silk—not cocoons. The manufacture of silk thread, Mr. Wyckoff tells us, though it has outgrown foreign competition, was a long while "in the wilderness." American housewives had a prejudice in favor of Italian sewing-silk, and Massachusetts manufacturers had to humor them by affecting foreign packages and wrappers, and compounding "Italian" trade names. The sewing machine has completely revolutionized the business, and brought about the invention of machine twist. American sewing silk has an extremely high standard of purity—a fact which has naturally helped to drive out English goods which, by the addition of dye, are made to yield from eighteen to twenty-five ounces for each pound of raw silk. Thousands of cords of white birch from Maine are annually converted into spools and many English makers come to the United States for these little articles, which an ingenious machine centres and prints—printing on the wood is preferred to labeling—at the rate of one hundred a minute.

The cabinets given by manufacturers to new customers with the first purchase, costs about 1½ per cent of the total sales; one firm has spent $150,000 in this sort of advertising. A $50 cabinet is nothing out of the way, and at times their value will reach $300 or $440. In dress goods, plain black fabrics are the hardest to make, as every defect in them is perceptible, and until a very recent period their successful manufacture was scarcely expected in the United States, principally on account of the costliness of the skilled labor required. Now, nearly a third of the plain silks are made here, and the industry is making steady progress, thanks, especially, to the care given to the quality of the article, while European manufacturers are only too apt to load theirs with dye. A simple test is to burn a small quantity of the threads; pure silk will immediately crisp and leave a pure charcoal; heavily dyed silk will smoulder and leave a yellow, greasy ash. Very few velvets are manufactured in the United States, but the production of figured dress silks, grenadines, satins, and the like, is large and growing. American linings have a high reputation, and American ingenuity has proved equal to the task of producing a satisfactory and lasting silk for umbrellas. Silk handkerchiefs have come into vogue during the past eight years, and especially since the Centennial exhibition. The manufacture of ribbons began in 1861 as an experiment, there being a demand for particular shades which, it was thought, could be more speedily met by making than by importing. Now the business has grown to great proportions. Curiously enough, nearly all the designs for American ribbons originated in American factories, frequently months in advance of the introduction of the goods into the market.

It was on the deck of an Atlantic steamer that a worthy Teuton was recently talking about weather forecasts. "Look here," said he, "I dell you vat it is. You petter don't take no shtoke in dem weather bredictions. Dose beople don't know nodings. Dey can dell no petter as I can." "But, my dear sir," said a person present, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered." "Vell, dat ish so," said the Teuton, contemplatively. "But, den [after a little], I dell you vat it is, dot shtorm would have come shust de same if I had never been bredicted. Yaw, dot is so, too, already," and the Dutchman walked away, believing he could see as far through a millstone as any other white man.—The Oriental Casket.

Conclusive evidence: Mr. Slebson walked into the police office on Saturday and complained to the officer in charge that the star route thieves had broken into his house and robbed him. "How do you know that they were star-route thieves?" inquired the officer. "Because," replied the old man, "they stole everything I had; didn't leave me one single thing." There was no getting around that kind of logic.

BICYCLE RAILROADING.

Travel Around the World on Posts at 150 Miles an Hour.

New York Sun.

Mr. E. M. Boynton, an inventor in Brooklyn, recently turned his attention to rapid transit. The result of his meditation was the patenting of what he terms a "bicycle railroad." He said to a reporter yesterday that his invention will revolutionize the present system of railroads, and he explained how. Mr. Boynton, though from Massachusetts, has the appearance of a Louisianian. He is dark, of medium height, with black hair, sharp, penetrating black eyes, quick motions, and a rapid and voluble utterance. He showed the reporter the letters-patent to the "bicycle railroad."

"Here," he said, "is a row of posts or pillars. They support a Y-shaped trough of steel or iron. Twenty feet above this trough is an inverted trough like this, Λ. Iron lattice work or pillars, supported on the row of post below, support in turn this Λ at the edges and connect its edges with the edges of the V and we get an elevated tunnel.

"One rail lies in the bottom of the V and the other, reversed, is fixed under the apex of the Λ. The locomotive to run in this tunnel will be sixteen feet high made of Bessemer steel, ellipical in its vertical cross section, with two driving wheels, one at each end, fifteen feet in diameter, or about three times the diameter of the ordinary locomotive wheel. Running on the upper rail or track will be two guide or traction wheels, opposite the drivers. The wheel will be grooved to fit the tracks. Each car will be four feet wide in the centre, shaped like the locomotive, and sixteen feet high. The cars are grooved in the part opposite the lower rail.

"I propose to treble the speed attained by the present locomotives by the same piston stroke. I will reduce the weight of trains to one-fifty of their present weight. I will reduce the cost of construction one-fifth, and the friction one-fifth, by employing one-eighth of the number of wheels and axles. As the wheels are three times the diameter of ordinary locomotive drivers, three times the speed, or 150 miles an hour, can be attained with precisely the same amount of friction on the axles and boxes. By running the train on elevated tracks upon single posts, the necessity for bridging is done away with. By traction wheels, that may be pressed against the upper rail, the train can ascend, or, without danger, go down the steepest grades. If a wheel breaks, or is loosed, the cars, which are grooved underneath to fit the track, fall down upon it and slide along until stopped by the friction. They are so constructed as to be light, narrow, and to afford little resistance to the air.

"The tracks will not shade or obstruct the streets. Snow drifts are avoided, because we go above the snow. The passenger capacity will be greater than that of the present palace car, weighing twenty tons. The necessity for sleeping cars will be avoided between points 1000 miles apart. Business within a radius of 1000 miles of New York may be transacted personally by a merchant in a day. Grain and coal can be transported at one-fifth of the present cost. I will run a train on an air line from New York to Sitka, about 3500 miles. From Sitka, by water, I will take one of Lorillard's steel cigar steamboats to the Asiatic coast. Then I will jump on my elevated train again and traverse China, India, the valley of the Euphrates, Turkey, through Europe to Paris; and all in less than a week. North and South America would be within 49 hours' travel of each other. Resting upon iron posts my cars could traverse the narrowest canyon, the boldest cliff, and the densest forest. There will be no baggage smashing, for the depth of the cars will permit the passenger to store his baggage beneath his feet. What a blessing it will be for the tired business men of New York when, by taking a train almost before their office door, they can be whisked to Coney island in five minutes, take a draught of fresh air, swallow a cocktail, and return to work, refreshed and satisfied with the world!"

THE RUGBY COLONY.

A Southern Newspaper Tells the Story of Its Failure—Lawn Tennis the Trouble.

Atlanta, Ga., Constitution.

Let us look into this matter. What are the facts? Briefly stated, they are as follows: A number of English people—male and female, old folks and young folks—desire to seek some secluded spot where they can cook their own rations, and become accomplished in the game of lawn tennis. A sympathetic Englishman, Mr. Thomas Hughes, hearing of their aspirations, advised them to take up their tents and come to America, where the great breadth of the republic will enable them to find the seclusion which they long for, and which is such a desirable element in the pursuit of an education which shall be at once athletic and esthetic. They seize Mr. Hughes by the hand, and he escorts them across the briny deep, and plants them in the wilds of Tennessee. They put up a number of necessary buildings, and stake off a lawn tennis pasture, which they call Rugby, and thereupon proceed to enjoy themselves. But it is plain that while the game of lawn tennis is going on, there must be some provision made for the inner man. Some one must build the fire, some one must bring water, some one must make the biscuit, some one fry the bacon, and some one must grind the coffee; there must even be a detail of children to pick up chips. Right here, as we understand it, the first trouble began. To those who were engaged in the business of preparing supper, or breakfast, or dinner, as the case might be, the mountain breezes brought them the signs of unutterable content from those who were taking their ease in the lawn tennis pasture. Under these circumstances, who could allay the heartburnings of those whom fate had temporarily shut out of the game? At first there was a dispute as to who should cook and who should play and this dispute widened and deepened into a question of still greater importance. Who was to supply the food? Nevertheless the game of lawn tennis went on.

It is a curious fact—but nevertheless a fact that nobody can support himself in the climate of Tennessee by playing lawn tennis. It is a beautiful and ennobling game, no doubt, but it will not satisfy the ugly customer known as hunger. Of course, things ought to be different, and we are quite willing that the climate of the south should be held partly to blame, but it is a trouble that is also common to the climate of the north. If those who are born and raised in that climate cannot clothe and feed themselves, and build towns, and institute banks, and erect churches, and endow colleges by playing lawn tennis, how can a colony of unacclimated strangers hope to accomplish these things? It is no wonder that some of the more prominent Rugbians have received messages informing them that their parents were ill. The wonder is that their parents have not received information that the Rugbians are ill.

We do claim, however, the esteemed Indianapolis *Journal* to the contrary notwithstanding, that a colony can accomplish as much in the south by playing lawn tennis as they can accomplish in the north. Our understanding is, that it is a game which cannot be played where the ground is covered with snow, and if this is the case, we respectfully invite the Rugbians to leave the inhospitable mountains of Tennessee, and set up their stakes in the pastures of middle or southern Georgia. We do not say that they can succeed better here than on their present site, but certainly the cold would not materially interfere with the progress of the game.

The Utica *Herald* believes that the weekly adjournments of the legislature from Friday till Monday are due to the passes distributed by railway and steamboat companies, and that it is an evil unquestionably, but it looks somewhat askance at the member who returns his free pass and rushes off to the newspaper offices with his letter for immediate publication.

"Don't sleep in a draught," try a bed. "Don't go to bed with cold feet," leave them outside. "Don't eat when you do not need, just to save it," but save what you need just to eat it. "Don't stand on hot air registers," sit down on them. "Don't drink during business hours" anything but the best in the land. "Don't—'you forget it.'"—Rochester Express.

A Canada paper says that a Mr. Nelson, of Ottawa, shot an elk at Moose Jaw creek recently, whose carcass when dressed weighed 850 pounds. The antlers were 3 ft. 9 inches from the base to the tips and 4 ft. 9 inches apart at the top. The two protruding prongs over the eyes measured 14 inches long. It is said to be the largest elk shot in the northwest.

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she is very lovely in her way and the best product of the country. She has the most beautiful eyes in the world with a soft languishing expression in them for those who like that sort of a thing; a good complexion not rosy but colorless, a magnificent head of hair, and a very shapely head to wear it on, a slim waist and a graceful walk. She is perfectly modest, in fact rather timid, perfectly well bred.

CITY TAXES.

The Tax Roll for 1882 is now in my hands for collection, and all taxes assessed thereon must be paid at my office, 107 First street, within thirty days from this date, or the same will be returned as delinquent. Office hours 8 to 3.

Feb. 1, 1881. D. C. McKERCHER, City Treasurer.

PEN WORK OF ALL KINDS

The "COLLEGE JOURNAL," [illegible] Address [illegible] A. P. ARMSTRONG [illegible]

60 CHROMO or 30 TINE WHITE gold-edge Cards, name on 10c. Agents Sample Book, 25c. F. M. SHAW & CO., Jersey City, N. J.

offer their lands for sale upon the following liberal terms: One tenth of the price in cash, interest on the balance at the rate of seven per cent one year after sale and each following year one tenth of the principal and interest on the balance at the rate of seven per cent per annum. Both principal and interest payable in U. S. currency.

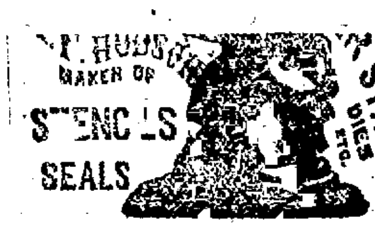
Ten per cent. will be deducted of the purchase price in case of cash payment.

Address letters and applications for land,

P. SCHULZE,
Land Agent O. & C. R. R.,
Portland, Oregon.

[illegible] the 18th day of February, 1882.

EDWARDS S. KEARNEY,
U. S. Marshal for the District of Oregon.
McDOUGALL & BOWER, Proctors.



MAKER OF STENCILS SEALS STAMPS DIES ETC.

SEAL ENGRAVER, 83 FIRST ST

ERSONALITIES.

n the Men and Manners of the Hour.

IRKS AND QUANTITIES

and Eccentricities of ... ers are Linked ... teenth Century.

ge Coleman ... w The dore ... eye are of ... commissioner ... Calif ... to Flori ... father ... nt, received ... slaves, paid under ... d.

eral Sam Houston ... h his employer ... y, Tex., and ... eye.

Hunter, the editor of the Im... of India, is preparing ... Indian poetry from ... days gs to the present time.

Journal hesitates to credit ... hould Fitz John Porter ... nk John Logan will throw ... senate and go on the stage.

finished a new novel, ... puille," for which he is said the sum of 30,000f. merely for t publication as a feuilleton.

um joins the multitude in say ... enius of Mr. Swinburne is ... dramatic than that of the his English poetical rivals."

of the grandson of the novelist was the great-niece of Sir Charles iams, the song-writer, recently ton, England, in her eighty-fifth

traditions are still respected in ffice. A young man who writes a crime to sell liquors when ing else to do is advised to ge

of the directors of the City of who evaded arrest at the time is colleagues, and who recently gland from America, has been

ington never told a lied nak ident of the republic. Times George couldn't be elected f he lived in those times.—Bo

is spoken of as Folger's pos secretary of the treasury. If the man whom Gen. Arthur ider at the time a compromi att.

tue of Sir William Wallace ted at Aberdeen by the exec scell of Edinburgh, who he figure is to face the sou titude."

erson of New Jersey, acco thinks that David Davis h f the honest people of the co make the most available de for 1884.

tor Wagner held a policy i accident insurance compa lentine, who, with his bri e same train, had a policy e company.

written to a member of ... e on president Garfield's ... at for such visits as he ma t he would in ordinary ca 0 to $1000 a visit.

feels strongly on the subje "I loathe the subject inten d I am unable to imagine t men of education, or men selves to perform such crue

claimant has prison emplo kum in a gang with two n ost flesh and corpulence, b lthy and rugged. His fello him as no less a fraud th

ard, who has just been rais e dignity of archpriest of t ter's, was in his youth a s n officer in the Life Guar rocession at the funeral of t ion.

ht, the learned editor of th John Reresby," is engaged i e press a selection from t ndence of Thomas Wentworth ed third earl of Strafford, d oldier under William III. a

and, John McCullough saw a silver-mounted claret-jug, and he sent an order for one just structed the manufacturer to e, marked C. O. D., and a few arrived, by the Morris Euro graved in beautiful large let —Chicago News Letter.

gh that the only ground on n be kept out of his seat in of his moral unfitness. He has four wives. If a pick d to the house, and asserted to remain a pickpocket, he admitted to a seat. Pocket erious crime than bigamy.

Stephens, who has just com of the United States is re d to a friend the other day s) estimate and comparison administrations from Wash d he believed that that of in every respect equal to any , and far superior to most

er, wife of the banker, or n to take her to the Ring t was burned. Accidentally rrived fifteen minutes later the baroness escaped the . Strangely enough, a like intended visit to the Nice evening that it was burned

g, of Massachusetts, asked e a portion of Mr. John G. after an extract from the cent famous Thanksgiving Whittier replied that he tout, but he was not quite id, a king and a warrior, found in the company of a blican."

Commercial says that ex subscribed $250 for the Gar nd offered to make the sum his county would raise an says that he made no ple , but stated the fact that of ent—$200,000—he had saved he told Garfield $20,000 x agement, might be saved.

wrote in perfect isolation. note, and the least noise was writing, the floor about him with books and papers, and of the privacy of this sanc re ever admitted within its er days he never gave more composition. After silent reakfast he would enter his regularly at one o'clock he work over for the day.

esting to many of our read ier Tagblatt, to take a look ful statesman of the age, the , on his weak side, namely, prince's chief trouble, as is painful, nervous affection, ns call "sciatica," and which on account of its obstinacy. arck suffers at times from swelling of the veins in ll other mortals, occasion dispositions—colds and in

her of George Few and yesterday at Fort Leav nty-two years. He was a many respects, being one up the Yellowstone with s superintended the building an Francisco and shipped of the Amoor river where gether by the convicts and miles up the river. He Siberia in the employ of a merchants—and was con eatly interested in the fate Mr. Few has been all over very familiar with South ple. He had been living r about a year from which uried this morning at 11 cousin of Dr. S. F. Few, of loctor says that he never t and genial, kindly old s life.—Leavenworth (Kan. 12th.

...Quarterly ...

tors:

ADDISON ...
C. H. ...
M. W. ...
H. FAILING.
R. H. LAMSON.

...President.
...Vice President.
...Treasurer.
...Corresponding Secretary
...rian and Recording Sec'

LITTLE BIRD WITH BOSOM RED.

When the winds of winter blow,
And the air is thick with snow,
Drifting over hill and hollow,
Whitening all the naked trees,
Then the bluebird and the jay
And the oriole fly away,
Where the bobolink and swallow
Flew before them at their ease.

You may look, and look in vain,
For you will not see again
Any flash of blue or yellow
Flitting door and window by;
They have spread their dainty wings,
All the sunshine-loving things,
Gone to pipe away their mellow
Tunes beneath a southern sky.

But we are not left alone,
Though the summer birds have flown,
Though the hot eyebrows have vanished,
And the katydids are dead;
Still a cheery ringing note
From a dear melodious throat,
Tells that winter has not banished
Little bird with bosom red.

Pipe away, you bonny bird!
Sweeter song I never heard,
For it seems to say, Remember!
God, our Father, sits above;
Though the world is full of wrong,
Though the winter days are long,
He can fill the bleak December
With the sunshine of His love.

—Mary E. Bradley, in St. Nicholas for February.

DEAD EGYPTIAN MONARCHS.

Curious Transfers by Egyptians of Royal Mummies.

THE EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY OF THEBES.

Profound Reverence in Which Priest-Kings Held their Predecessors.

From an Article in London Times.

M. Maspero's official report upon the recent discovery at Dayr-el-Bahari, takes the form of a letter addressed to the minister of public instruction, and will be illustrated with 20 photographs by Herr Emil Brugsch, assistant keeper of the museum of antiquities at Boulak. The letterpress of the report is already in type, but the process of printing from the negatives is necessarily tedious. The main historical interest of M. Maspero's report centres in the third part, wherein he gives verbatim translations of the inscriptions relating to the transfer of the royal mummies, and discusses the causes which may have induced their successors to remove them from their original tombs. The great kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties were, for the most part, magnificently interred, each in his own sculptured and painted catacomb. The sites of some of these tombs are known from contemporary documents, while others are to this day visited by every traveler on the Nile. How, then, does it happen that we find the bodies of Ahmes I., Amenhotep I, Thothmes II, Thothmes III; Seti I, Rameses II, etc., laid in one common sepulchre with the mummies of the far more recent priest-kings of the Her-Hor line. The Egyptians, says M. Maspero, have themselves to some extent furnished a reply to the question. Upon the mummy-cases and bandages of several of the earlier Pharaohs we find hieratic inscriptions testifying to various visits paid by the government inspectors of tombs, and others recording the dates and circumstances of the removal of the bodies. These inscriptions, written by contemporary officials, are in some instances indorsed by witnesses. The Pharaohs thus registered are Amenhotep I. and Thothmes II., (eighteenth dynasty,) Rameses I., Seti I., and Rameses II. (nineteenth dynasty,) the last three standing to each other in the relationship of father, son and grandson, and their tombs being extant in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. The earliest of these official inscriptions dates from the sixth and sixteenth year of the reign of Her-Hor Se-Amen, founder of the priestly line; the last, from the sixteenth year of the pontificate of his great-great-grandson, Prince and High Priest Masahirti. The broken mummy-case of Rameses I. bears but one entry, much defaced; the mummy-cases of Seti I. and Rameses II. are each charged with three almost identical entries.

Now, if we take the trouble to compare these entries we determine a few very singular, but very precise, facts. At the beginning of the priestly dynasty (when Her-Hor counted his sixth regnal year, but had apparently not yet ventured to assume the regal style) Seti I. still occupied his own magnificent sepulchre, known as "Boizoni's," in the Valley of the Tombs of Kings. In all probability Rameses I. and Rameses II. were then each in his own tomb in the same valley; but on this head we have no information. The next entry brings us to the sixteenth year of Her-Hor, who now styles himself "the King Se-Amen." By this time a great change has taken place. The bodies of Rameses I. and Rameses II. have at some intermediate date been removed to the tomb of Seti I. Here they are visited by a commission of priests, who proceed to transfer all three mummies to the tomb of Queen Ansera. In this tomb one of the Amenhoteps would seem already to have taken refuge. We are not told which Amenhotep this was, but it would be reasonable to conclude that it was Amenhotep I., whose mummy was ultimately found with the rest at Dayr-el-Bahari. Even in the tomb of Queen Ansera, however, our Ramessides are not left in peace. In the tenth year of some sovereign who has succeeded Se-Amen (almost certainly Pinotem I.) Seti I. and Rameses II. are transferred to a tomb belonging to one of the Amenhoteps. Again, in the sixteenth year of Pinotem I., Rameses II. is actually carried back to the tomb of his father, Seti, in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. Whether this last removal was really the last but one, or whether he made other intermediate migrations before being finally laid in the hiding-place at Dayr-el-Bahari, we know not. Neither do we know whether the mummies of Raskenen, Ahmes I., Thothmes III., and the rest were periodically visited in the same manner as those which bear the foregoing inscriptions. There can, however, be little doubt that the priest-kings held their predecessors of the earlier dynasties in profound reverence, deeming it a sacred duty to renew their wrappings, to repair or replace their dilapidated coffins, and to guard their remains from desecration. Why these pious pilgrimages should have been recorded in some instances and not in others it is impossible to guess, nor can we be sure that the uninscribed royalties were shifted like the Ramessides from tomb to tomb. But it may certainly be taken for granted that all these royal mummies of the seventeenth and eighteenth dynasties, together with the three royal mummies of the nineteenth dynasty, were regarded by the priest-kings as forming a single group, and that they were all finally consigned at the same time to the hiding-place at Dayr-el-Bahari.

This hiding place was not, however, merely a hiding place. It was the family vault of the kings of the Her-Hor line. Some leading members of that line are absent; Her-Hor himself; his direct successor, Piankhi, and Pinotem I, the direct successor of Piankhi, being among those whose mummies were either not deposited in this vault or have been abstracted by the Arabs. But queen Notem-Maut, wife of Her-Hor; queen Honttaui, mother of Pinotem II; Pinotem II, and his two wives, queen Makera and the princess Nsitnibashron; Masahirti, eldest son of Pinotem II and his two wives; queen Isi-em-Kheb, wife of king Menkheperra, second son of Pinotem II, and other members of this royal family were among those found the other day in the mortuary chamber at the further end of the excavation at Dayr-el-Bahari. The last buried therein was queen Isi-em-Kheb. She died during the lifetime of Menkheperra, whose seal is impressed on the basket containing her food offerings. After her interment the vault would seem to have been finally closed, Menkheperra and Pinotem III, being buried in some other place unknown.

For the reasons which induced the priest-kings so far to depart from the immemorial custom of the Pharaohs as to inter themselves and their families in a single vault instead of in separate and costly sepulchres, and for the reasons which moved Se-Amen and Pinotem I. to remove their predecessors from the splendid tombs which those monarchs had prepared for themselves, we refer our readers to M. Maspero's lucid and elaborate argument. Two important historical facts stands out, at all events, in this report with unequivocal distinctness—1. The hieratic inscriptions which attest the various removals of the mummies contain no reference whatever to a "foreign invasion;" 2. The line of priest-kings was maintained in regular descent from fathers to sons, through six generations, during which period the monarchy was probably impoverished and probably feeble, but was evidently not crushed beneath the heel of a Semitic conqueror.

JACK BARONETT, THE SCOUT.

New York Sun.

Jack Baronett stopped in this city the other day on his way to Washington. He stayed at the Fifth Avenue hotel long enough to look around the metropolis a little. Baronett has been hit half a dozen times with bullets, to say nothing of several knife gashes and [illegible] he has lost the use of his right arm and hand. He has lived so many years where the lightest noises often mean peril that he has an air of constant watchfulness. His voice is low and his utterances slow and cautious, like one who instinctively guards against betraying his presence to a listening enemy. He is a man of more than medium size, but his steps are as noiseless as those of a cat, and though he is considerably over fifty years of age he is as agile and [illegible] and does not look more than 47 years old.

In 1850 Jack Baronett, a Scotchman from Perthshire, was a miner in California and from there he went up to Walla Walla, Washington territory, prospecting. Thence he went out as prospector and independent trader to Fort Owens and into Deer Lodge valley among the Blackfoot Indians. Since that time he has been a scout, with occasional diversions into the trading line. His dress is plain, his manner quiet and reserved, his English good, and he is modest, speaking unwillingly to strangers of his hairbreadth escapes.

"In 1857," said he, "I went down to Fort Garland, did some trading with the Indians and afterward joined the regular army as a scout, under Gen. Sidney Johnston. I afterward was with the regulars in Arizona. From there I drifted over to Mexico. The Mexicans got hold of me, and gave me the choice of joining them or being shot. They were fighting Maximilian. Why, I told them that was just what suited me—just what I came over for. When I say they were fighting Maximilian, I only tell part of their business. They were fighting anything that had money. They called themselves Mexicans, but most of them were Europeans, and all of them a bad lot. Before long I managed to get captured by another party of Mexicans, a little better than the first. They gave me the option of joining them or being shot, and I told them that suited me; that what I came over here for was to join them. They were of Juarez's party. From them I was captured—honestly captured that time, too, after a good solid fight—by some of Maximilian's troops. Maximilian pardoned me, and I joined his forces for a time, but a Mexican party got hold of me again, and under the old option I joined them once more. I hated to, for Maximilian was the noblest man that ever was in Mexico, and I hated to fight against him; but when a man has had the luck to be sentenced to be shot in cold blood a few times, the experience sort of takes out whatever nerve he has got for that sort of thing, and he is willing to make almost any sort of terms. Before long, however, I managed to get away from them, and left that country in disgust, going back up to Montana, where I was in the first Blackfeet and Blood Indian war.

"Gov. T. F. Meagher commissioned me to raise a company, and I did so at Helena, St. Louis Gulch and Lost Chance Gulch. I had eighty-five splendid men, good fighters, well mounted and armed. All the mounting and equipping and fitting out of that company I did at my own cost, at an expense to me of $16,000—good dollars in gold. That was in '65. I don't know what the difference between gold and greenbacks was then in the East, but out in Montana gold was five to one, and in fact, people didn't want the paper anyway. Put a handful of greenbacks out on a bar for a drink and the bar-keeper would take them all in, or else he'd shove them back and give you the drink. With me at that time where Charles Carson (nephew of Kit Carson), John Rann, (now in the whoop-up country) Charley Thomas and a lot more whose names I do not remember. At the close of the summer campaign the Blackfeet broke out again. Their first step was to kill their chief, Little Dog, a friend of the whites, on the road between Fort Benton and Willow Round, on the Marias river. His son, who was a little distance behind, got up and demanded to know who had killed his father. The murderers stood around the corpse, silent and sullen. He made another demand, but they didn't answer him. He calculated, however, that he could guess who did it, and went to work to get even. He only killed one, though, before they all turned in on him and killed him. Then they dragged his mother out of the brush, where she had taken refuge, cut off her ears, and turned her loose. After that they went to war against the whites and killed some trappers and traders.

"I was ordered to go with a party of fifteen men I had gathered together to demand from the Blackfeet the murderers of Little Dog. I went according to orders, not that I had any idea of going with my fifteen men to make any demands from ten or twelve hundred lodges of Blackfeet, but I thought I'd get some Indians anyway. We followed them until we got among their horses and in full view of their lodges. There were more lodges than we could count, too many, we concluded, to make a fight with. But we knew where there was a small camp down on Pablo's island, and made up our minds to go for them. We didn't know exactly how many of them there were, so Carson and I left the rest of the party behind about a mile while we landed on the island. We sneaked around to get information, and got pretty close to the camp, when all of a sudden my mule, which had been raised among Indians, smelled them and made a break straight for the camp. I couldn't stop the brute, but by spurring sent him at a gallop right among the lodges. Carson stuck to me, and we went through there whooping and shooting. The Indians were stampeded at first, and swore afterward that four or five hundred white men rode through their camp. I guess we made noise enough for that many. After that we hung about there and managed to raise some hair, but soon there got to be so many Indians after us that we thought we had better light out for Sun river, sixty miles below Fort Benton, and make a camp. On the road we were attacked by them at midnight, but after a fight of half or three quarters of an hour, they pulled off, and we got down to Sun river, with them pursuing us and shooting from cover when they could get a chance. In the fight we took four of them alive and hung them with our lariats, in full view of the others, daring them to come out into the opening and fight like men, instead of skulking in the bushes like squaws. They yelled back that before another moon our hearts would be on the ground. When we came to look it over and see how many there were of them, and that we had one wounded man on our hands, we thought maybe they might be right. So we pulled out from there again, and made for Helena, the Blackfeet following us and keeping up a running fight all the way to Dearborn river, where the last skirmish took place, and where Charley Carson was killed."

One of Jack's friends, present at the interview, having reminded him of a time when he was reluctant to part with an Indian dog, Jack laughingly related the story. "I was," he said, "sent by Gen. Miles from Fort Kehoe, on the Dry Fork of the Missouri, to carry dispatches to an officer, and bring in a body of 200 Crow scouts. That was in '77. The second day out I was jumped by a party of Sioux, but got away from them by having a fast horse at nightfall. That night, when I laid down to give him a chance to rest and graze, he was stampeded by a bear. Being left afoot in that country is no joke. I had only moccasins on my feet, and in a couple of days walking over the alkali dust and through the prickly pears they were worn out and I went barefoot. Besides, I was almost starved. On the second day of marching I picked up a little lean Indian dog. It was a miserable looking dog, but very welcome meat for me, so I knocked it on the head and packed it along. I had carried it ten or fifteen miles when I saw a fine, big antelope right ahead. But I thought to myself, 'You're safe; I don't want you this time, I've got meat enough,' and I walked along. The antelope was asleep, and let me get within 50 yards. Then I thought I'd have to shoot him anyway, and, after looking well around to see that there were no Indians about I dropped him. He was very fat and nice, and I ate some chunks of his fat and considered. I hated to give up my dog, but at last made up my mind that fat antelope was better than lean dog, and made the exchange. At last I saw some horses grazing in a little valley, not far off. I made up my mind that I'd fight twenty Indians to get a horse, and started to crawl to them. Just as I got to where I expected to shoot from, an Indian sung out to me from right behind me. I think I must have jumped fifteen feet, it came so sudden. He had seen me, and crawled around behind me. I wheeled to shoot, but he dropped down and hollered that he was a friend. 'Friend or no friend,' I thought to myself, I'll have one of your horses.' But as soon as he saw my plight he said I was poor and he would give me a horse. And I said, 'Friend, your heart is good.' He and I had a good feed of antelope entrails, an Indian delicacy, and then he gave me a good mount and I went on."

Jack Baronett was a scout with Gen. Howard in the fall of 1877 and speaks in high praise of the wonderful marching powers of the men under his command. In 1878 he was with Major Brisbane in the Bannock Indian war in Idaho. In reply to questions as to his views of the proper treatment of the Indians and the causes for the frequent troubles with them, the old scout said: "Well, there's a great deal of [illegible] natural [illegible] government policy is the cause of [illegible] troubles with the Indians. The policy of the British government is the best yet. Our government punishes a tribe for the deeds of one or two bad Indians. They should punish individuals, not the tribe, for depredations and crimes the same as they would punish bad white men. Then there's another bad thing in this policy of pacification. When the Indians kill a few whites the government sends out a commission to treat with them, hires them, or pays them as they consider it to be good; gives them blankets and things for keeping the peace. They know, and I've heard them say so, that as soon as they kill some whites, the government will send out some fool peace commission and give them all they ask for. Then, another thing, there are some bad Indian agents, real rascals, who keep no faith with them. The Indians should have been put in the hands of the military and kept there. This church control over them is a farce. The Jesuit priests who go out and live with them do have a great deal of control over them, but they are the only sect who have."

A principal object of the present visit to the east of Scout Baronett, and several Montana friends accompanying him, is to urge upon congress the ratification of a treaty, made a couple of years ago with the Crow Indians, by which the Crows cede to the whites a part of their reservation lying on the Montana line. The desired territory is about forty miles long, and twenty-five miles in width at the widest part, and is said to be extremely rough, mountainous, and of no use to the Crows, who are "plains Indians," and never go to hunt in the mountains. It is, however, extremely rich in mineral deposits. Clark's fork is the name of the tract. The climate there is said to be delicious—for those who like that sort of climate—summer lasts about two months every year. This summer there will probably be ten thousand whites in that slice of the Crow reservation, treaty or no treaty, and if the matter is not adjusted, trouble with the Indians is deemed inevitable.

NEW PLAYS.

"King John" Played in San Francisco after a Lapse of Seventeen Years.

SHERIDAN IN THE TITLE-ROLE.

George Jessops' New Play of "Edmund Kean" at the New York Academy of Music —"Old Shipmates" in Chicago.

The revival of the rarely-played Shakespearian tragedy of "King John" at the Baldwin, says Mr. Barnes, in the Call, was attended with a good deal of public interest. The attendance was large and appreciative. "King John" is a bustling piece; it is nearly all action from beginning to end, the noise of warlike preparation to settle the quarrels of royalty. It is, therefore, more effective as a spectacle than as a reading play, an idea which is very well carried out in the present production. The glint of armor, the flaunting of banners before the battlements of Angiers, when the "scroyles" of the city refused to deliver it either to France or England, had an exciting effect, as the ensemble was admirably managed. Although some of the leading events in John's reign are not touched upon by the dramatist, there are enough incidents given to show the tyrannical nature of the man whose cruelty was equal to his vacillation and cowardice, and in Mr. Sheridan's hands these traits of character were well developed. The defiance of and subsequent submission to the Church of Rome, the procurement of the blinding Prince Arthur, in which Sir Hubert de Bourg's heart failed him, the death of the tyrant at Swinsted Abbey, are Sheridan's principal scenes, and they are certainly carried with great power.

THE DEATH SPEECH.

After the attendants bring the king in the chair, into the monastery garden, while he is writing from the effects of poison, is poetic, but fantastical. Says the dying John:

"Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust;
I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.
Prince Henry—How fares your majesty?
K. John—Poison'd—ill-fare; dead, forsook, cast off;
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold;—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ungrateful, you deny me that."

There is such a pitiful, hopeless, helpless manner in the delivery of these lines, that one is apt to lose hatred for the tyrant in compassion for the suffering man. The scene is artistically managed by Mr. Sheridan, who plays the entire role, in fact, in his usual finished manner—the manner of an actor, who, having a clear and intelligent conception of his part, proceeds to put it into thorough execution.

MR. JOSEPH R. GRISMER

Reads and acts the bastard Plantagenet, Phillip Faulconbridge, very well. The only drawback is a physical one. In the scenes where he disparages the personal appearance of his brother before King John and Queen Elinor, it is awkward that the legitimate Robert has height superior, and thews and sinews equal to his own. This dulls the point and force of Phillip's remarks. In subsequent scenes he was notably good. Miss Nellie Holbrook makes a brave effort to meet the demand of Constance, whose mind was about equally divided between her fondness for pleasure and personal ambition—love for Arthur, her son, being merely a rider of the latter; but she fails, because the character is above her grasp. The Queen Elinor of Mrs. Saunders is a good study in acting. She has strength in repose, and makes all her points without effort. The comparatively small part of Prince Arthur is assumed by Miss Phoebe Davies, who plays as pretty a prince as ever hoped for a crown. Her costume, according to the fashion of the age, while not particularly graceful, is correct. Faulconbridge may be said to infuse whatever of comedy there is to relieve this tragedy; the prince contributes his pathos. His pleading with Hubert to spare his eyes, draws tears.

GEORGE H. JESSUP

Was dramatic critic on the San Francisco Chronicle in the spring of 1876, when James F. Latham, of sarcophagus notoriety, was detailed at enormous expense to write up Jarrett & Palmer's lightning train. Jessup was a clever rhymester and wrote "The Faro Dealer's Story" and several other Pacific coast lyrics. He has now blossomed out into a full-blown dramatist and has adopted the elder Dumas' play of "Edmund Kean, or the Life of an Actor" for the famous Italian tragedian Rossi, who plays it in English. The New York Times of the 1st inst. says that criticism of this work—one of the least worthy of Dumas' dramatic efforts—was exhausted by Thackeray in the days when Frederic Lemaitre's splendid acting gave it temporary popularity in Paris. Thackeray severely rated the French dramatist for his deliberate perversion of the well-known facts of Kean's life, his ridiculous attempt at exposing the inner life of the Prince of Wales and other historical personages, and characterized the work as flimsy and absurd. But it may be said about the play that, apart from its historical inaccuracies, there is a great deal in it to interest and amuse playgoers, and one scene at least has, even at this late day, all the charm of novelty to an American audience.

THE STORY, BRIEFLY TOLD,

Runs thus: Kean is in love with and is loved by the wife of Count Koefeld, the Danish ambassador, and also by a young lady of fortune named Anna Danby, who is sought in marriage by the unprincipled and ruined Lord Melville. Both ladies have fallen in love with the actor through seeing him on the stage. The Countess secretly visits Kean at the theatre, and on one of these occasions leaves on his dressing-table a fan which the Prince of Wales had given her. Anna Danby also visits him to try to induce him to help her to go on the stage to escape the marriage which is being forced on her. Count Koefeld finds the [illegible] fan which it was left and determines to be revenged, while the Prince of Wales [illegible] to save Kean from [illegible] Count. The principal scene is an [illegible] theatre and [illegible] Prince of Wales [illegible] Kean [illegible] the attention of the Count [illegible] Then [illegible] the [illegible] of the play. The Manager of Drury Lane appears before the curtain and, addressing the [illegible]

[illegible] to be [illegible] he will not be able to do justice to his part. The [illegible] the front and pops into the Prince's box, and as the curtain goes up on the scene of "Hamlet" [illegible] Ophelia to get a [illegible] the stage, the Prince of Wales, the Count and Countess, Lord Melville and others are seen in one of the proscenium boxes, [illegible] was seen [illegible] part of the scene, and [illegible] Kean [illegible] the Prince conversing earnestly with the Countess, and forgetting his lines, in spite of the wild efforts of the prompter and the appearance of the manager in the wing, addresses himself to the occupants of the stage-box until immense confusion, the characters in other parts of the house calling out, "Take him off!" "Remove Kean!" the curtain is rung down and Kean falls fainting. The prompter asks if there is a physician in the house, and the manager comes forward to announce that Kean has lost his reason, whereupon the Countess screams and all the characters in the play disappear from the house. In the last act

THE PRINCE OF WALES

Takes upon himself the saving of the Countess's reputation and procures for the actor a commutation of the sentence of imprisonment for insulting the Prince in a public place to exile for one year. Kean, in the mean time, having been informed by Miss Danby that she is going to America to fill a theatrical engagement she has secured, coolly declares that he will go with her and of course will marry her. The charm of the performance lay in Signor Rossi's appearance as a genuine comedian, though there are several scenes which are tragical enough. His long speech ridiculing the assumption of superiority on the part of Lord Melville, when the latter refuses to fight with a "Mountebank, a strolling player," was wonderfully fine, and in every scene he was very powerful. His support was also better than it had been in any other play in which he has appeared in this city, Miss Louise Muldener as the Countess and Miss Carrie Turner as Miss Danby especially deserving praise.

"OLD SHIPMATES"

Is one of the few modern plays that will have an existence on the stage of the next century. It is written with a view to the possible and probable, rather than the sensational, and is now having an immense run at Haverly's theater, Chicago, with Frank Mordaunt in the character of Captain Marline Weathergage. It is one of the numerous class of dramas constructed upon those well-known traits of sailor character, fidelity to friends and honesty of purpose, and is not by any means a bad one. The plot has the merit of being simple, but loses none of its interest by reason of this fact. A whaler leaves in the custody of a friend and former shipmate a large sum of money, the fortune of his daughter, and sails away on a voyage from which he never returns. The child, who is also left with the man grows up to be

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

And just after reaching that interesting stage of her life is seen for the first time by Capt. Weathergage, who from being a protege of her father's has risen to the command of a ship. The story begins with the return of Weathergage from a cruise, and the announcement by Capt. Whitham, the man to whom Harriot Lane's money was intrusted, that it has been lost in speculation by his son. In order to cover up their rascality this pair resolve that the girl shall marry Capt. Whitham's son, whom, as a matter of course, she does not love. The fact that her father had left with Whitham a large sum of money is known to but one man, and his murder is sought. From this point the plot works out very nicely indeed, the villains are all punished, Weathergage marries Hattie, and everything is lovely. This is the play for the copyright of which (to be used only in California, Oregon, Nevada and Australia) John E. Owens recently offered $2500 and was refused. It is nearly as big a card as "Hazel Kirke," and has a good deal more fun in it.

Delegats of Patriotism.

The old patriots and veterans of Italy are dying off. The other day it was Castellengo, the Master of the Royal stables; now it is Major Silvagni, who, without having occupied so prominent a position, did his full share of work for Italian independence. Castellengo was probably the late king's intimate friend, and as they drove together, as they usually did, they were generally admitted to be the ugliest pair of men in Italy. Victor Emanuel's death was a great shock to Castellengo and he rapidly aged. Silvagni was a Roman born; and being compelled to emigrate after 1849, he served in Sardinia, Piedmont, the Crimea, Hungary and Spain, and was through all the campaigns that led to Italian freedom. There are several stories told of his struggles for existence while in exile, as there are indeed of all those who suffered the like fate. In Constantinople he was reduced to varnishing carriages. Again, when he was in Barcelona, he was told there was a letter for him at the post; but, unfortunately, there was one and a half francs postage to pay, and he had not got it. However, he found a friend to lend him a piastre, and away he went to the post to get his letter, chucking up the coin and catching it again in the gladness of his heart. Suddenly a hand flashed before him, and a street boy, snatching the coin in the air, rushed away with it, leaving poor Silvagni without money or letter.

Another anecdote is that when Silvagni was at Turin, in 1855, and had applied for service in the Anglo-Italian legion for the Crimea, he was reduced absolutely to his last penny, and did not know where to turn for another; this penny was to buy his breakfast, dinner, everything; but as he walked toward the British legation to hear if his application had been accepted, the thought struck him, "Shall I buy my pennyworth of bread, or shall I have my boots blacked and go like a gentleman to Sir James Hudson?" It was a difficult question; but it ended in having the boots blacked, and going without his breakfast. He was gazetted to a captaincy, with his passage paid to Malta, and further a check was given for seventy-five lire. With this he hurried off to the bank. The cashier looked at it, and began counting out little heaps of gold; so that Silvagni, after a minute or two, begged him to attend to him and let him go. "I am doing so," said the cashier. "But mine is only seventy-five lire," said Silvagni. "Yes 'lire sterling'" (pounds sterling), answered the cashier, to the great astonishment of Silvagni, who thought he was to receive "lire Italiano," or francs. During his last years he lived in Rome, a friend of the poet Cossa and of other old patriots, and a bitter enemy of needless and noisy agitation.—St. James Gazette.

Women as Listeners.

Lippincott's Magazine.

Woman is primarily a being who listens. She has in these days lost much of her original teachableness, but she has not yet entirely discarded the appearance of being teachable. In her capacity for hearing without obeying lies her true power. As a talker, she has her peers; as a listener, she is unequaled.

If, as a French writer says, the conversation of women in society is like the straw in which china is packed—worthless in itself, but without which everything would be broken—the listening of woman is what saves us from a Babel of tongues that would bring the sky about our ears in no time. Not that woman is always, or, as a rule unwilling to use her tongue (there is no need of being radical), but the listener who encourages you with eyes and expression and appreciative laughter is a woman. She never lets her glance wander in an absent manner, to be brought back to meet yours at an important point, with an effort of which you are both keenly conscious. To whom are you tempted to relate bits of curious personal experience, the suffering caused by some random arrow of outrageous fortune, the fancies suggested by some book, some view, some journey? To a clever, sympathetic woman, whose eyes brighten with interest or sadden with sympathy as she listens, who seems to anticipate your next word with eager pleasure, and who, for some reason or other, just then, while you are in this confidential mood, has very few experiences or fancies of her own to communicate—only hints at them—just enough to keep you in countenance.

Next time you shiver at having a tooth pulled think of Joseph Brooks of Colorado. He lay still and let a bear chaw his arm off, and thereby saved the rest of his body. Come to read the item over again, it was a wooden arm, but Joseph wasn't to blame for that.

OUR SUPERIOR FRACTIONS.

All About "Our Sisters, Our Cousins and Our Aunts."

THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

A Chapter Devoted to the Worshipers of Santa Crinolina and the Adorers of Fashion.

The Princess Louise is expected to go abroad for Canada in the spring.

A woman died in Chicago on the 20th from trichina, having partaken of raw pork at a German wedding about a month previously.

[illegible] New [illegible] a young [illegible] to a girl's [illegible]

An [illegible] Women are [illegible] Many a [illegible] than she would [illegible]

A writer says that American women, as a whole, spend [illegible] more money on dress than the French do, yet without achieving the same perfection of result.

The fashion editor who wrote "Stirred fuller pokes are popular," had a right to complain of the compositor who set it up "short-tail pokes are popular."

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone absence will conquer love." "Oh, never fear, dear husband; the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

Mrs. Hicks-Lord has just bought, for $70,000, the house on West Fourteenth street, New York, where she lived during her brief married career as Mrs. Lord.

A Canadian girl at Wentworth, Ont., who refused to take the oath because the bible commanded her to "swear not at all," was sent to jail for 48 hours for contempt of court.

Mrs. Ann B. Adams died at Watertown, Mass., Monday, aged 72. She was the widow of the late Alvin Adams, founder of the great express company that yet bears his name.

The movement for the higher education of women, and opening the professions and civil service to them is making greater progress in Spain than in any other European country.

The Princess of Wales has sent to King Kalakana several photographs of herself and her sons as a contribution to a bazar to be held in Honolulu in aid of the building of the cathedral there.

It was the wife of President Madison who gave a young woman the excellent advice: "Give your appearance careful and serious thought in your dressing room, and forget it elsewhere."

"Eugenie, Eugenie, will you still insist on wearing the hair of another woman upon your head?" "Alphonso, Alphonso, do you still insist upon wearing the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

It is said that Hindoo girls are taught to think of marriage almost as soon as they can talk. That is much better than the civilized idea of talking marriage as soon as one can think.—New Orleans Picayune.

Maybe fashion isn't a power, but you just gaze at a last spring's bonnet which cost $50, see that it is as good as new, and realize that it couldn't be sold, at any price, and then deny, if you can, the power of fashion.

"So the pedigree of the grandfather of Maud S. is to be investigated, is it? I never did have much faith in those little upstarts that come from nobody knows where. Everybody knows who my folks were."—Goldsmith Maid.

A correspondent in an Eastern paper states that the American women are the worst dressed of any in the world. That may be true, but when it comes to footing the bills the husbands and fathers think they should be the best dressed.

George Smalley telegraphs from London that Mrs. Langtry's "ankles are slender." Let us thank heaven and Cyrus Field that we have the Atlantic cable, so we can have this fact telegraphed to us, and not have to wait for it to come by mail.

"Does our talk disturb you?" said one of a company of talkative ladies to an old gentleman sitting in a railroad station the other afternoon. "No, ma'am," was the naive reply, "I've been married nigh on to forty years." The hardened wretch!

Thomas H. Stringham was employed as a laborer in Mrs. A. T. Stewart's greenhouse, at Garden City, at $1 per day. By the fall of an elevator he was permanently disabled and sued Mrs. Stewart for $50,000. The jury has just awarded him $16,500.

The wife of one of the best known divorce lawyers of Cincinnati prays for a divorce on the ground of drunkenness, abuse, neglect, cruelty, adultery, and several other things. Before deciding whether or not she ought to have it, we want to know what the other things are.

A girl of twenty years old, assisted by her little brother, built a shanty, pre-empted 160 acres of land in Dakota, and took up another 160 acres for a timber claim, upon which she planted 3000 young walnut trees, which were sprouted and brought in their wagon from Iowa.

"I don't see any sense in that sort of thing," said Mrs. Smith, as the waltzers whirled past her; "and not only that," she added, "but it is positively disgraceful." "Why, how can you say so?" replied the young lady by her side; "turn about is fair play, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Four couples were recently married at one time in Richmond, Va. The gentlemen involved in the pleasant affair were personal friends, and finding that they had all arranged to enter the blessed bonds of matrimony, all determined to be married in company, to which the ladies acceded.

The French are still "running" the mother-in-law jokes. Le Figaro says: "A traveler, turning to his neighbor said: 'I think, sir, it would be prudent to shut the window on your side; it admits a current of air really dangerous to your mother-in-law.' To which the other, with a cruel smile, answered, 'I know it.'"

A remarkable fact: We have many times been an unwilling listener to the "said she" and "said I" narrations in public conveyances and elsewhere; but never knew an instance where the "said I's" didn't say all the smart things and the "said she's" all the stupid and vicious ones, or where the "said I's" didn't come off victorious in the end.

Mrs. Bonanza Mackey attended the performance given at the Paris Grand Opera House for the benefit of the sufferers by the Ring Theater catastrophe, and wore as mourning a dress of black chantilly lace, the draperies and flounces being looped and caught back with large pink roses. Black ostrich plumes, confined with diamond stars, adorned the lady's coiffure.

A widow called at a sculptor's studio to see the clay model of the bust of her husband. "I can change it in any particular that you may desire madame," said the artist. The widow regarded it with tearful eyes. "The nose is large." "A large nose is an indication of goodness," responded the artist. The widow wiped away her tears, and sobbed, "Well, then, make the nose larger."

"Some years ago Miss Libbie Minkler of Rochelle, Ill., lost both arms by falling in front of a reaper. To-day she is earning a good living by oil painting, holding the brush in her teeth." The above item now going the rounds reminds us that this is the first instance where a tooth brush was used in the pictorial art. Wonder if the young lady also utilizes her palate.

A foolish old woman, being one evening at a party was greatly at a loss for something to say. At last she ventured to inquire of a gentleman who sat next to her whether his mother had any children. The gentleman politely pointed out the absurdity of her inquiry: "I beg pardon," exclaimed the old lady, perceiving her mistake—"you don't understand me, I wish to inquire whether your grandmother had any children.

Speaking by the cards—"And will you be able to give up those frequent nights at your whist club for the sake of your ducky? Eh, dear?" He—"Give them up, my angel? What would I not give up to gain you?" She —"You mean that, really?" He—"Really!" She—"Then I tell you what, dear. When we are married we'll put 'no cards' after the announcement in the papers, so as to let your whist-playing friends know what to expect." —London Fun.

A lady who was recently receiving applications for a vacant position in her household was waited upon by one of those wandering specimens of female humanity who manage to stay about two weeks in a place and consider themselves family servants. "Where do you go to church?" the lady inquired. "I generally go to the same church as the family," was the reply; "where do you attend, ma'am?" The lady replied, "St. Paul's," whereupon the would-be servant exclaimed, "Oh, I have always wanted to hear St. Paul preach!"

MARKETS.

A. H. JOHNSON,
Central Market,
Wholesale Butcher and Packer.
Special attention paid to supplying ships.
Highest price paid for all kinds of fat stock.

J. S. KELLER,
Corner of Madison and First Sts.,
Is prepared to supply Fresh
Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, &c.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE REDUCTION
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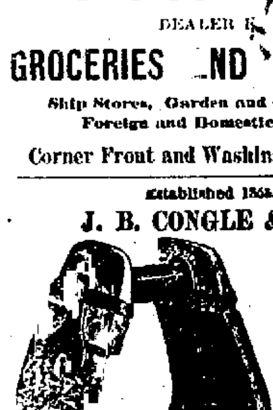

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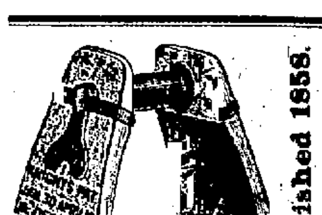

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UPHOLSTERY GOODS.
NEWEST DESIGNS AND COLORS
WALTER BROS., 85 First Street.

---

ing killed, including the French consul. The total number of victims is 1000. It is said Col. Mas has since been shot by Garcia of Calderon's troops.

A severe accident lately to a star performer had a far happier termination than was expected. The wife of W. H. Stowe, Esq., manager of Dab Rice's Great Show, was terribly injured by being thrown from her horse while performing at Cadiz, Ohio. St. Jacob's Oil alone was used and cured her in four days.

The late Ann Loring, of North Yarmouth, Me., left $250 to his children and $[illegible] to missionary societies.

When the ostrich-farming fever struck South Africa old birds used to fetch $1250 a pair, now they sell for from $25 to $70.

A party of young men in Louisville invested in a cotton "bucket-shop" in that city. When the bottom dropped from the bucket they were $20,000 behind.

[illegible] $1,500,000,000 of American property. While [illegible] ticent, the president was evidently impressed with

[illegible] speakers to speak clearly and without fatigue, having an immediate and wonderful effect in increasing the power and flexibility of the voice.

Justice Otterbourg recently ruled that a woman who for two months kept a pet dog at a certain boarding house should pay $3 extra for the dog's board.

J. H. CUTTER OLD BOURBON WHISKY
And for
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SLAB WOOD—$1 50 PER LOAD—FROM WEIDLER's Mill. Orders left at mill or in the box at Bose Saloon will be promptly attended to.
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Cures in 30 to 80 Days. No cure, no pay. Enclose stamp for circular and price list.
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Also agent for DUPLEX GALVANIZED BELT. 1p

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING FEBRUARY 19 1882

Oscar would like our streets they are utterly gutter

Hundreds of horses stood on the streets in the biting cold yesterday unblanketed. It was cruel

Gov Murray of Utah can't mean legislating himself out of a job. Edmunds' bill now vexes him

It is reported that Parnell, Dillon and the Irish leaders will resign their seats in parliament soon

It looks as if there was to be actual investigation of the Hawaiian treaty and its results. A committee of the house of representatives is at work on the subject

England applauds Frelinghuysen's South American policy. But it must be understood that England and the United States view Chili from opposite sides of the fence

A Seventh street woman put in her odd hours for six months making a door mat with the word welcome woven in it and the first person who planted his feet on it was a tramp

The Union Generale had been in existence only three years. In that short time its deposits reached the prodigious sum of 140 000 000 francs and when it failed the deficit was 96 000,000

The signal service proposes to establish a standard of time and put an end to confusion which more than seventy so-called "standards of time" set up by various railroad companies have produced

The people of The Dalles are terribly oppressed by a railroad which has not yet been built. This "oppression" is the constant burden of the song of the two organs (turned by cranks) in operation there

Forepaugh claims to have made $250 000 last year, and Barnum's combination $400 000. People may not have money at times to buy bread and clothes, but for whisky and a circus it always turns up somehow

A monument is to be erected to Napoleon Bonaparte on Staten island. Napoleon was a colored man who helped many slaves to obtain their liberty. He was once employed by Horace Greeley, who left him a life pension

A bill has been introduced in the Maryland legislature to abolish fees for issuing marriage licenses, the argument being that the public interest would be subserved by free matrimony. The Boston *Herald* mentioning the proposition says that "some people would dead head themselves into heaven if it could be accomplished by legislative enactment

Chicago gambling houses are closed by a new special law at 7 o'clock Saturday night but go-as-they-please on other nights. The dealers expressed themselves pleased with the movement, only suggesting that the order for closing be changed from 7 to 6 o'clock, so as to enable them to get their suppers and go to the theatre

Spanish journals are urging their government to push forward diplomatic negotiations with the United States. They want concessions on imports not only of Cuba, but of Spain, and show that the importation of American products is steadily increasing in the Spanish dominions. Among other things clamored for by the journals of Spain is a copyright treaty.

Col. Keating, one of the editors of the Memphis *Appeal*, was arrested in New York recently on a libel suit brought by Joseph Brooks, lessee of a theatre in New York, for damages alleged to have been sustained by him on account of criticisms of his management of the theatre, which have appeared in the Memphis *Appeal*. Colonel Keating was released on bonds of $10,000

With the view of relieving merchants and others of accumulations of mutilated silver coin, Colonel Snowden, superintendent of the mint, has obtained authority from the secretary of the treasury to purchase such coins when presented in sums of $3 and upward. There will be considerable loss to holders of these coins, as the seignorage thereon is quite large, or, in other words, there is considerable difference between the current and the bullion value of such coins

At the recent opening of W H. Vanderbilt's splendid New York city residence, on which so much expense has been lavished, there were 1500 invitations issued, and of all this number only 100 were accepted. Fourteen out of fifteen deliberately snubbed the richest man in America. We often hear it said that wealth is the universal idol of the age and country, and more especially in New York city. The defeat of Astor in his race for congress and this stunning snub to Vanderbilt will go far to shake the confident assertion of pessimism.

The "History of Woman Suffrage," vol. 1 of which has recently been issued from the press of Fowler & Wells of New York, is a well compiled and exhaustive work on the inception and progress of that cause, edited by three of the ablest of its adherents, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B Anthony and Matilda Joslyn Gage. The present volume takes up the origin of woman suffrage and carries its history along to 186 , interspersing the drier details with anecdote and reminiscence, and rendering it interesting to the average reader as well as the believer of that particular doctrine. Vol 2 will complete the work. Mrs A. S Duniway has the agency for the Northwest with head quarters in this city

Congress has been coolly informed that the amount required for pensions under existing acts for the coming quarter of a century ending in 1906 will be $1 347 651,593, or a little less than the national debt, which for nearly twenty years has drawn from our people so many millions in taxes that would have otherwise gone toward the great and glorious work of rebuilding business, creating wealth and developing the resources of the country. Claims were already on file last July for $1 264 220,377 of this vast sum and since then claims have been docketed for inspection aggregating $31,000 000, all for rebellion pensioners, and the total includes $31 000 000 for Mexican war pensions. As a mitigating feature of the report the commissioner observes that the amount of appropriations required for the current year will be about $62 000 000, and for 1883 nearly as much, but by 1906 only $23 000 000 will probably be required annually. In view of these figures it may become the duty of congress to say whether it is either good policy or patriotic to burden the nation in order that the country may be munificent to her defenders and to those who are said to be defrauding them of what General Americus Vespucius Rice assured us was only a deserved bounty to the brave men who saved the union and would merely cause an outlay of a few millions a year at first, decreasing rapidly as the years rolled on

THE OLD AND NEW SKEPTICISM

Mr Parton has written a very racy biography of Voltaire, a portion of which, however, is hardly suited to an English speaking public; another has appeared of Hume, and various other lives have been published, dealing minutely with the lives and mental experiences of the great infidels of the eighteenth century. Noting this fact a discriminating reviewer remarks that it is both interesting and instructive to observe how remote the intellectual standpoint of both the religious and the unbelieving world now is from the corresponding positions in the last century. Both their arguments for and against the Christian religion seem many of them to have been passed by. Thus the religious argument for the flood in the eighteenth century was the existence of water fossils on the top of the mountains, and the answer of Voltaire was that these remains were freaks of nature or mere accidents. Both positions are now known to be false. One of the strong arguments for the divine origin of Christianity was held to be its rapid progress after Constantine. Gibbon's great effort is to belittle this by showing the human causes for its spread. The more philosophical view now among Christians is that it grew too fast in the beginning and that it would have been better for the world had its progress been slower and more profound.

The stock arguments of the skeptics of the past century were derived from the old religious theory of the inspiration of the scriptures. The philosophical objectors of the present day (unless with here and there an exception like Mr Ingersoll) do not find anything in the history of the Jews but what might naturally belong to a tribe in its then existing state of development, and the apparently exceptional and archaic features are found to belong to all races at a certain stage of growth. The supernatural elements are to them no more improbable than all evidences of a superintending Providence or of an intelligent and personal cause. They therefore call for no especial sarcasm or refutation. It is quite as easy probably for Mr Fiske, for instance, to believe in a divine being giving the decalogue to Moses as in a similar Being guiding the destinies of the American people. If so reverent a writer ever indulged in a scoff, it would quite as probably be against the theory of any personal cause as against the Jehovah of the Jews. On the other hand the religious world (in general) no longer regard every word and date and historical event of the Bible as divinely inspired. They take a broader view of inspiration. It is to them the supernatural exaltation of the spiritual and intuitional faculties. They draw their religion, not their chronology, from the Scriptures. They seek inspiration in the holy writings, not philosophy, or history, or natural science.

As one examines the arguments and probes the statements or the sarcasms of the skeptics of the eighteenth century, a great majority seem directed against ideas and practices which have now quite passed away. Some of Voltaire's most bitter attacks are at the hypocrisy, ambition, superstition, and cruelty of the church. He detested cruelty and struck some of his heaviest blows at the system of torture which was so long defended by the church. He hated ordeals and all superstitious tests which the clergy had so steadily supported. He opposed serfdom and all forms of oppression and was embittered at finding the religious bodies so often defending them. In fact it was not Christianity which Voltaire during half a century assaulted with all the weapons which the keenest wit and most skillful rhetoric could supply. It was rather priestcraft, ignorance and superstition. The great skeptics of the eighteenth century were not usually "infidels" in the true acceptance of the term. They were "faithful" at least to humanity. They were "unfaithful" to a corrupt church and superstitious faith. Had these leaders lived in this century the sting of their sarcasm and the fire of their rhetoric would have been taken away. They would have found the Christian church leading in all matters of mercy, compassion, justice and humanity. They would have met with a different presentation of religion. They would have seen the great Christian leaders resting their faith and hope, not on the Jewish history or the divine dealings with one people, but on the life and teachings of one, to whose ideas of humanity and justice the human race had only begun to approach. No philosophical believer now founds his faith on the character of the church of the past or on that of the church of the present. He admits the imperfection and inadequacy of all human expressions of the spirit which appeared in the teacher of Galilee. But he finds in the life and instructions of that being something which can bring about a perfect condition of human society which meets his ideals, and which from its moral perfection establishes its supernatural claims and throws light on the "undiscovered country" beyond.

THE CANAL QUESTION

Our readers have already had a liberal dishing-up of political pabulum on inter-oceanic canals, in the shape of diplomatic letters involving the Monroe doctrine of which ex Secretary Blaine is the foremost exponent. We are now presenting the case solely in a commercial point of view, in the shape of a letter written by Capt Wm. L Merry, of San Francisco, a relative of the SUNDAY OREGONIAN's junior editor. It will be remembered that we re-published a letter written the *Argonaut* by this gentleman, in our last issue, in which he took the ground that while the Panama canal requires 48 miles of continuous excavation, involving the construction of costly locks, the Nicaragua canal is half built by nature as, in high water, a vessel of 500 tons can go direct from San Juan del Sur, on the Atlantic to Virgin bay, which is within twelve miles of the Pacific ocean, being nearly a dead level for the entire distance. The economy of the proposition is therefore patent on its face.

Capt Merry has nothing superficial about him either as a business man or a writer. He is practical in everything he undertakes. At twenty years of age he was first officer of the clipper ship Tornado, the second largest wooden vessel in the world. He was the first captain of the Nevada, Nebraska and Dakota of the Nicaragua steamship line, being given each new ship as it came out. Some idea of his capacity may be formed from the fact that Capt H G Morse of the George W Elder was second officer under him. Capt Merry retired from the sea in 1868 and has since been engaged in mercantile pursuits in San Francisco. From 1868 to 1870, however, he was agent of the Nicaragua transit company on the isthmus, crossing from ocean to ocean two or three times per week and thereby familiarizing himself with the subject under discussion.

The safety from ocean shipwreck is not to be overlooked in this connection. Not only is there nearly 800 miles less sea voyage by this route than by the way of Panama and Navy bay, but the route is safer in other respects. It passes to the northeast of the dangerous Roncador reefs near Old Providence island in the Atlantic, on which was wrecked the splendid steamship Golden Rule in 1864. It also passes to the northwest of the [illegible] reefs in the Pacific between Panama and Realejo, on which several vessels have been stranded, as was the Golden Age in [illegible], and the St Louis in [illegible]. All this speaks in its favor over the De Lesseps route by way of Panama.

In his present letter Captain Merry treats the question as applicable solely to Oregon and Washington as wheat producing states, and writes from the standpoint of a merchant rather than that of a navigator. The showing which he makes of a saving to Oregon and Washington territory of $1,180,[illegible] on the wheat crop of 1881 alone is something calculated to astonish the student of industrial economy. This amount exceeds in value the total taxable property of several of the oldest settled counties in this state and the question is worth the saving. The letter is written in good plain Saxon with no rhetorical flourish and therefore commends itself to the perusal of all earnest and practical business men.

DEAD LETTER STATUTES

One of the leading vices of the times is the prevailing laxity in regard to enforcing the laws. The amount of dead letter statutes contained in the nominally living body of our national, state and municipal legislation is something startling, when we come to think of it. Law is the popular cure-all of our political and social troubles. If an evil curses society or an abuse injects itself into politics, the first thought and the first resort in nine cases out of ten is that of a statutory remedy. Pass a law is the cry, and when the law is passed the public conscience is quieted, alarm ceases for the time being, and the evil goes on as before. In this way what should be law has become to a large extent a mere system of rules by which the weak are caught, but which the shrewd and powerful habitually disregard and defy.

One reason for this is the slip-shod and hasty enactment of ill-considered, incongruous and imperfect statutes. In appearance our law making powers deliberate, in reality they act without deliberation. This is proven by the perpetual tinkering and patching of the laws which occupies the principal part of our legislative sessions. There is no end of amendments and amendments of amendments. Had the laws been sufficiently matured in the first place the most of this tinkering would be as unnecessary as it is inexcusable. But much of the time which legislative bodies should spend in a careful examination and critical digest of the measures pending before them is occupied in useless debate intended for home consumption, and having very little if any legislative usefulness. For this, among other reasons, the laws passed are often crude, imperfect and useless.

Another trouble lies with the inefficiency of our judicial machinery. The courts are, to a large extent, an obstruction to a prompt and vigorous execution of the law instead of a help. Both in civil and criminal practice the difficulty, delay and expense of arriving at a final decision as to the application and construction of the statutes have become notorious. The legislative department is partly to blame for this, by reason of the unsettled and perpetually changing condition in which it keeps the body of public statutes, but much of the evil is also due to the multiplicity of motions, postponements, appeals and vain repetitions, not to mention the excessive and irrelevant wrangling of attorneys, and the carelessness, indolence and indifference of judges by which legal proceedings are thwarted and delayed.

Again executive authority is too lax. The law ceases to be a terror to evil doers because they feel assured of the leniency, connivance or incompetency of those charged with its execution. The worst of it is that public opinion indulges if it does not justify this abuse. The executors of the law feel that they are not held to a strict accountability for performing diligently and fully their sworn duty. They have learned to look upon the passage of a stringent statute as something in the nature of a mere formality, or a joke. Besides, if they carry out certain laws fully, they will offend a large class of voters, and gain no particular hold on popular gratitude. The law is therefore simply ignored, and serves no other purpose than a standing proof of legislative, executive and judicial imbecility.

It ought to be understood that laws are made to be obeyed. If they are bad, the best way to demonstrate their imperfections and secure their speedy repeal is to enforce them. If they are good, there is no reason under the sun why they should not have vital effect. What are governments for unless they are to govern? What is the use of making big books of statutes for the stealthy if not open mockery of wrong doers? If we cannot enforce the law, then it is better not to make it, for it is better to have no laws at all than good laws which are openly and contemptuously defied. We should pass only such laws as we can and will enforce, all others, however virtuous and excellent in themselves, had better be taught in the schools and at the home circle than to be placed upon our statute books. More than all, and better than all, a free, self-governing people should learn to be a law unto themselves. This is especially true as to social evils, such, for example, as intemperance which all the laws in the world cannot obliterate unless those who practice it co-operate. We are now having a congressional war on polygamy, and people are anxiously inquiring what sort of a law for the suppression of that evil will be passed. A more important question is will the law, when passed, be enforced? And so of all laws aimed at social or political abuses. We need less law and more execution.

PRACTICAL BENEFITS

The decorative craze in household matters and furnishing has brought something more than dados and "plaques" to the adornment of our homes. It has been preceded and accompanied by healthful ideas of hygiene and comfort. There is so much good common sense, practicability and above all economy in the suggestions of the new school that they cannot fail in time to commend themselves to everyone. The changes in public taste that have led up to this marked era have been so gradual that even the most conservative has been led along without knowing it. A few years ago what a horror of fresh air and sunshine in their best parlors virtuous housewives had. Every window must be kept closed lest a ray of that wicked sunlight should stray in and disport itself among the flowers of the rugs and carpets, a precaution which eventuated in the colors so cherished becoming dull and dead for want of light, just as photographs will, and gave the busy little moth full swing. Then there was the absurd prejudice against plants and flowers within doors that many have not yet recovered from, notwithstanding the scientific demonstrations of their wholesome uses; the dread of drafts that kept bedrooms persistently closed until going into one was like visiting a tomb. Feather beds, another abomination long inveighed against, are hiding themselves away into the recesses of country farm houses among the bleak hills of New England.

All these changes and many more may not tell much on the health of the present generation, but they will on succeeding ones, while they are infinitely helpful to the cultivation of artistic tastes of both. The good old days of gloomy parlors and general household stiffness and discomfort are well enough for songs and poems, but the present with its improvements is far pleasanter and preferable. But much the larger part of this credit is due to us by the mysterious law of progression. We bless it ever by the new light we have taken to people our lives. Imagine one of those sentimentalists who extol the [illegible] in the present or future suddenly whisked out of this busy living century and set back a hundred years or so—no steam, no railroad, no telegraphs, no gas, no sewerage, [illegible] no pavement, no newspapers, comparatively speaking, no postal communication with distant lands except by the tedious and uncertain system of sailing vessels, only the lumbering coach, the mounted courier, candle light—what an awakening from the dreams that had converted those days into something infinitely superior to our own. George Washington was doubtless a pure patriot, a man of strong convictions and noble impulses, but the small boy of to-day is practically far ahead of the Father of his Country in scientific knowledge.

MISS DAVENPORT AS CAMILLE.

N Y Times January [illegible]

Miss Fanny Davenport, always a welcome comer on our stage, made her reappearance yesterday at the Fifth avenue theater and performed both in the afternoon and in the evening. The house was not full at the matinee but a large audience was present at night. Miss Davenport was received with applause and with other marks of favor, and her engagement should be a prosperous one in view of the announcement especially that she is about to go abroad and that she will not be seen here again during at least three years. Miss Davenport gave yesterday for the first time in this city her performance of Camille, a part which has been lately added to her repertory. The part is somewhat well known to a public which has stood a good dose of it patiently and kindly. It has become like some of the dunning creditors of old comedy, a bore of the first magnitude, and it has been viewed in every possible side light of genius and incompetence. If it is not soon dropped it will give a consumptive twist and cough to art. Miss Davenport, following the best of the sisterhood, has taken up the part and draped it in some beautiful dresses. She had experimented with it upon the sympathetic natures of people who live fortunately for their souls outside of our particular Sodom. Like several capable actresses—for example Miss Coghlan and Mlle Rhea—she is not at all fitted to the character. She is determined, however, to experiment upon us.

There is a quality in the character of Camille which is not easily represented; this is the quality of morbid passion. The part is at its root unhealthy and abnormal. It may be idealized, and Mlle Bernhardt idealizes it with exquisite skill and judgment, or it may be set forth in its naked realism, as in Miss Morris' deep and strong performance. The character, no matter how it is treated, must, to be truthful, reveal a morbid motive and it must suggest a delicate union of strength and sickness, the fragility and passionateness of a high-strung nervous temperament. A buxom Camille is quite out of the question, and an unsympathetic Camille is amusing. Miss Davenport, it is to be feared, stands rather too squarely on her feet to be very sympathetic, and there is no hint in her performance of a fragile and diseased nature. She acts the part with skill, with good taste, and with straightforward earnestness, and in the final scene she comes close to a good imitation of an unpleasant fact. But her acting throughout lacks the fine and necessary sense of illusion, and her Camille is simply a robust and not out of the way woman in love. Miss Davenport is an experienced actress, and it would be surprising if she did not manage the part with discretion, certainly with melodramatic force and with occasional pathos. There are moments when she touches the truth—but these are evanescent. In the closing scene already referred to she makes her best and least conventional effects, and her treatment of the situation shows artistic feeling and conscientious purpose. The situation, from a scenic point of view, is arranged after a novel and commendable fashion. Miss Davenport is not afraid to present the sad poverty of Camille, though most actresses prefer to collapse in silk quilts, satins and rose-water.

It will be understood by those who enjoy Miss Davenport's acting at its best that this experiment cannot be called successful. Miss Davenport finds her place either in vivacious comedy or in straight, downright melodrama. She is about equally good in Lady Gay and Mabel Renfew—and these represent her versatility. During the present week Miss Davenport will continue to act as Camille until Friday night, when she will perform in "The School for Scandal." She is assisted by a fair company, which includes Mr George Clarke, Mr. Charles Fisher, and Miss May Davenport. Mr Clarke might make a strong and truthful performance of his Armand if he were more in earnest. The character is that of a womanish man and is seldom presented in the right spirit upon our stage. Mr Clarke has caught something of its spirit, but his work is done coldly. It may be added that Miss Davenport's engagement will last two weeks, and that she will introduce during these weeks her entire repertory. It is also likely that she will present a new play during her brief stay here.

ARTHUR'S CHURCH.

The President's Love for his Dead Wife—His Lonely Life.

Washington Letter to the Cincinnati Commercial

It has been a matter of some surprise that, out of the multitude of Episcopal churches with which Washington abounds, the president should have chosen the very oldest and shabbiest of them all as his regular place of worship. Every Sunday morning he may be seen walking unattended like the humblest citizen, across the evergreen Lafayette square with its brown general in the middle, which lies between the white house and the moss-grown sanctuary, wherein he quietly takes his place in the old pew that Madison occupied nearly seventy years ago. Several of the early presidents attended this church, but for more than a quarter of a century it has been entirely out of date and quite neglected by modern greatness. For President Arthur this ancient sanctuary has more sacred association than those merely historic and, like Longfellow's Village Blacksmith, in the music of the choir he hears a dream voice "singing in paradise." Many years ago the lady whom he married—Miss Ella Herndon (daughter of a naval officer then stationed at the national observatory), was a volunteer member of St John's choir, and it is said that her sweet soprano voice filling the moldy old place with melody, first attracted the attention of an unassuming young lawyer, who happened to be spending a Sunday at the capital and idly strayed into St John's—Mr Chester A Arthur by name. Deponent saith he did not become acquainted with the lady of his love at that time, however—not until some years later, when her father lay at the bottom of the sea and her widowed mother and herself had sought a home elsewhere. The gallant Captain Herndon, who before his duties in the observatory had served in the Mexican war and commanded a United States expedition to explore the valley of the Amazon, was subsequently commander of the steamship Central America, which in 1857 went down between Havana and New York with over 400 passengers and more than two millions in gold on board. About one third of the passengers on board were saved, including all the women and children. But the faithful captain stood heroically at his post to the last and went down to the unknown deeps with his ship. It was when her young life was shadowed by this great sorrow that Ellen Herndon met her future husband in New York, whither the broken family had gone to establish a new home. Theirs was a genuine love match, with which many romantic incidents were connected. That the president is still faithful to her memory is proven by the fresh flowers which his own hands every day wreath about the portrait which hangs in the white house chamber at the foot of his bed, where his eyes can look upon her the last thing at night and the first on awakening. She is said to have been a lady of lovely character and rare intelligence, with a tall and graceful figure and many claims to personal beauty. She was fond of society, had much of that charming tact that stands a woman in better stead than genius, and would in every way have graced her husband's onerous position. A lonelier man, or one more at a loss for the feminine element, which the social exigencies of the executive mansion demand, never lived in that cheerless abode. With his children in New York, his wife in her grave, his household made up of clerks, messengers and servants, his home life must be a blank.

NEW BOOKS.

THE MARRIAGES OF THE BONAPARTES. By the Hon D A Bingham, author of "The Siege of Paris." The Franklin Square Library No 220. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pp 98. Price 20 cents. From A L Bancroft & Co, San Francisco.

This is a complete narrative of the marriages of the whole Bonaparte family and of matrimonial plans of Napoleon for himself and for his kinspeople. It is full of court gossip and intrigues and the narrative has to do particularly with the political significance of the alliances. As great as the mass of the Napoleonic literature is, no one has before written a history entirely from this point of view. The book is a dissection of Bonaparte as a matchmaker and holds up to ridicule many of the weaknesses of the great conqueror, who is shown to have been an active matrimonial agent who made matches for his marshals between great battles and regulated in minutest detail the domestic affairs of his large family of brothers and sisters. In these transactions he affected no sentiment. Everything was done on what he supposed a consistent plan for his own advantage. His low idea of woman's position is well known. He delighted in coarse jokes and offensive familiarities and thought she was the greatest woman who had borne the most children. This book, like Madame de Remusat's memoirs, is a heavier blow to the fame of the Corsican than the ponderous histories elaborated by his avowed enemies.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF EDUCATIONAL THEORIES. By Oscar Browning M A. New York: Harper & Bros. Sold by A L Bancroft & Co, San Francisco.

This little volume in the educational library series will be found a very valuable addition to the library of the teacher who aspires to thoroughly know his profession. Mr Browning has had experience of fifteen years as a teacher and writes with a practical knowledge of his subject, and of what teachers wish, or at least ought to know. The author at the outset shows the necessity of a thorough understanding of the history of educational theories and practices and then gives sketches of these, beginning with the early Greeks and tracing the movement along through the theories of Plato and Aristotle, Roman education, the humanistic education, the realists, the naturalists, the English humanists, and realists, the Jesuits and Jansenists and the English public school. In this treatment of the subject there are thorough sketches of the methods of Rotich, Comenius, Rabelais, Montaigne, Roger Ascham, John Milton, Locke, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Kant, Fichte, Herbart and others. The thoroughness of the little treatise, as well as its comprehensiveness, is one of its most striking features. It goes over the whole subject and to the depth of it as well. The comparisons which are instituted between different educationists and their methods and theories will be found exceedingly valuable in properly estimating their relative values and in understanding how the practices of the present have been an outgrowth of those of the past. In these days when there is so much difference of opinion on educational methods and such a vital movement in educational thought that we may almost be said to live in a transition period, an examination like this of the groundwork of the science is of exceptional interest and value.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE METTERNICH 1830-1835. Edited by Prince Richard Metternich. Vol V. The Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers. Sold by A L Bancroft & Co, San Francisco.

In political interest the fifth volume of Metternich's Memoirs stands on a par with its predecessors; in personal interest it is below them, because the characters are much less famous than those of the Napoleonic era. This volume covers the outbreak of the July revolution in Paris and the five years which followed the overthrow of Charles X. During that period many exciting events helped to convulse Europe. The insurrection in the Netherlands revealed the unending antipathy of the Belgians and the Dutch. The Polish revolt excited the sympathy of all countries not subject to or moved by Russian influence. Prince Otto of Bavaria was placed by the powers on the throne of Greece. Mehemet Ali, viceroy of Egypt, revolted from the Porte. Don Carlos and Queen Isabella contended for the succession to the throne of Spain. England, France, Spain and Portugal thereupon entered into a quadruple alliance in favor of Queen Isabella, and defied the world to interfere with them. Metternich's great achievement during this epoch was that he kept Austria back from all temptations to fight. On January 30 1831, he contracted marriage, for the third time, with Countess Melanie Zichy-Ferraris, and with this event a fresh source became available for the Memoirs—the Diary of Princess Melanie, which gave a most pleasing glimpse of social life.

Metternich was always a stanch monarchist, hating and dreading republicanism in every form, of which fact his letters herein published afford abundant proof. He was ever on the alert to stifle any symptoms of a liberal movement, which he always identified with Bonapartism; he wished the great powers to concentrate their forces against the liberal tendencies of the people and not against each other. Metternich was more than the prime minister of the Austrian Emperor, and his dispatches constantly revealed the magnitude of the position he believed himself to occupy in European affairs. He was imbued with a sense of personal responsibility for the welfare of Europe. He watched the progress of events everywhere on the continent with an eagerness and intensity of interest equaled by no other statesman of his time. He had the most positive ideas in regard to the domestic as well as foreign policy which should be pursued in all the great capitals, and if anything was out of gear in any portion of that complex piece of political mechanism, the European system, his brow would be furrowed with anxious lines and his conversation would be tinged with foreboding. The great principle of Metternich's diplomatic efforts was to promote inactivity—to keep things exactly as they were left after the congress of Vienna. This was not the ambition of a progressive statesman, but to attain success in this direction for even a brief decade required the efforts of a master mind.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs Harper & Brothers announce a treatise on the Law of Stock Brokers and Stock Exchanges by Mr John R Dos Passos; A Manual of Historical Literature by Charles Kendall Adams LL D, and Old Greek Education by Prof J P Mahaffy, who is one of the foremost Grecians in England.

In Harper & Bros' English classics series we have another of Shakespeare's plays, "Measure for Measure." The editor, Wm J Rolfe A M, in his introduction gives a history of the play, the sources of the plot and some selected critical comments on the play. The critical notes are valuable aids to the student, and serve to make the reading of the play additionally interesting.

Roswell Smith of the *Century Magazine*, is about to establish an illustrated weekly in Boston which will bear the imprint of Osgood. The new venture will strike a medium between literature and news, something after the fashion of *Harper's Weekly*, perhaps, however, with a more distinct literary flavor than the latter. It is said that Mr Howells will be the editor.

The Home and Society department of the *Century Magazine* will be devoted during the next three or four months to a subject of first importance to home life, the proper construction of houses with reference to protection against fire and the dangers to health arising from imperfect drainage, bad ventilation and damp walls. The articles will be written by experts, whose aim will be to give practical hints to persons intending to build, so that they will be able to examine intelligently the plans of architects and the work of builders. In the March number will appear the first of the series by George Martin Huss, on "House Foundations," in which attention is also given to remedies for damp walls and cellars.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have issued "Eunice Lathrop, Spinster," by Annette Lucille Noble, in their series of Knickerbocker novels. The story is of New England and London life and is brightly related. There is nothing particularly fresh or original in the plot, but the writer's vivacity of style makes a sufficiently interesting story. A sensational element is introduced in the shape of a supposed murder and the consequent trial, but the chapters devoted to the trial are somewhat tedious, inasmuch as the material used and the method of treatment are too well-worn in literature to be novel or interesting. The characters of the story are well drawn, especially those of Miss Eunice and Annie Leigh. The reader will find it a pleasant story with which to while away an agreeable hour.

Sir Thomas Brassey, member of parliament, is preparing for publication, in six volumes, a work on "Recent Naval Administration," the first and second of which, just out, treat of English and foreign ships of war, with illustrations by the Chevalier E. de Martino, the third will be devoted to naval and professional opinions on shipbuilding for the purposes of war, the fourth and fifth to miscellaneous speeches and papers on naval subjects, and the sixth to the merchant service.

Among the most agreeable and useful books recently published are two volumes of Dr. Holland's writings entitled "Everyday Topics." The volumes are made up of articles which have appeared in *Scribner* for several years past, under the head of "Topics of the Time." These have been revised, collected in groups under sub-titles, as "Culture," "The Church of the Future," "Personal Development," and many others. The value of these volumes will be recognized at once by the old readers of *Scribner*. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

One may have much admiration for the hero in "Esau Runswick," Miss Katherine S. Macquoid's story now published in G. P. Putnam's Son's series of transatlantic novels, but one cannot read of his sufferings and sorrows without feeling a deep sympathy for him. The underlying motive of the story is old; how a man's whole life was warped and soured by the faithlessness of the woman he loved. It seems but natural that a man who loved with the intensity and devotion of Esau Runswick should hate with equal intensity. The inevitable gloom of the story is relieved by the brightness and lovely character of Clemency, the niece of Runswick, whose affection for her uncle and love for Ralph result in winning the heart of the misanthrope and brightening his life. The denouement, if not particularly original, is an example of rare poetic justice, and altogether the story, with bright episodes and sketches of English life and scenery, is very interesting. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

There was a striking picture in *Puck*, called the "Moloch of the North," in which the inaccessible North Pole is represented as a shadowy icy figure, with open jaws, the path toward it strewn with the deserted, broken ships and low marked graves of Sir John Franklin, Kane, Hayes, Hall, and others, and in the foreground the rich-slippered, smoking-capped James Gordon Bennett taking a sudden "fancy" to send forth a new set of victims to feed the insatiable monster. It is recalled by latest reports from the *Herald* expedition. Captain DeLong's log has been found buried in the snow. But DeLong and his party are lost. Of Lieutenant Danenhower's party, Erickson died of exposure on October 7. Another man had his toes amputated. The rest were found in a starving condition. "Jack Cole," writes the lieutenant to the *Herald*, "is tranquil to-day. He is violent at times. He has softening of the brain. My left eye is ruined. My right one is badly impaired!" The "rich man" has had his "fancy" and Moloch has had his meal. A broken ship wedged far in the northern solitudes, a few wretched, broken men, mourning their lost comrades—these are the grand "result" of this latest attempt to discover in the name of Fair Science that which, if ever found, Science herself will pronounce, like Gratiano's reasons, not worth the search.

The sum of $65,000 has already been contributed in England toward the erection of a memorial to Carlyle on the Chelsea embankment. The figure will be of bronze, modeled by Boehme, and will cost when placed in position $75,000

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

He who reigns within himself and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than a king.—Milton.

It is the glory of Christians not to be fainthearted under trials and afflictions.—St. Chrysostom.

Cowardice asks, Is it safe? Expediency asks, Is it politic? Vanity asks, Is it popular? But conscience asks, Is it right?

It is better to have thorns in the flesh with grace to endure them, than to have no thorns and no grace.—Evangelical Messenger.

When fortified by a self-approving conscience it is impossible we should be greatly afflicted by censure or calumny.—Bishop Berkley

The purpose of just men depends not upon their own wisdom, but upon God's grace, for man proposes, but God disposes.—Thomas a' Kempis.

Many a small man is never done talking about the sacrifices he makes, but he is a great man, indeed, who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

The difference of creed is like a difference of language—it keeps people apart who if they knew each other would be friends.—The Christian Union

Death does not destroy, but catches, crystalizes, and makes permanent the character of a good man, leaving it a priceless bequest to society. Bishop Daggett.

In the highway of every life there is a lion who wrestles with us, strengthens us. The brightest light dawns upon our souls from successful conflict with sin.—Hood.

Dr Hall said that in England the people are divided into churchmen and dissenters, but that in America they might properly be divided into churchmen and absenters.

The best name by which we can think of God is Father. It is a loving, sweet, heart-touching name, for the name of father is in its nature, full of inborn sweetness and comfort.—Martin Luther

Ritualism, in all its forms of development, is a process of petrification that casts a death shadow upon the altars of a church, and repels the masses from her communion.—The Christian Advocate

God's treasury, where he keeps his children's gifts, will be like a mother's store of relics of her children, full of things of no value to others, but precious in His eyes for the love's sake that was in them.—Fenelon

Out of the warp and woof of common daily life can be woven a noble and useful life, as any life must be which is a psalm of cheerful labor and obedience, set always to one grand note.—Miss Muloch

Sometimes thou shalt be troubled by thy neighbors, and oftentimes thou shalt be wearisome to thyself, for God will have thee learn to suffer tribulation, and by tribulation become more humble.—Thomas a' Kempis

When Darius proposed to Alexander that they should divide the world between them, he replied that there was only room for one sun in the heavens. So when God fills the heart there is no room for anything else.—Spurgeon.

Moses was a conservative man. Most great men are conservative. It takes your small man to be fussing and fretting all the time. It is the small nature that is inclined to agitate. A great nature is calm and quiet and retiring.

The sleep which we call death is but a brief transition slumber from which for the good the awakening is far more glorious than is the dawn of any earthly morning that ever shone. It is God's last best gift to man.—Robert Dale Owen

There are many visionary Christians who are wise above what is written, who lose themselves in the clouds by stretching their faculties beyond their appointed limits, who build splendid "castles in the air" or lay their foundations in the sand instead of resting them on the Rock of Ages. Hannah More

We seem to live in great peace and serenity of mind when things are done according to our own will and opinions, but if things happen otherwise than we are straightway moved and much vexed. Let us therefore humble our souls under the hand of God in all temptations and tribulations for by them is man proved.—Thomas a' Kempis

Beauty is akin to joy, and the beauty of heavenly things has the same effect of making us unworldly. Much of worldliness [illegible] mental and moral atmosphere, and the beauty of divine things, bringing with them their especial joy, surrounds us with a supernatural atmosphere, which assimilates our inward to itself after a time.—Faber

An idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance, but let it be fanned by passion, let it be fed with the fuel of misconception, of evil intention, of prejudice, and it will grow into a sweeping fire, that will melt the chains of human friendship, that will burn to ashes many cherished hopes, and blacken more fair names than one.—Charles A. Dickey.

Cloudy days are many; bright days are few. We must catch each ray of sunlight as it comes. The clouds gather, and as they pass they hide the distant shores from our view. The clouds that hide our future never lift. It is a blessed shadow. Who would wish to see each step along the way? An unseen hand will guide us safely to the other side, if we take hold and cast our care on him. It is better to trust than to see.—Payson.

Gratitude is the dew that moistens and nourishes all the plants in the garden of grace. The moment that the earth refuses to give forth its hidden moisture, which returns in dew and rain, that moment the trees and plants begin to lose their stores of refreshment, and must soon wither. In like manner, ingratitude will make our very blessings barren, parch and soon become dry and unfaithful.—Watson.

The clouds and storms of life are lightened by our love to God. The closer we are linked with him the less heavy are the storms of this earthly pilgrimage, and the less will we fear as we enter into the clouds and darkness of sorrows and affliction. And when all the pathway, toilsome and steep, or smooth and pleasant, has been trodden, those who have learned to live in the sunlight will enter with gladness into His unveiled presence, and walk in the light of His countenance forever.—G. Field.

Sailors in the storm must sometimes bind themselves to the rigging that they may not be washed overboard. The helmsman must often tie himself to the wheel. The same precaution is necessary in spiritual things. The waves of temptation are too high for us, and would sweep us away. We need to be bound. Church membership is a bond. The communion of God's people, the prayer of faith and the study of God's word are bands which keep us from evil.—Methodist.

Let not any man deceive himself with the thought that, because the general spirit of his life is right, his minor shortcomings shall bear no bitter fruit. No man sins and does not suffer for it. Toward our infirmity, God has infinite tenderness; but he never lets us do wrong and escape the evil consequences. This is his kindness toward us—that by chastisements he forever seeks to turn us into the way that leads to blessedness.—George Merriam.

The dew which bathes the summer rose and glorifies the meadow with its morning glitter, had its origin in what might seem to be the waste and wastes of the planet. And when rose and meadows have exhaled their dews at the touch of the sun, the viewless, imponderable vapor is not dissipated beyond recall; it is not spent on the thankless air; it is gathered and garnered in the chambers of the sky, and turns again in due season, according to its circuit, in orient dews or refreshing showers. And shall not the finer exhalations of the soul—the prayers which are breathed from the deeps of the breast, the secret vows, the godward thought, the devout aspiration—shall not these also return according to their circuit and bring their blessing?—F. H. Hedge.

MARRIED.

In Vancouver, W. T., Jan. 30, 1882, by Rev. [illegible]olson, W. B. Shanks, of Vancouver, and Miss [illegible] Roberts, late of Roseburg, Or.

In Vancouver, W. T, Feb 8, 1882, by Rev. [illegible] Banks, Wm. E. Morton, of Vancouver, and Susie Roberts, late of Roseburg.

(Roseburg papers please copy.)

NEW TO-DAY.

NEW MARKET THEAT

MONDAY, FEB. 20, 1882,
FIRST CONCERT
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ORCHESTRAL UNION.

SOLOISTS:
MRS. D. GOODSELL ... Contr
E. E. COURSEN ... Violi
CONDUCTOR ... W. E. KIR

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Also, the Only Genuine Jouvin Gloves in city. Every pair of these Gloves guaranteed.
Fine assortment of HAMBURG EMB
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The latest styles of LADIES and DREN'S COLLARS in a large variety of colors and patterns.
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The only genuine C. P. FRENCH CO all sizes, white, gray and colors.
No end to our assortment of Ladies and dren's HOSE and LINEN HDKFS.
Felt, Wool, and Materials for Fancy at Reduced Prices.

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Help Us!—We Seldom As

FIREMEN'S BALL!

AT

Turn Verein Hall, Feb. 21, 1882.

BENEFIT OF THE

Firemen's Mutual Aid Associati

FIREMEN'S MARCH AT 8 P. M.

Honorary Committee:
W A HART Chief Engineer P F D
JOHN KEARNEY 1st Asst P F D
W C McKEAN 2d Asst P F D
THOS A JORDAN J H LYON
A B HALLOCK HARRY MORGAN,
JOS BUCHTEL ROBERT HOLMAN,
JOS WEBBER H W WEED

Committee of Arrangements.
W A HART, B L NORDEN,
HARRY MORGAN, WM LUNDBERG
JOHN BARRY F B HARRINGTON,
HARRY GURR

Reception Committee:
JOS SIMON Pres P F D
GEO C SEARS Pres F M A S
R M McMASTER Sec'y P F D
THOS A JORDAN ex-Chief Engineer
CHAS ALBIE, Foreman No 1
T B TREVETT, Foreman No 2
JAS KIERNAN, Foreman No 3
HARRY MORGAN, Foreman No 4
C C DOBELBOWER Foreman No 5
M F SHEEHAN Foreman No 6
WM McLEAN Foreman V H & L No 1

Floor Committee:
JOHN BARRY S G SKIDMORE
W E JONES H D GRIFFIN
CHAS CHRISTIE W F MATHEWS
WM LUNDBERG MARTIN WALLACE
HENRY GURR

Members of the various companies are requested to appear in uniform

Tickets admitting gentleman and lady $1.

TWO SALESMEN WANTED—APPLY TO THE Singer Man'f'g Co [illegible] near Fifth

CITY TAXES.

The City Taxes for 1882 are now due [illegible] must be paid at my office, 105 First street, within sixty days [illegible] will be returned as delinquent [illegible]
Feb. 1, 1882 [illegible] City Treasurer

[illegible] PEN WORK OF ALL KINDS.
[illegible] COLLEGE JOURNAL

60 CHROMO [illegible] Cards [illegible]
J. M. SHAW & CO. Jersey City N J

[illegible] Portland Oregon.

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

e the world between them, he was only room for one sun So when God fills the heart or anything else.—Spurgeon.

onservative man. Most great vative. It takes your small and fretting all the time. It e that is inclined to agitate, calm and quiet and retiring. we call death is but a brief er from which for the good far more glorious than is the ly morning that ever shone. st gift to man.—Robert Dale

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these the summer rose and with its morning sheen hat might seem to be escapes lanet. And when rose and aled their dews at the touch rless, imponderable vapor eyond recall; it is not all ess air; it is gathered and mbers of the sky, and re- season, according to its cir- s or refreshing showers, ner exhalations of the soul h are breathed from the the secret vows, the god- devout aspiration—shall not according to their circuit, sing?—F. H. Peige.

ARRIED.

, Jan. 26, 1882, by Rev. Nich- of Vancouver, and Miss Josie ry, Or.

, Feb. 8, 1882, by Rev. L. A. ees, of Vancouver, and Miss Roseburg. lease copy.]

TO-DAY.

ET THEATER

FEB. 20, 1882.

CONCERT

OF THE

RAL UNION.

LOISTS:

.......Contralto

.......Violinist

...W. H. KINROSS

all parts of the house, $1; 25c during the first day's sale; charge. Box Sheet at D. W. day, Feb. 17th at 9 A. M.

K D GLOVES.

——7 hooks $1.75.

Jouvin Gloves in the Gloves guaranteed.

HAMBURG EMBROIDE- from 8c up.

LADIES and CHIL- in a large variety and patterns.

Gimps, Fringes, Beaded Trimming speaks for itself.

F. FRENCH CORSET in gray and colors.

of Ladies and Chil- LINEN HDKFS.

suitable for Fancy Work Prices.

ALMON,

OR TO S. BINE)

FIRST ST.

We Seldom Ask.

N'S BALL!

AT

all, Feb. 21, 1882.

FIT OF THE

ual Aid Association.

ARCH AT 8 P. M.

y Committee:

ef Engineer, P. F. D.

Y, 1st Ass't P. F. D.

2d Ass't P. F. D.

J. H. LYON,

HARRY MORGAN,

ROBERT HOLMAN,

H. W. WEED.

Arrangements.

R. I. NORDEN,

WM. LUNDBERG,

F. B. HARRINGTON.

Y GURR.

n Committee:

s. P. F. D.

Pres. F. M. A. S.

R, Sec'y P. F. D.

AN, ex-Chief Engineer.

Foreman No. 1.

Foreman No. 2.

, Foreman No. 3.

AN, Foreman No. 4.

YER, Foreman No. 5.

, Foreman No. 6.

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companies are requested to

entleman and lady ....$1.

ANTED—APPLY TO THE g Co., 92 Morrison st., near

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..........Corresponding Secretary

rarian and Recording Sec

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 19, 1882.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

Mr. J. S. Woods is confined to his room by illness.

The State arrived in San Francisco Friday at midnight.

Mr. Andrew Roberts will be a passenger on the outgoing steamer.

Mr. Sam H. Greenberg is among the outgoing passengers this afternoon.

Mr. R. H. Lord arrived yesterday in San Francisco from Honolulu, much improved in health.

Hon. N. H. Bloomfield of Vancouver, leaves this afternoon for a ten days' visit to San Francisco.

Those interested in the Y. M. H. A. tableaux will meet at the rooms of the association today at 5 o'clock.

Mr. B. Blumauer, formerly of this city, now with Blumauer & Son, at the Dalles, is a passenger by the Columbia.

Miss Lizzie Root who has been visiting her brother Mr. N. H. Root for six months past, returns home by the steamer this afternoon.

Because proper precautions were taken, no case of small-pox has appeared at the insane asylum, since the Chinaman Ah Yick was taken away.

Charles Mayhew, who was on trial in the circuit court upon two indictments of violating the liquor law, was yesterday find $75 on each charge.

DeLashmutt & Oatman are erecting a business building on L street near First, in East Portland, and will soon commence another in the same neighborhood.

Miss Cora A. Packard, the accomplished vocalist, is soon to return to her home in this city, where she will teach voice training and other branches of music.

It was yesterday ordered in the circuit court that H. W. Corbett, the guardian of B. F. S. Coffrey, pay a stipulated annual interest on $500 to the father of his ward.

Levi Knott and Levi Estes, have begun suit in San Francisco against the California Insurance Company for $3000, the amount of insurance on their mill recently burned at Hubbard.

Constable Wm. Eppinger yesterday arrested a Chinaman who gave his name as Wong Won, who, in the row at the Chinese theater the night previous, had beaten a brother celestial. He will be examined in Justice Davis' court to-morrow.

The grand jury yesterday found a true bill against Thomas Ward, a former runner for Jim Turk's sailor boarding house, charging him with perjury. The case in which Ward is charged with having perjured himself is that of George Hansen, who was on trial for a charge of assault with a dangerous weapon, in which Ward was the prosecuting witness.

Thomas Anderson, a carpenter, formerly a resident of Portland, was arrested in San Francisco, charged with felony, in making a die, by which $20 pieces could be counterfeited. He claimed upon his arrest, that the die was for a washing machine on which he had obtained a patent and was trying to put in the market. He has a wife and several children living in this city.

The First Philosophical Society have moved from Nonparell to Masonic hall. Conference at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Subject: "After death do we retain our individual intelligence and powers of communicating with mankind in this life?" Everybody invited; seats free. In the evening Rev. Dr. Rosenspitz will "prove that the dead do not and cannot communicate with the living."

Jean Baptiste Antoine Riviere, a California pioneer of '49, and for the past 12 years a resident of Oregon, died yesterday at St. Vincent's hospital from heart disease. He is well known throughout the coast, having been in business in almost every point of consequence from Walla Walla to San Diego. He came to America more than fifty years ago, and has been an inmate of the hospital for many months. His funeral took place from the Catholic cathedral yesterday afternoon.

E. E. Coy, now in this city, presents a very different version of the difficulty between himself and Hicinbotham at Columbus, W. T., from that hitherto published. He says that as he was riding through the street on horseback, Hicinbotham rushed out and fired three shots at him; that his horse, being frightened, threw him, and that H., supposing him hit, ran into the nearest house; that H. was bound over in the sum of $1000 to appear before the grand jury, and that he himself was placed under bonds of $500 to appear as a witness, and not to keep the peace, as heretofore stated.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A special dispatch to THE OREGONIAN, from Spokane Falls, last night, says that a caboose and passenger coach attached to a snow-plow jumped the track between Cheney and Marshall Friday night, demolishing both cars and seriously injuring Jack McDonald and Tom O'Connor.

A VALUABLE BOOK.

Messrs. Hill & Barr, of the City Bookstore, have sent us the "New York Clipper Almanac" for 1882, containing all sorts of statistics of pedestrianism, boat-racing, fire-engine playing, leaping, wrestling and horse-racing. It comes very handy for reference in an editorial room.

THE DRAMATIC BREVITIES.

In the way of typography and illustrations this enterprising young San Francisco paper surpasses all its eastern contemporaries. It has recently published excellent portraits of Sheridan, the Rattenberry Brothers and James T. Maguire, all of which we pronounce to be speaking likenesses.

TO EFFECT ORGANIZATION TO-DAY.

This afternoon at 3 o'clock the new Presbyterian church, to be called "Calvary," will be organized at Westminster chapel, corner Eleventh and Main streets. Services will be conducted by Rev. Dr. A. L. Lindsley, of the First Presbyterian church, and by Rev. R. W. Hill, of Salem. At 7 P. M. the elders will be ordained, and at 7:30 the first regular services will commence.

RECALCITRANT COAL-HEAVERS.

When the steamship Umatilla was approaching Columbia river bar Friday morning and needed considerable steam, two coal heavers, Barney Hughes and Chris. McKenna, refused to work one hour beyond their watch. Capt. Worth promptly ordered them into irons, and they were so confined until the steamer arrived here. Yesterday Capt. Worth lodged complaints before the U. S. commissioner charging the men with mutiny.

SUIT FOR DAMAGES.

Yesterday Kahn Bros., through their attorneys, Williams & Thayer, began suit in the state circuit court against Edward S. Kearney, U. S. marshal, for $10,000 damages. The plaintiffs, shortly before the failure of Ike Barman, bought his stock of clothing, corner of Front and Morrison. It was seized by the United States marshal December 28th on attachment suits by San Francisco creditors, and, so the plaintiffs allege, the lease was given up and a valuable business destroyed. The goods were removed and stored elsewhere.

Y. M. H. A. PURIM ENTERTAINMENT.

The committee having charge of the above entertainment, which is to take place Monday, March 6th, at New Market, are sparing no effort nor expense to make it one of the finest affairs ever produced in Portland. The tableaux and scenic effects are under the able management of Prof. R. C. White. Mr. W. H. Kinross has charge of musical parts and choruses. For dance music the service of Messrs. Varney and Bray's band has been secured. Prizes for best maintained characters, handsomest and most original costumes will be awarded. The first rehearsal of those participating in choruses and tableaux takes place this afternoon.

JUST LIKE THE SEATTLE ROUGHS.

James Russell, a vagrant, who had been out of the county jail only a few days, was again incarcerated yesterday. Friday night, when on the corner of First and Morrison streets, he struck Guild Atherton, a one-armed young man about sixteen years old, and knocked him to the sidewalk. The attack was wholly unprovoked, Atherton having said nothing whatever to bring it about. Deputy Sheriff Eppinger, who saw the attack, immediately arrested Russell, who was yesterday fined $50 and costs in Justice Davis' court. After hearing his sentence, Russell thanked the judge for fining him so heavily, saying that he wanted to be locked up where he could get board and lodging without charge, as he was unable to obtain enough work outside to enable him to live comfortably. It would be a good scheme to turn this class of law breakers over to the city authorities, where they would be compelled to work in the chain gang.

CHARGED WITH STEALING.

Yesterday afternoon just before banking hours were over, O. C. Yokum, who resides at 183 First street, stepped into the First National Bank and drew quite a sum of money, which was paid in gold "twenties." In putting them into his pocket he dropped several to the floor, where they rolled in all directions. N. W. Gow, one of the leading men of the firm of Sun Ark & Co., and Dot Bon, book-keeper for Ye Ark & Co., were in the bank at the time. After all the money on the floor had been picked up, Yokum found, upon re-counting it, that twenty dollars was missing. He thereupon accused both Chinamen of stealing it, and accordingly made complaint in the police station charging them with larceny from person. He there stated that he saw Gow pick up a "twenty" and hand it to Dot Bon. Both Chinamen were arrested by policeman Luther, and up to a late hour last night no bonds had been furnished for their release.

DOLLY ADAMS ARRESTED.

A complaint was yesterday made by Chief of Police Lappeus, which was issued by deputy district attorney Mulkey, charging Dolly Adams with being principal in the murder of J. N. Brown, in the house of ill-fame of which Carrie Bradley was proprietor. Both Molly Flippin and Adams are still in the county jail. Flippin can leave whenever she sees fit, but the complaint made against Adams will of course detain her.

A dispatch to THE OREGONIAN last night says that Simmons will leave San Francisco with the prisoners by the State, which sails Thursday the 23d inst. He was not able to make the transfer of papers in time for yesterday's steamer.

THE CONCERT.

The first concert by the Orchestral Union takes place to-morrow evening at New Market theater. It is perhaps somewhat premature to praise, but much good work has been done at the rehearsals and the Portland public may be assured that in giving the new departure hearty support it is not assisting at a mere experiment. The programme is a pleasing one throughout. The Haydn symphony chosen is one of the most musical of the celebrated Salomon set. It has none of the hard features characteristic of a later school, but is melodious from beginning to end. The acoustic properties of the theater are not well adapted for concert work, but preparations are being made to bring the orchestra as far forward as possible by building out the stage over the space usually occupied by the theater band. The sparkling overture, "Banditenstreiche," is put last on the programme and will be likely to rivet attention till the concert is over, and save the unseemly rush towards its end.

H. J. M.

A PROTEST AGAINST GAME FISH.

To THE ROD AND GUN EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

The efforts of the SUNDAY OREGONIAN to prevent the extermination of the red deer and some of our finest game birds, meets with the hearty approbation of all true sportsmen, and in the interests of health and good morals should have the unanimous support of all interested in the welfare and physical development of mankind; for where, except in the intimate association with nature which must necessarily follow a ramble through the woods in quest of the "antlered monarch," or over swamp and stubble for "feather," are pleasure and profit so closely allied? But I must enter my feeble protest against the introduction of game fishes. The civilization of our state is too young to bear any additional strain. The magic touch of the rod makes mendacious the best of men, and would have transformed the late lamented G. Washington into a Munchausen had he been a devotee of the chosen art. A hunter is never untruthful—that is, hardly ever—as to the results of his day's search, but ye gentle angler—heavens! What an incarnation of untruthfulness he becomes from a single day's sport. The luxurious idleness of whipping a dark pool in the association of a well-filled lunch basket and plethoric wicker flask, develops a train of romantic imageries to which the "Arabian Nights" were Holy Writ in comparison. Again, I say, in the interests of the morals of the community, defer the movement till our civilization is strong enough to bear it. I subscribe myself

BILL JOHNSON, Reformer.

REAL ESTATE MARKET.

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN by J. Fred. Clark & Co., real estate agents:

We extract the following from our report published in THE OREGONIAN on the 18th of February, 1881:

"The business of the past week has been about average. As compared with the month of February last year, the present month, so far as it has progressed, makes a somewhat better showing. * * * The transactions of the past week number 22 and amount to $24,897."

The business of the week just ended, and corresponding to the week of 1881, above cited, shows:

Transactions recorded	52 deeds	$76,503 31
Mortgages	17 "	41,700 00
Releases	20 "	51,175 00

Again showing that the amount of indebtedness incurred by purchasers of property is about twenty per cent. less than the amount of the clearance of debt. This week Couch takes the van, county and suburban holds a high second place, whilst East Portland makes a good third showing. The city proper is all but unrepresented, as the following table will show:

DEEDS RECORDED.

Couch and northward	15 deeds	$31,601 00
East Portland	13 "	10,481 64
Country and suburban	13 "	28,530 00
Caruthers and southward	5 "	4,278 67
City proper	4 "	1,404 00
St. Johns	2 "	2 00
Total	52 deeds	$76,309 31

Of the above, eight deeds were for nominal consideration, some of the properties being of considerable value.

PORTLAND PULPITS.

Who will Fill Them To-day and what Their Themes will be.

Baptist church—Rev. J. A. Gray, pastor, will preach morning and evening. Sunday school at 12:30. Seats free.

German-Methodist church on Sixth street, between Morrison and Alder. Preaching in German by F. Bonn, at 11 A. M., and in English at 7:30 P. M. by Rev. A. C. Fairchild.

Christian church—East Park and Columbia streets. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., by the pastor, Bruce Wolverton. Sunday school 12:30 P. M. All are made welcome.

The Norwegian-Dane Lutheran Church, R. R. Bull pastor—Service every Sunday except the first Sunday in the month, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., in the Episcopal chapel on Fifth street. Pastor's residence on Sixteenth street between K and L.

First Congregational Church, corner Second and Jefferson sts., Rev. Dr. Jones, of Petaluma, will preach at 11 A. M. Sunday school and bible class immediately after morning service. Seats free and a cordial welcome to strangers, who are especially requested to make themselves known.

Taylor-street M. E. church, Geo. W. Izer, pastor—Morning discourse, 11 A. M., subject, "Three Lessons of Divine Trust." Evening discourse, 7:30 P. M., subject: "Uses and Abuses." Praise meeting in the lecture room at 6:45 P. M. The public will be welcome to all the services. Ushers in attendance.

Unitarian church, T. L. Eliot, minister—Services at 11 and 7:30. In the evening will be given the third lecture on churches. Theme, "Ignatius Loyola and the Society of Jesus." The public is invited.

Portland Mariners' Church, corner Third and D streets—Regular Sunday School at 9:30 A. M., for one hour. Ship meeting on the Selene, foot of Washington street. M. Preaching in the evening at 7:30, by the Chaplin. Prayer meetings Tuesdays and Fridays, at 7:30 P. M.

Hall Street M. E. Church—Quarterly meeting service will be held at Hall Street Church. Love Feast at 10 A. M., preaching at 11 A. M. Communion after the morning service. All services conducted by Presiding Elder Fairchild. Sunday school at 12:30. All invited.

German Evangelical church, Chas. Waehlte, pastor, cor. Eighth and Clay streets; preaching at 11 A. M. only. Prayer meeting at 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. Preaching at Milwaukie at 3 P. M. All are invited. Chas. Waehlte, pastor.

Advent Christian Association—Meetings at Sedlack's Hall, Northwest corner Sixth and Salmon streets, on Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M. Worship conducted by E. C. Bronaugh.

Services at the Episcopal Church—Trinity church (Oak and 6th), Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; St. Stephen's chapel, (Madison and Fifth), Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; St. Mathew's chapel, (First and Caruthers), 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Trinity mission chapel, (Watson's add.), Sunday, 7:30 P. M.; St. Timothy's chapel, (Grammar school), Sunday, 3 P. M.; Good Samaritan hospital, (21st and L), Thursday, 3:30 P. M.

Fine oil paintings, engravings, chromos. Ornaments frames made and regilding done. Vohn's, 155 Third St.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss L. Beasley of Canada is visiting the family of Mr. D. Mackay.

The engagement of Mr. Isaac Oppenheimer of Fort Colville and Miss Belle Bettman of this city is announced.

Lieut. Fred G. Schwatka left on the steamer of Tuesday for San Francisco. He may possibly go east before he returns to his station.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Meyer of New York and Miss Rosa Mayer of this city will sail for Europe April 27th, and will spend the summer in England and on the continent.

The betrothal of Mr. Julius Lippett of Colfax, W. T., one of the most successful and popular merchants of the Palouse country, to Miss Gustina B. Selling, daughter of Mr. I. Selling of Oregon City, is announced.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Underhill of East Portland arranged and carried out successfully a grand surprise at Neppach's hall, Wednesday evening, the occasion being the 17th anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Underhill's wedding day. Guests numbered nearly one hundred, and a most pleasant evening was passed.

THE BACHELORS' PARTY.

The reception given by the Bachelors in Turn Halle on Friday evening last, was one of the most elegant and enjoyable affairs given in the city for many years. The invitations which created quite a flitter amongst our society people, and which were very unique and pretty in design, read as follows:

The Bachelors request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. ——'s company, on Friday evening, February 17, 1882, at Turn Halle. Dancing 8:30 o'clock.

Lady Patronesses—Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Ladd.

The hall presented a most inviting appearance, the walls being completely covered with flags and evergreens, and from balcony to stage and from corners to center, hung long lines of streamers, while the musicians were almost completely hidden by an artistic arrangement of the same drapery.

The Lady Patronesses, assisted by Messrs. Geo. Taylor, W. M. Ladd, F. M. Gilmore and John Lewis, received the guests, standing at the right of the hall immediately adjoining the reception room. Dancing commenced about 9:30 and consisted of a programme of eight dances which lasted till 11, when small rests were placed about the room and a sumptuous supper served. At midnight chairs were placed for the "German," which was managed in ten figures, the favors being very odd and attractive in design. 1st, painted fans; 2d, satin banners, hand embroidered; 3d, Japanese umbrellas; 4th, fancy bon bons; 5th, golden sleigh bells hung on silken cords; 6th, silk pincushions; 7th, satin scent bags, hand painted; 8th, satin streamers with æsthetic emblems; 9th, miniature bottles of champagne on cardinal silk; 10th, souvenir fans fringed with silk and gold, with monogram surrounded by wreath of flowers.

The "German" was led by Mr. E. L. Canby and Miss Reed and passed off with much *eclat*. The costumes of the ladies were very beautiful, amongst them the following were particularly noticeable:

Mrs. Ladd, black velvet en train, the front and sides elaborately embroidered with jet; ornaments diamonds.

Mrs. Corbett wore an elegant costume of dark maroon velvet, court train, the front being composed of light pink silk, completely hidden by a network of white beads.

Mrs. Green, black velvet, the front covered with rich black lace and jet passementerie; ornaments diamonds.

Mrs. Lewis, long black velvet; around the neck and shoulders white lace caught at the throat with spray of diamonds.

Miss Reed, white silk underskirt with overdress of the same combined with lace. Pink crush roses at waist and throat with strings of pearls, making a very charming costume.

Mrs. General Miles wore a lovely dress of white satin, cut away from the front showing an underskirt of rose colored velvet combined with the same material as body of dress.

Mrs. Baldwin, blue brocaded satin with bronze ornaments.

Mrs. J. B. Montgomery, bottle green velvet.

Mrs. Henry Corbett, short pink silk.

Mrs. Chas. Ladd, ecru satin and white jet.

Mrs. Cushing wore a blue brocaded satin, cut princess, the front being covered with alternate rows of white lace and silk.

Miss S. R. Reed was very quaint-looking in an underskirt of white satin with overdress of white lace caught with bunches of violets.

Miss Lewis, blue nuns-veiling and silk.

Miss L. Lewis wore a charming costume of white mulle.

Mrs. Laidlaw, pink satin entraine with drapery of rich white lace, ornaments pearls.

Miss Williams, rose-colored silk.

Mrs. Myrick, black satin entraine, ornaments diamonds.

Miss Ladd, a beautiful costume of white satin and grenadine, the front and bottom of the skirt being embroidered with silver and pearl beads; bunches of roses and grasses at waist.

Miss Myrick, white mulle with garlands of flowers and leaves.

Miss L. Myrick, blue silk with overdress of white lace.

Miss Green wore a simple costume of white terminating at the bottom of the skirt in a broad band of white brocaded silk, with delicate pink roses.

Miss Failing, beautiful costume of ecru satin elaborately draped with rich white lace.

Miss M. Failing, blue brocaded satin and grenadine.

Miss Yarndley, pink silk with overdress of white mulle.

Miss Whalley, white swiss with bunches of marguerites in hair and at throat.

Miss Burnside, white lace with gold ornaments.

Among those present were: Judge and Mrs. M. P. Deady, Judge and Mrs. J. K. Kelly, Col. and Mrs. W. H. Effinger, Mr. and Mrs. R. Koehler, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Green, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lewis, Gen. and Mrs. Miles, Gen. and Mrs. Dandy, Gen. and Mrs. Greene, Captain and Mrs. Baldwin, Major and Mrs. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. J. Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hodge, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Burnside, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Burns, Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Story, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Wygant, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ladd, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Corbett, ex-Senator and Mrs. Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wyatt, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Sibson, Mr. and Mrs. James Reed, Gen. and Mrs. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Treadwell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Watson, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Whalley.

Miss Failing, Miss M. Failing, Miss Lewis, Miss L. Lewis, Miss Reed, Miss S. Reed, Miss Green, Miss Story, Miss L. Story, Miss Burnside, Miss Savier, Miss Myrick, Miss L. Myrick, Miss Williams, Miss Ladd, Miss Ewald, Miss Whalley, Miss Greno (of Vancouver), Miss K. Green, Miss Brooks, Miss Eaton, Miss Stout, Miss Yarndley, Miss B. Yarndley, Miss Kelly.

Captain Chas. F. Powell, Major Larned, Dr. Geo. Wilson, Captain B. B. Tuttle, Lieuts. Kernan, Long, Bonesteel, and Messrs. H. D. Sanborn, E. L. Cauley, W. M. Ladd, John Lewis, F. M. Gilmore, Geo. Taylor, Jr., Wm. Wygant, Hamilton Corbett, Hamilton Brooke, Davis Burnside, Josiah Myrick, Geo. Good, H. M. Kelsey, Theo. Wilcox, S. Mears, Paul Deady, R. Olcott, Chas. Whitney, Chas. Kamm, Alfred Holman, W. M. Molson, T. B. Trevett, Geo. Piper, J. Read, I. Dawson, Fred V. Holman, Dr. Eaton, Dr. Wm. Jones and many others.

ANOTHER FREEZE-UP PROBABLE.

From Portland to Lewiston the weather was colder yesterday than the day before, and down the pass in the Cascade mountains came again that dreaded east wind. Umatilla and Ainsworth reported considerable heavy ice running. Unless a warm rain sets in by this evening—such an event is not among the probabilities—the middle river will be blocked Monday; if indeed it is not closed to-night. Passengers and mails got through to The Dalles yesterday without delay. During the afternoon the line above Rooster Rock went down; hence we are without customary evening reports. Following are the morning bulletins:

8:30 A. M.

Station.	Weather.	Wind.	Ther.
Portland	Clear	Calm	21
Cascades	Clear	Down	18
Shell Rock	Clear	Down	22
Hood River	Clear	East	8
The Dalles	Clear	Calm	14
Celilo	Clear	Down	18
Grant's	Clear	Light down	14
Blalock's	Clear	Calm	10
Umatilla	Clear	Calm	4
Wallula Junction	Clear	Calm	8
South Ainsworth	Clear	Calm	6
Touchet	Clear	Calm	
Whitman	Clear		
Walla Walla	Clear	Calm	4
Rooster Rock	Clear	Heavy dn	18

Cold at The Dalles.

[SPECIAL TO THE OREGONIAN.]

THE DALLES, Feb. 18.—Last night was the coldest of the season, the thermometer standing nine degrees above zero. The company's boats were towed into winter quarters to-day. There is considerable ice in the upper river, and it is doubtful if the boat will attempt a trip Monday.

Best coffee in city. Eastern and local oysters in any style. White cook in charge of cuisine. Open at night. Burrows', 11½ North First street.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Next Monday evening the Orchestral Union will give its initial concert at New Market Theater with thirty-two performers in the orchestra and solos by Mrs. Goodsell and Mr. Edgar Coursen. Of Mrs. Goodsell's singing it is hard to speak in terms of actual justice. Herself but an amateur, she possesses traits of excellence in which many professional singers are wanting. To a rich and musical voice, she adds great self-possession and a depth of feeling which renders acceptable everything she undertakes. Of Mr. Coursen as a solo virtuoso on the violin, we can only say he pleases us better and better at every appearance. His technique is fine and free from the slightest approach to rasping or slurring in the more rapid passages, while he possesses a great deal of that adagio power which made Ole Bull the greatest performer of his day on that greatest of instruments. The rest of the instruments are in good hands, some of whom are undoubtedly musicians of the future. This is especially true of Warren Burgess, the E♭ cornett, and Dr. Rex, the violoncello, both of whom are earnest students and believe that practice makes perfect. Every seat is already taken in the dress circle, and to those single gentlemen who do not mind going up into the balcony, we would say that they will catch the blended harmony of the instruments and enjoy the music better than those who occupy the circle, although they may miss the sights and have no opportunity of sighting the misses. The Union has hired a hall in Hardenberg's block, corner of Second and Morrison streets, where they practice every Friday night, and we are in hopes that the proceeds of their concerts will defray the expenses of establishing a conservatory of music of which our city, in the near future, may well be proud.

The last issue of Wheeler's "Nym Crinkle" gives a list of sundry actresses who will be on the road as stars, next year, and enumerates among their ranks Miss Emma Chloe, a protege of Fred. Lyster's who performed Hebe in a local "Pinafore" troupe in Oregon about two years ago and afterwards visited this city as a supernumerary in the Melville Opera company. Her pronunciation of the proverbial refrain of "His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts" was most bewitchingly British. We can understand how a painstaking little actress like Annie Pixley, whose early life on the stage was one long siege of uncompensated drudgery, should finally rise to popularity and prominence in that line of business of which Madame Vestris was the founder. But with Miss Chloe den the case is different. She lacks culture and the apprenticeship which is the sole stepping-stone to success. However, this is an era of miracles. Minerva emerged a full grown woman from the brain of Jove, and we have seen a full-grown man come forth from—well, a lager beer saloon.

In another portion of this paper we print a criticism from the San Francisco *Call*, written by George E. Barnes, the only surviving founder of that paper, upon Sheridan's performance of the title-role of "King John." It is seventeen years since that play was put upon the San Francisco boards with Charles Kean as the tyrant, J. F. Cathcart as Faulconbridge, Frank Mayo as Hubert, Mrs. Kean as Constance, and Charley Johnson, now grown to manhood and become managing editor of the *Alta*, as Prince Arthur. The piece was produced with the finest stage setting ever given in San Francisco up to that time, if we except the production of "Don Giovanni" at the Metropolitan in 1854, under the management of Mrs. Catherine Sinclair, the divorced wife of Forrest.

Of course no one can for a moment urge that Sheridan is the equal of Charles Kean as a reader, but there may have been points in the part which Sheridan brought to light where Kean failed for want of power. Kean, despite all his scholarly attainments, was a very artificial actor, while Sheridan is realistic, and remarkably true to nature. His "Lear" shows this, as well as his "Louis XI," and in stormy passages he possesses a degree of dramatic intensity which Kean never could reach with all his wonderful grace in accentuation and reading. Faulconbridge is the part of the piece, to our notion, and Cathcart made it a magnificent portrait. As Sheridan is about to depart for Australia, to electrify the good people of the antipodes with such acting in Shakespearean parts as they have not seen since the days of the lamented Booth, we regret being compelled to miss his rendition of this arduous and seldom personated character.

Harry Colton, who visited here with Katherine Rogers, and subsequently came up again with Sheridan on his last visit to Portland, has organized a provincial troupe of his own and will play two weeks at Eureka, Humboldt bay. Although a very uneven actor, Mr. Colton is a man of a good deal of native capacity and occasionally gives his audiences some startling impersonations, as witness his Edgar in "King Lear," and his "Iago." Possessed of a very symmetrical figure and a good voice, he too often trusts to those advantages and neglects his study, not so much of his lines as of their import. He is no more careless than was Edwin Booth or the younger Wallack at his own age; and hence we may yet indulge hopes that he may reach the top round of that long ladder.

W. Haydon Tilla, who brought up an English opera troupe here several years ago and figured with chequered success through the interior of the state, has since resumed his normal position as tenor singer in minstrel troupes since leaving here. Last week he severed his connection with the Emerson minstrels and assumed the position of stage manager of the Winter Garden in San Francisco.

Charles R. Thorne, senior, the oldest tragic actor on the American stage and a man of wonderful versatility in his palmy days, is to make his first appearance in twenty years as Othello, at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, on the occasion of Sheridan's farewell benefit, the beneficiary sustaining the more difficult role of Iago. It will be a grand performance, if the octogenarian tragedian has not altogether lost his voice.

James M. Ward and wife (Carrie Clarke) are at the Adelphi Theatre in San Francisco, doing such rantipole heroes as "Buffalo Bill" and other characters calculated to congeal the sanguinary fluid. While we never liked the man, there was much to admire in the actor. As an eccentric comedian, we deem him the best we have seen since T. B. Johnston, the original "Uriah Heep" at Burton's where the part of Micawber died with the great but vulgar genius who created it.

The Lingards—Alice and Horace—have been playing their repertoire of society lays through the interior of California with varied success. They have three new pieces—The Money Spinner, Divorcons, and Stolen Kisses—which have never been played here and for which they have the copyright for the Pacific states. If they will bring up the Banker's Daughter and Hazel Kirke, they can play fifteen nights to fair business, provided they will wait till after the termination of Lent. Then there will be lots of people in town from Eastern Oregon and plenty of money in circulation, so they cannot help playing to a fine run of business. As good an actress as Mrs. Lingard can always play two good engagements here in the course of a year. Every lady in Portland would go that often, just to see how the shapely Alice puts on a dress.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Georgie Knowlton remains with the Rose Eytinge Felicia company for the balance of the season.

Sara Jewett has been ill and her role in Lights o' London has been assumed by Miss Ellie Wilton.

Minnie Maddern, a western actress of repute, will star next season under the management of John H. Havlin.

Rose Stella, it is stated, has withdrawn her suit for divorce against her husband, H. A. Froom, and everything is lovely.

W. A. Mestayer will be the sole proprietor and manager of "The Tourists" next season. Two new pieces will be added to the repertoire.

Manager Henry E. Abbey will give a brief season of Italian opera with Adelina Patti at the Germania theater, New York, beginning February 23d.

Sarah Bernhardt is now having fainting fits. She is not above borrowing ideas from Clara Morris, although she says the American actress has no talent.

Rose Osbourne, recently of San Francisco, has a new and said to be strong emotional play, which she intends producing in that city during the season.

Oscar Wilde, it is rumored, will shortly appear at San Francisco minstrels opera house, New York, in a song and dance, entitled "The Big Sun-flower."

George Smalley telegraphs from London that Mrs. Langtry's ankles are slender." Let us thank heaven and Cyrus Field that we have the Atlantic cable, so we can have this fact telegraphed to us, and not have to wait for it to come by mail.

John Stetson, who pays $28,000 rent for Booth's theater, can retain it another season at an increased rental $32,000 provided he gives notice of such desire in March next. It is probable that he will permit his lease to expire on May 1st.

Miss Adelaide Cherie now playing in the west, is winning golden opinions by her good acting in Only a Farmer's Daughter. She is also a charming lady off the stage, and deserves all the praise she is getting. Thus all the troubles in this organization are happily at an end.

Mr. Barrett closes his memoirs of Edwin Forrest with the following characteristic anecdote: "Toward the end of his professional career he was taking supper late one night with an old friend, who remarked to him: 'Mr. Forrest, I never in my life saw you play Lear so well as you did to-night.' Whereupon the veteran, rising slowly and laboriously from his chair, and stretching to his full hight, replied: '*Play* Lear! What do you mean, sir? I don't *play* Lear. I play Hamlet, Richard, Shylock, Virginius, if you please; but, by —, sir, I *am* Lear!'"

Miss Genevieve Ward is quoted by the New Orleans *Picayune* as making pleasant speeches about the amiable Wilde: "I've known him since he was a boy," said she. "His mother is a charming woman and a great friend of mine; highly accomplished she is, and Oscar was always very nice until he got this absurd æsthetic notion in his head. He began by wearing yellow cravats; sometimes he and Mrs. Langtry, who is really beautiful, would come to see me play, and she generally carried a lily or two in her hand, frequently sending them behind the scenes to me and always charmed if I carried them on the stage.

John McCullough tells the Boston *Herald* that he will try no more new plays for a long time, if ever. "The production of 'The Bondman' in New York," he says, "was an experience I do not care to undergo again. Yet everything seemed in its favor. The play read well. Isn't it curious that you never can accurately gauge the value of a play until it is acted? Well, it was an utter failure. No play was ever better announced. I spent $1000 in getting up the costumes, and worked like a beaver at numberless rehearsals; but all the labor and outlay were in vain. My money loss on the production, aside from the time and labor I gave it, was over $3000. This convinced me that I had better let 'novelties' alone."

It is said that Charles R. Thorne will cease to be a member of the Union Square theatre company, New York, after the present season. Next season he is to travel under the management of A. M. Palmer, playing The Black Flag. This piece is to be produced at Niblo's Garden, New York, in March, and Mr. Thorne will play the leading role. He will afterwards rejoin the Union Square theatre company and play with it at the Park theatre, Boston, and there his engagement will close. He will play a star engagement in The Black Flag at the Grand Opera House, New York, early in June, and then rest until October. E. F. Thorne, who owns The Black Flag, will be a member of the combination, and interested in the profits with his brother Charles and Mr. Palmer.

By telegraph from Chicago, February 8th, we learn: Manager J. A. Hamlin, of the Grand Opera House, has filed a bill in the county court, in which it is set forth that after having sunk $100,000 in the Opera House property, and having lost the ownership of it, but with privilege of leasing it from its present owner, he had secured the lease to April, 1883; that having taken Will J. Davis into his employ as associate manager, he has been foiled by him, as Davis has secured the lease of the property from the date on which his (Hamlin's) lease expires. Hamlin claims that the lease so obtained by Davis while in his employ, must be held in trust for him (Hamlin), and that it is Davis' duty to assign it to him, which Davis has refused to do, owing to the insolvency of Davis. Hamlin fears an assignment, and prays for an injunction restraining negotiation or cancellation of the lease. Judge Barnum granted an injunction.—Dramatic Brevities.

PAPER SHELLS.

On Tuesday of last week, J. W. Snappington, of Wappato Isle, trapped a beaver weighing 100 pounds.

Thomas Monteith, of Albany, has twenty-five Oregon quails which he intends to tame by means of his gentle disposition towards them.

Four of our young bloods went over the other day hunting in Bachelor's island. They killed fourteen geese, three ducks and a muskrat.—Columbian.

Mr. Vaughn, who lives upon the Mollala, in Clackamas county, is doing the sheep'men a service by hunting down coyotes with a fine pack of deer hounds.

Some of our sportsmen have been successful in bagging ducks along the river this week. Webfooted birds are said to be quite numerous down the stream about five miles.—Wood River Miner.

A big panther was killed last week up on Canyon creek. "Sandy" brought one of the forearms of the beast to town. Judging from its appearance, the animal must have possessed enormous strength when alive.—Grant County News.

The commissioners of Walla Walla county have ordered that three cents a scalp be paid for squirrels killed during February and March, and 2 cents a scalp for squirrels killed in April, scalps to be delivered to the auditor on the 1st days of March, April and May.

The boys about Walla Walla have already commenced ridding the country of game-destroying vermin. Mr. West reports one young man bringing in recently, hawks, owls, magpies, etc., to the number of 24 points, and another bringing one coyote scalp, for which he got 10 points.

S. G. Reed and A. J. Knott went over to Vancouver on Tuesday night, shot at a lake near Vancouver on Wednesday morning and evening, and came home on Thursday with 59 canvass-backs, of which the field editor got his share. Mr. Reed shoots a 14-gauge gun and kills them deader than J. Cæsar. Think of that, you fellows who pack 10-gauge Columbiads and load with two ounces of shot.

WHITEBAIT.

It is terribly embarrassing to come into town from a fishing excursion and find there is not a fish in the market.

A soldier named Emil Stattes, at Fort Coeur d' Alene, caught 4626 trout with hook and line during the year 1881. The largest one weighed ten pounds.—Spokan Times.

Salmon have been running up Boar creek within the past two weeks, but most of them were of the "dog" variety. A few fine large salmon trout have been speared by the boys.—Ashland Tidings.

The Astoria boys are catching long strings of tom-cods from the docks every day, beginning at dead low tide and fishing till high water. The meat is white and flaky, and next in sweetness to that of a mountain trout.

Sturgeon are coming in very plentifully and and a dozen were hung up at the Morrison street fish market last Thursday morning. The captain of an English ship inquired what sort of fish they were and was told "Vancouver Smelts" to his ineffable disgust.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

DEEDS.

Ellis Walker to A. C. Myers, S. ½ of Walker donation claim, consisting of 321 acres on Sauvies island, Nov. 21, 1881, $300.

G. Tibbetts and wife to Kate Overlin, part of Tibbetts' donation claim, E. P., Feb. 18, $400.

A. N. King and wife to John Bays, part of King donation claim, Feb. 7, $700.

R. Heuschuch and H. E. Schmidt to A. Bissenger, part of Terwilliger land claim, Feb. 17, $2600.

QUIT CLAIM DEEDS.

J. H. Steffer to L. A. Lacom et al., blks 20 and 24, town of Albina, Feb. 18, $1.

AT COST—Till March 1st, will be sold the entire stock of millinery goods at Miss A. I. Jorgensen's, 103 First street. The ladies should note this.

For a fine piano, second hand, call at 153 Third street. A bargain.

Garrison's Sewing Machine Store, 167 Third street, is the best place in Oregon to get all kinds of machines repaired, for needles, attachments, silk, thread, machine parts, etc.

D. W. Prentice & Co. leading music dealers, the only house in Portland that deal in musical merchandise exclusively. Largest stock of pianos, organs, sheet music and everything that pertains to the music business. Send your orders direct to us.

The 20th annual ball of the Washington Guard, will be given at the Turn Halle on the eve of February 22.

SHEET MUSIC—Largest stock on Northwest coast. Orders filled promptly. Send stamp for catalogue and Musical Journal. Wiley B. Allen, Portland.

MADGE'S LETTER.

DEAR OREGONIAN:

Simultaneously with the information that the water pipes were frozen this morning was brought me a New York letter commencing in this wise, "Dear Madge, we are still in the depths of winter, wrapped in our seal skins and long cloaks (of which you have already had a description); but doubtless in your sunny western clime the demand for spring goods is loud, and I have busied myself in your behalf and can offer you a few hints as to the designs of linens, lawns, ginghams and percales." With a chilly appreciation of the unconscious satire, I skipped a page or two about "delicate flounces," "yellow sleeves," "quantities of ace," etc., and interested myself in a colored plate bearing several suggestions for fancy ball costumes. It seems that people are actually beginning to weary of flower girls, peasants and pages, and even "Morning" and "Night" have not that charm of originality which characterized them about fifty years ago. By the way, I read somewhere of the latest improvement on "Night," which was to continue

FIVE THOUSAND FIRE-FLIES

Among the sable folds of her garment; but as these are of course invisible in the ball room, it is only in the gloom of the garden that the fair masquerader shines to advantage. One pretty though not novel costume was that of a Polish girl the skirt of dark blue velvet bordered with fur, the basque strapped across the front with bands that varied in width with the lines of the figure, the military jacket hanging from one shoulder after the fashion of La Grande Duchesse, and a coquettish toque worn over hair dressed in two braids of many strands and twined with strings of pearls. A very clever little character was "Puss in Boots," suitable for a petite young lady, dressed in a hunting suit with short kilted skirt, top boots, huntsman's hat and all the accessories of powder pouch, shot and gun, etc. There were several dresses fresh from Kate Greenaway's pages, and the prettiest in that style was of pale pink surah with a poke bonnet of white satin adorned with pink plumes. The "Royal Middy" blazed in satin and jewels beside a magician in black and scarlet, with the awful gloom of skull and cross-bones augmenting his pointed hat and the wand of fate in his fingers. Oscar Wilde poised in a

STAINED-GLASS ATTITUDE

Near a jolly looking Plunkett, and King Lear with his crown of wild flowers and scepter of straw was followed by the dutiful Cordelia in graceful drapery of blue and white. The poor little princes who slept in the tower walked arm-in-arm with golden bangs and court costumes of violet and white. A Polar bear surveyed the company amiably and there were all those changeless funny characters peculiar to fancy balls. Apropos of balls, the elite went to dance with the bachelors on Friday night, and were elegantly received and entertained. Elaborate preparations had changed the cold aspect of Turn Halle, and the young gentlemen and "lady patronesses" deserve the admiration and congratulations of their friends. The dresses were elegant and it seemed that at the near approach of Lent, which bids us take leave of the season's festivities, everybody tried to make this one farewell as bright as possible. On Monday evening the Orchestral Union offers us the first of its concerts, and in consideration of the

HAYDN SYMPHONY

On the programme, one would have hardly expected it after so few rehearsals. However, the Orchestral Union is young, and to youth belongs audacity. Speaking of the symphony brings to my mind an opinion of an honored contemporary, who advanced the idea of a series of symphony matinees to pass away the time while getting up the first concert. My friend often says good things, but he does not often say such a good thing with such sublime unconsciousness of the point. There has been a successful sale of seats, there is little doubt of a crowded house and full dress will be *en regle* for ladies and gentlemen. There is much honest musical enthusiasm in Portland—as has been shown by the instant and generous support and encouragement offered this orchestra. It sprang into sudden life to find warm friends to promote its rapid growth and it is surely a great deal for this little city that in two months an orchestra has been discussed, organized, had its regular rehearsals and give a concert. Madame Adelina Patti, according to the papers, seems to be electrifying her audiences as much with her magnificent apparel as her wonderful vocalization. She is the fortunate possessor of one hundred and eighty-three full evening toilettes, (quite independent of garments necessary for her every-day appearance) one of which is a

LUSTROUS WHITE SATIN,

The skirt trimmed with a gold fringe falling over a full pleating and exquisitely embroidered in gold and silver thread; another is of turquoise satin embroidered *a la* Japanese and trimmed profusely with Maltese lace valued at thirty-six dollars a yard. Many of her dresses are heavily embroidered, and this style of decoration is even more popular now than it has been at any time, quietly taking the place of painted panels and belts and cuffs, which were never in good taste and are now quite out of favor abroad. The artist, Walter Satterlee, in whose paintings are seen so many beautiful women, beautifully dressed, considers embroidery as the

PERFECTION OF ORNAMENT

In dress, wisely adding, when it is carefully and artistically executed, forming the border of the skirt perhaps and not applied in stiff bands or here and there a graceless bunch. I wonder what this poor gentleman, to whom starch is a sin, will say when he reads the paragraph in a New York paper that I chanced upon to day: "As many ladies find bustles and crinoline heavy, they will be glad to learn of something to take their place. A fine wire is sewed around the bottom of the dress with the braid, and as many rows of it are sewed above as the taste of the wearer decrees. This holds the skirt well out from the figure and answers the purpose of a hoop skirt without its inconvenience." Poor Art! Where are now the clinging folds and graceful lines of drapery and the charm of sweeping skirt? And poor æstheticism! The beauty whose resurrection from a bygone age has been your boast, must crumble back to early English dust before the stern determination of the wiry hoopskirt.

MADGE.

The Toledo manager of the Standard Oil Co., No. 5 Merchants' Bank, Toledo, Ohio, sprained the muscles of his right leg very severely. St. Jacobs Oil was used and quickly cured him, greatly to his pleasure.

PASSENGERS FOR PORTLAND.

The Oregon sailed at 10 A. M. Saturday with the following passengers:

J W Barron
John Blake
F O Campbell & wf
G A Campbell
Mary Ellen Malton
Miss Clara Smith
Mr Harrison & wf
Mrs J P Cluney
Mrs Poole
J W French
Saml Larnhardt
Wm Hoeg
Jas Goldsmith
Mrs Isam White
P Wasserman
F S Rothschild
Lieut A Pickering & wf
R J Egbert
F Smith
S B Addison
Chas A Senter
Miss Ellis
N Fisher
H Heren
L Eger
Chas Stance
W F Bruce
H Franklin
A S Franks & wife
C S Duval
Mrs A M Elkins
J M G Kallich
W L Culver
A A Tarbel
Chas Ohle
Moses Oppenheimer
Annie Miller
Von Otterstedt
B A Frederick
C T Johnson
G S Andgers
Jno King
E J Jashinen
H Tallant
L Davis
E Green
Andrew Muir
L D Smith & wf
M F Mitchell & wf
Mrs Ella Smith
Mrs J N Albright
Mrs W F Good
Geo W Poole
A S Levy
John C Tolman
E W Bowen
L Pratt
Isam White
Saml Simmons
A Jackson
H Hausman
W Seeler
S S McEwing
Wm Yawton
Frank Rivers
Miss Amanda
O Johnson
H C Wiggins
H Foster
J P Klunk
J C Siegfried
C Leinenweber
Mrs Franklin
A Goodbough
Miss Louisa Pinshowes
Mrs A E Kenney
J B Craft
E M Wilson
R White
S Darling
J M Dunn
Miss Alice Carlyle
Geo Morey
John Blake Jr
C F Kock
M E Vance
J D Shaver
M Wallenberg
J Jones

With a large experience here and elsewhere, Smith & Hansen, of the St. Charles restaurant, can and certainly do set for their patrons the best meals obtainable in the city. Indulge in a meal.

REMOVAL.—Mr. T. J. O'Connor has taken a lease of the old auction house, corner First and Pine streets, and stocked this large wareroom with goods which he offers at private as well as public sale.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

CLARENDON HOTEL.

C Rogers, Chehalis
A S Abernethy, N Tacoma
M Judy, Hillsboro
J Williams, Jacksonville
Mrs Bowen, Roseburg
Miss H Johnson, Gervais
J O Smith, Independence
J S Albright, Dalles
A Jarvin & wife, Seattle
R E Morris, Salem
F Elliott, Corvallis
F Seabrook, do
Chas Kohn, S F
E E Coy, The Dalles
S F Upshur & wf, Astoria
J W Miller, Monmouth
A F Meigs, S F

ST. CHARLES.

C Moller, S F
C M Russell, S F
R L Nicholson, Cascades
Wm Massey, Prant Creek
W H Gulliford, Prineville
J B McAllister, N Tacoma
Geo W Lang, Texas
B C Pennington, Marshall
R A Lindsay, S F
R E Harris, E Portland
W A Miller, Junction City
O Stingley, Corvallis
S D McCauley, Seattle
W H Moore, S F
Harry Hampshire, Dalles
Geo Hoadley, do
Lafe Y Wilson, Corvallis
Frank O'Neill, S F
Robt Miller & wf, Victoria
W N McCoy, Lafayette
Jas Walsh, Ray's Landing
G K Thomas, Dalles
Frank Cash, do

THE COMING FASHIONS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER, 1882.—The three and four button Cutaways are as popular as ever for straight and slender figures. The one and two buttons are worn by stout and rounded figures. The double-breasted sacks are used for traveling. The silk velvet and fancy vestings are again in fashion. The pantaloons are close-fitting; and W. J. Quinn leaves on the Columbia for the spring stock.

The German Bakery, 145 Third street, is doing a fine business. Best bread, cakes, etc.

NEW TO-DAY.

WANTED—FURNISHED ROOM—MUST BE IN the neighborhood of Sixth and Taylor streets. Address P. O., Box 167. 19fe1t

BR. BK. "SAM MENDEL," CAPT. CROWELL, from Port Chalmers. Neither the master nor the undersigned consignees of the above-named vessel will be responsible for any debts that may be contracted by the crew. 18d3t TAYLOR, YOUNG & CO.

FOR RENT.

A DWELLING, CHEAP, ON FIFTEENTH street, between M and N. Apply next door to premises. 19fe1t

NOTICE—ASSESSMENT NO. 2.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN ASsessment of five (5) per cent. has been levied on the capital stock of the Oregon Cinnabar and Silver Mining Company, payable to the secretary at the office of the company, No. 92 Front street, on the first day of March, A. D. 1882. F. K. ARNOLD, Secretary of the Oregon C. & S. M. Co. Portland, Oregon, Feb. 18, 1882. fe19d10t&su

SUNNY, FURNISHED FRONT ROOMS TO LET in private residence, 220 Ninth st., cor. Main. 18d7t

FOR SALE.

RESIDENCE AND TWO LOTS IN ONE OF THE most desirable locations in East Portland; faces river and commands a fine view in all directions. Address P. O. Box 228. 18d6t

BR. SHIP "CITY OF LUCKNOW," Capt. HALLEY, from Otago. Neither the captain nor the undersigned consignees of the above named vessel will be responsible for any debts that may be contracted by the crew. 18d3t JAMES LAIDLAW & CO.

BR. SHIP "SELENE," CAPT. JAMES PENDER, from Mauritius. Neither the master nor the undersigned consignees of the above named vessel will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew. 18d3t SIBSON, CHURCH & CO.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED BIDS FOR THE ERECTION OF A NEW Brick College Building at McMinnville, the coming summer, will be received at the office of the undersigned, at McMinnville, Oregon, on Thursday, Feb. 23, 1882, at 1 P. M. Amended plans and specifications can be seen at my office at any time. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved. J. E. MAGERS, 18d3t Secretary of Building Committee.

IRISH LAND LEAGUE.

WILL HAVE SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS AT meeting, 8:30 P. M. Sunday, Red Men's Hall:
Recitation, "Green and Gold" .... Miss Castleman
Song, "Killarney's Lake" .... Mr. R. J. Dooling
Address on Ireland .... Mr. J. C. Curtis
Song, "Home Rule" .... Mr. Kelly
Other speaking and music by members. Friends of Ireland are cordially invited. R. D. PITT, Pres't. R. J. DOONING, Secretary. 18d2t

THE S. S. "COLUMBIA"

WILL SAIL FOR SAN FRANCISCO AT 5 P. M. Sunday, the 19th inst. Passengers will be governed accordingly. JOHN MUIR, 17d3t Supt. of Traffic.

SITUATION WANTED—AN AMERICAN GIRL wishes a situation in a small family to do light work. Address K. M. S., this office. 17d6t

WANTED—A SITUATION AS COOK & LAUNdress; understands French, American and Jewish cooking; would do general work in small family. Apply at Nicolai House, Third street. 17d2t

WANTED—TWO GOOD PATTERN MAKERS. Steady employment. Apply at Willamet Iron Works. 16d3t

WANTED—FOR A SMALL FAMILY, FURnished or unfurnished rooms with board in a private family. Reference given if required. Address, R. S. P., Oregonian office. 11tdd&stf

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, TWO HUNDRED pigeons, for which the highest market price will be paid. For particulars enquire of C. A. MALARKEY, f14d1w Corner of Second and Oak streets Portland.

WOOLEN MANUFACTURE.

ANY COMPANY DESIRING TO ENGAGE IN the manufacture of woolen goods can secure the services of a thorough, practical manufacturer, to locate and draw plans of buildings, to order machinery and superintend putting the same in operation. For further information address, L. E. N., box 333, Salem, Oregon. 14d6t

WANTED—A GOOD SOLICITOR, TO TRAVEL for the Universal Benevolent Association of California for unmarried persons. Liberal terms to the right man. Local agents wanted in every town in Oregon and Washington territory. Address W. WHITWELL, General Agent for Oregon and Washington Territory, Room 46, Union Block, Portland, Or. ja30d1m

FOR SALE OR LEASE.

IN WALLA WALLA, 1 TWO-STORY BUSINESS House and Lot, centrally located, on Main street. Suitable for any class of business. Size of lot 40x120. Terms reasonable. Address JOHN ELSTON, P. O. Box 306, Walla Walla. f7d1m

MILK COWS FOR SALE.

FROM 16 TO 20 GOOD, FRESH COWS, TOGETHer with all utensils necessary to run a dairy ranch. Terms—six months' time on good security. Apply cor. Thirteenth and Mill sts. PATRICK HOLLAND. 15d12t

SUBURBAN LANDS.

75 ACRES, SIX MILES EAST OF PORTLAND; one-third in cultivation; house, barn, orchard, etc.; price, $3000.

40 Acres, three miles south of Portland; commands an excellent view of the city and surroundings; would make a delightful suburban home; price, $2500.

7½ Acres three miles east of Portland; fronts on good road; level land; price, $100 per acre.

480 Acres; dairy farm; all grass land; convenient to market; good buildings; price, $15 per acre (very cheap).

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HERE I AM, WITH ONE MORE CHOICE farm, that must be disposed of within the next sixty days. It belongs to an estate and has to be closed out. There is 104 acres of it, all under a high state of cultivation, with good fences all around it. It is located one mile south of Gervais, on the line of the O. & C. R. R., in the very center of the Willamette valley; 94 acres of it under the plow, 10 acres timber. There is now growing on the place forty acres of fall wheat, a good orchard, lots of blackberries and other small fruits; a fine two-story brick house containing seven hard-finished rooms, good cellar; good large barn and other outhouses; one harvester, one fanning mill, one seed drill, plows, harrows and a lot of small farming implements too numerous to mention. Price $6000; half cash, balance on time. For further particulars call on or address HARRISON B. OATMAN, j30d1m Portland, Or.

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The Empire Bakery is again prepared to fill orders for

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

NOTICE.

THAT THE FIRM OF GIRRARD & HAMEL, Liquor Dealers, have, on this 3d day of February, 1882, dissolved partnership by mutual consent, and that all the debts now contracted by the above firm are to be paid by Frank Girrard & Co., and all parties indebted to the said firm of Girrard & Hamel are requested to call in at the old stand by the 15th of March and pay up. DAVID GIRRARD. 17d3t N. J. HAMEL.

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PROF. TIMMEN, Leader. HALPRUNER, Prompter Admission 50c. lt

ALBINA.—Investors and speculators in Real Estate can find no cheaper or handsomer properties than those Extra-sized Lots we are selling for $200 each. They are located on the extension of Fourth street, East Portland, and are high and level. Terms, one-third cash, balance at from one to four years, with interest at 9 per cent. per annum. Only a very limited number at this price remain unsold.

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Assets, - - - $4,072,575

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Special Agent for Oregon and Washington Territory.

Office: 88 Stark St., Union Block, Portland.

ing killed, including the French consul. The total number of victims is 1803. It is said Col. Mas has since been shot by Garcia of Calderon's troops.

A severe accident lately to a star performer had a far happier termination than was expected. The wife of W. H. Stowe, Esq., manager of Dan Rice's Great Show, was terribly injured by being thrown from her horse while performing at Cadiz, Ohio. St. Jacob's Oil alone was used and cured her in four days.

The late Amt Loring, of North Yarmouth, Me., left $2150 to his children and $4000 to missionary societies.

When the ostrich-farming fever struck South Africa old birds used to fetch $1250 a pair; now they sell for from $75 to 150.

A party of young men in Louisville invested in a cotton "bucket-shop" in that city. When the bottom dropped from the bucket they were $20,000 behind.

through Senator Blaine, [illegible] was again [illegible] last week [illegible] A notable [illegible] protection of American property [illegible] $1,500,000,000 of American property. While [illegible] tient, the president was evidently impressed with

[illegible] If people who [illegible] Ayer's [illegible] public lectures [illegible] be greatly promoted [illegible] speakers to speak clearly and without fatigue, having an immediate and wonderful effect in increasing the power and flexibility of the voice.

[illegible] foolscap covered will the attempts.

The [illegible] company have [illegible] parts of Seattle and the streets are now lighted by [illegible] paid for by the city at the rate of six dollars per lamp per month.

Justice Otterbourg recently ruled that a woman who for two months kept her dog at a certain boarding house should pay $1 extra for the dog's board.

J. H. CUTTER OLD BOURBON WHISKY

And for

VAL. BLATZ MILWAUKEE BEER. 1p

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

SLAB WOOD—$1 50 PER LOAD—FROM WRIGHT'S Mill. Orders left at mill or in the box at Boss Saloon will be promptly attended to. W. S. M. L. & M. CO.

Cures in 30 to 90 Days. No cure, no pay. Enclose stamp for circular and price list. H. W. HENDRICKS, 89 Morrison st., Portland, Or. Also agent for DUPLEX GALVANIZED BELT. 1p

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
That [illegible] switched her tail on them,
Blinded an eye, he would attest.
And [illegible] reform.
[illegible] milked as he could,
Till [illegible] Then, her back bo'd warm
With a [illegible] But it did no good,
Her [illegible] the deacon with despair,
Her [illegible] feelings had to have relief,
And, though a deacon, he would often swear,
At t'ow he'd have the critter kill'd fur beef.
The deacon had a neighbor, Jotham Mink,
One of those handy fellows who knew how
To do all sorts of things. He seemed to think
That he could milk the ugly, brindle cow.
The deacon bid him try it and he did.
The way he coaxed and wheedled was a sight!
The cow was gentle, did as she was bid,
And, in behaving, seemed to take delight.
She made no effort, Jotham to upset;
She didn't belt him with her hard old tail.
She didn't try to start, or kick, or get
A lot of barnyard pavement in the pail.
The deacon and the neighbors came to see.
Astonished, swore they "never saw the beat."
He did the job as nicely as could be,
And rose triumphant, with the task complete.
Cried he: "You're very clumsy, I should say!
I pity people who are so unskilled."
And, as he spoke, he tripped and quickly lay
Flat in the mud, of course the milk was spilled
Many a man, by doing something neat,
Is filled with pride, which goes before a fall,
And being by success thrown off his feet,
Had better ne'er have gained success at all.
—*H. O. Mills, in N. Y. Tribune.*

TID'S WIFE.

Lippincott's Magazine.

When "Tid" came into the Tom Lake Range he had but one acquaintance in the settlement there. This was a man whose name was really Peter Brown, but from "Pete" his habits of universal curiosity had gradually changed it to "Peek," and as "Peek" Brown he is forever distinguished in the annals of the place. "Peek" had known "Tid" over on the Wisconsin side, where his steady attention to business, lack of "luck" and uncommunicativeness had made him a marked and mysterious character.

"What's his name, anyhow, Peek?" asked Handy Graham, one of the old settlers.

"How should I know?" demanded Peek impatiently. "He ain't the sort o' chap to tell his business to everybody. They did say over thar—mind ye, 'twas only 'say'—that his last name was Slocum, but the 'Tid' part, by ——, that's too deep for me!"

"Likely it's short for Timothy," suggested Handy, speculatively.

"Timothy!" Mr. Brown gazed at his companion as though he doubted his sanity. "Short for that's Tim. Didn't ye know that?"

Peek's manner was overbearing, and Handy did not attempt to push his case or advance a further theory which had its origin in a certain sarcastic streak in Handy's nature, and which derived Tid from tidbit, Tid being almost a giant in stature. And thus it happened that Tid came to be unquestioningly accepted throughout the Tom Lake settlement as Tid and nothing else, until a day when the Slocum postulate received absolute confirmation.

That day was one of great excitement on the Tom Lake range. In order to understand this excitement in all its bearings, we must premise that among the hundred and fifty-odd denizens of the little mushroom village there were but half a dozen women. One of these was the wife of "Old Bill," the veteran of the place. She was old and infirm, and seldom seen beyond her cabin door. Another was a staid and respectable matron, the mother of a row of sturdy urchins, and the wife of Jack Peabody, known as "Copper-bottom Jack," who had amassed a moderate fortune by mining and speculating, and talked of "retiring" before long. The other four women resided at "Gulick's,"—a long, low shanty of the general character of a hotel, and with a bar-room attachment, which, in point of earnings, quite eclipsed all the rest. Mrs. Gulick was a weak but well-meaning woman, while of Bridget and Jane, the kitchen divinities, and of Lize, the tawdry bar maid, perhaps the less said the better.

As the winter and spring wore away, Tid was observed to be fixing up his already comfortable "shanty" a good deal, and then he disappeared for a full month. May was well along, and the straits were open, when he appeared, riding in on the Houghton stage straight from Detroit, via the "Soo," in company with a woman—a young woman—a pretty woman—whom he introduced to the stage driver and the one or two passengers whom he knew as "My wife, Mis' Slocum."

Now, Tid, though possessed of sterling and acknowledged virtues, had not had generally accredited to him the power of captivating the female sex. "Lize" and "Jane" had unmercifully made fun of him, and it was commonly supposed that he cared as little about women as the representatives of the softer sex at Tom Lake cared about him. Consequently, as the stage conveyed Tid and his bride to their humble home, the "residents" to a man surveyed the sight with open-mouthed wonder.

"Durned ef he hain't took us in like thunder!" said Peek Brown, who had suspected nothing and owned up to the oversight like a man.

"She looks like considerable of a gal." This was Gulick's opinion, and fell with weight.

"What you good lookin' fellers doin'," said Handy Graham, poking Dan Morey, the handsomest man in the place, facetiously in the ribs, "lettin' a chap like Tid, yer, get ahead of you like this?"

The idea of Tid's coming out in advance of Dan in such a contest was, indeed, absurd, and made the good natured miners laugh. Enormously tall, large and ill built, with a gait like an elephant's, a hanging head, a shock of tawny hair and a mouth always full of tobacco juice—there certainly was nothing attractive about Tid; while Dan, tall, straight with curling hair and beard and a bearing like a king's—Dan Morey, though not implicitly to be trusted, was certainly the sort of man in his appearance of whom women are traditionally fond.

"I see her," said Dan sententiously, "and by —— I she is harnsum."

In reality Mrs. Tid Slocum was simply a good-looking, healthy and well-built young woman of twenty-five or thereabouts; but to the rough men of the place, who had nothing at hand to compare with her but the senile wife of "Old Bill," the faded and flavorless charms of Mrs. Peabody and Mrs. Gulick, and the slovenly pertness of the "girls" at Gulick's, she seemed a species of angel, as, in her dark-print gown, with a collar—a veritable, shining, white linen collar—her hair neatly brushed and wound about her head, and a mien that commanded respect, she took up her daily life among the disorderly inhabitants of her husband's adopted home. Numerous theories were hazarded as to the mystery of her acceptance of Tid, but no satisfactory conclusion was ever reached, and, like the agitation in regard to her husband's name, this also subsided, and the fact was gradually accepted as stubborn but irrefragable.

Mrs. Jack Peabody, except for now and then "running in" to see "Old Bill's" wife, did not consider it expedient for her to recognize socially the other women of the settlement. After weighing the matter for a fortnight, however, and having watched Mrs. Slocum approvingly in her daily peregrinations between the grocery and her home, she mentally decided the important question, "Ought we to visit her?" in the affirmative. Accordingly, the very next day, arrayed in a well-preserved black alpaca dress, and after a period of trying indecision between a faded straw bonnet, elegant a decade before, and a new-slatted sunbonnet of her own manufacture and of recent date, she donned the latter article and made a state call upon Mrs. Slocum.

While there—but Mrs. Peabody's own graphic description, given later to her faithful spouse, covers the ground much better than any other could possibly do: "I set down," said Mrs. Peabody, "an' I sez"—Mrs. Peabody had been born in the state of Maine, and east and west battled for the victory among her idioms—"I sez, sez I, 'You come quite unexpected like,' sez I, 'but,' sez I, 'I'm sure we're glad to see yer,' sez I. 'There ain't much time for sorciety ter Tom Lake,' sez I. 'No,' sez she, and she talked along a spell, quiet an' party enough, when, all of a suddent, I heerd a voice say, kinder gentle 'n' pleasant like—couldn't ermagine whoser 'twas—'Lucy, say, where be yer?' 'n' she jumps up 'n' sez she, quite perlite, 'Excuse me, my husband's a-callin' me,' 'n', do yer believe it, that was Tid a-callin' [illegible] to yer life [illegible] could 'a made such a little noise [illegible]. Wal, that's a keyhole in the door, 'n' I jus' [illegible] 'n' jest kinder happened [illegible] keyhole [illegible] Tid [illegible] back [illegible] kinder whispered to her what she'd [illegible] 'n' she said 'A-settin' with Mis' Jack Peabody,' 'n' all the goin's on, his kissin' her, 'n' all that great, homely thing, she actually 'peared ter like it! 'N' ef he don't jest worship 'er I'm no prophet."

Mrs. Peabody's notion of the functions of a prophet was somewhat vague, but she evidently understood a good deal of human nature. Her narrative had been heard and repeated by everybody in the place before a week passed away, and Tid suddenly found himself treated with unwonted consideration. The man who could caress a woman like Mrs. Tid Slocum, and have her "pear to like it," was unmistakably no common character, and his claims were respected the more deeply because he made no pretensions on account of his superiority. There was the same swing in his awkward gait, the same impassive look in his dull eye, the same strict attention to business. Only now impressive change—the men recognized self control in what before had been a supposed lack of controllable material.

A month after Mrs. Tid Slocum had taken up her abode at the lake, a troupe of strolling players came along and gave an entertainment at Gulick's dancing hall, where once or twice a year a grand ball mingled the society from half dozen neighboring settlements with that of the lake. To this entertainment the population of the place turned out en masse, and it chanced (though there was really no chance about it) that the seat next to Mrs. Tid Slocum was picked out and persistently occupied, even when the rest went out to refresh themselves during the entractes by Mr. Daniel Morey—not the ordinary, rough, good-looking miner of every day, but a positive dandy, arrayed in a sleek black coat and a starched white shirt front in which glittered a remarkable diamond pin. His ambrosial locks were tossed with fascinating grace from off his forehead, and his mustache seemed to have acquired a new distinction. Mr. Daniel Morey in the long-unaccustomed costume and manners of older civilization, yet carried both so well that even the jeers of his companions were not unmixed with admiration, and could not discompose him. Whenever Mrs. Slocum turned in his direction that evening she encountered a pair of melting masculine eyes fixed full upon her, and, though she rather shrank away toward Tid and maintained an outward calm, yet the admiration of so distinguished an individual could hardly have been lost upon her.

The week wore away, and it began to be whispered about among the miners that Dan Morey was getting to be a frequent visitor at Tid Slocum's cabin; but Tid preserved the same imperturbable demeanor toward the Adonis of the place as toward everybody else. It was rumored by some imaginative person that his heart was breaking. But even this blood-curdling suggestion failed to throw any light upon the situation. Mrs. Jack Peabody, however, who was propriety itself, resolved upon breaking the social bond with which by her visit, and, indeed, by a subsequent one also, she had united herself with the fair newcomer, and she consequently visited her no more. So that Mrs. Tid Slocum, except for the unremitting faithfulness and devotion of her husband and occasional and more presumed calls from Dan Morey, must have led a rather lonely life. But she was not one of the kind to be pitied. She carried her head high, worked briskly all day—no such housekeeper or seamstress had ever been at the lake—and appeared not to observe even the disapproving defection of Mrs. Jack Peabody.

Six months after the bright spring day when big, lumbering Tid Slocum had astounded his neighbors by bringing his bride among them, Dan Morey was missing from his place beside the genial fire at Gulick's, and "Old Bill," with whom he messed, could give no account of him. Tid Slocum went regularly to work every day, but shortly after Dan Morey was missed some one remarked that Mrs. Tid Slocum "had been keepin' mighty quiet lately."

The temptation to investigate the mystery was too much for Peek Brown, who, as soon as Tid started for work the next morning, stole up to the back side of his little shanty and made as thorough an examination as was compatible with a tightly locked door and uncommunicative shutters. Tid had evidently, and not without a purpose, left behind him a slow fire, for the chimney gave off a gentle smoke all the morning. Peek determined to go quite around the house, even at the risk of being seen, for it stood upon a knoll and close against the hillside. Tid had put solid wooden shutters on every window of his stout little cabin, but they were open in front, and neat white curtains, put up shortly after Mrs. Tid's arrival, were adroitly looped inside, so as to suggest some occupancy of the place. Everything was in profound quiet. The woman might be ill, but ill or well, Peek was morally certain that she was not there.

That night Tid went into Gulick's still and unapproachable as usual, and ordered a stiff glass of rum and water. While it was preparing, Peek stepped up and remarked, drily, "wife ain't sick, is she? Lef' town?" There was quite a crowd present, and the answer to Peek's question was awaited with breathless interest.

Tid took up his glass of rum and water and drained it at a draught, his face meanwhile growing whiter and whiter. Then he turned toward Peek, who instinctively began to shrink away from him. His dull eyes emitted a single sulphurous flash. Then he gathered up his brawny fist like lightning and planted a tremendous blow in the middle of his interrogator's face. "Darn yer picter," he shouted in a voice so hoarse and unnatural that none of the men would ever have recognized it, "ef ye speak of her, 'n mostly if ye speak agin' her, I'll kill you." Then he turned sharply and walked off to his lonely cabin. The blow that he had dealt to Peek was attended with permanent and disfiguring results, and Tid Slocum's request was ever after respected, at least in his presence. But his wife had undoubtedly deserted him.

A year and a half passed away, and as spring opened—the second spring after Tid's marriage—the brisk sounds of reviving labor echoed through the Tom Lake settlement. A newly-opened iron mine of untold richness had been located on the range, and owners of land in the vicinity had sold it at a handsome advance. "Old Bill" had died, and Jack Peabody had "sold out" and returned to his native place in New England to begin life again with a hundred thousand dollars in his pocket. With these vicissitudes, and with the influx of newcomers, there had been considerable change in the little settlement, but still Tid Slocum, who had been more prosperous perhaps than any of his old mates, grim and silent as ever, lived alone in his trim little cabin, his "luck" in worldly affairs had "turned," and, isolated and friendless as he was, he had sufficient cause to congratulate himself.

One night, the chill in the evening air having having driven Gulick's guests inside, they were listening to the exciting revelations of one of their comrades who had been down to Chicago for the winter. The narrator was detailing consequentially some trifling personal adventures, when he suddenly broke off short, looking around cautiously, and exclaimed:

"But, Lord, boys! I hain't told ye the biggest news of all! I seen Tid's wife." Amazed ejaculations broke from one and another, and the little circle gathered closer. "Yes," continued the man in the same circumspect manner, "I seen her, 'n' she seen me, 'n' she pulled her veil over her face and herried along. By George, but she looked as of she was poor!" The excited interest of his hearers led the narrator into a little display of human nature, and he began to dwell with unnecessary minuteness upon the details of his story. "She had a bundle in her hands, like sewin'-work, er suthin er other, 'n' I follered ter a number"—and the speaker took out a note book and pronounced the number loudly, by way of corroborating his story—"'n' then, bein' kinder thirsty, I stepped intor a saloon close by, 'n' a kinder good lookin' feller cum in, 'n' we struck up quite an acquaintance, 'n' bein' flush, I sez, siz I, 'I hope you'll jine me?' 'O' course,' he sez; I don't care 'f I do' "—

"Wal—Tid's wife?" interrupted an auditor impatiently.

"Good Lord," snapped the tale teller crossly, "who's a-tellin' this story, anyhow? Ef I aint—"

"Go on! go on!" cried the crowd, and Handy Graham took hold of the interrupter's shoulders with an emphatic shake and a "you shut up!" which quite restored the equilibrium of the injured hero.

"After we'd treated back and forth a few times, I sez, sez I, p'intin' to the house I seen Tid's wife goin, 'Know em?' 'Yes,' sez he. 'How 'bout that woman't jest went in?' sez I. 'I've seen her often,' sez he; 'a sewin'-woman 't sews for 'em—they're dressmakers,' sez he. 'I noticed her,' sez he, 'bein' uncommon' good lookin' 'n' sorter sad like. Know her?' 'Wal,' sez I, middlin.' Run away from her husband [illegible] up in the [illegible] with another man. Handy never seen no [illegible] [illegible] Dan Morey [illegible] It was [illegible]"

At that moment a muffled sound came from the door way and Tid Slocum, with the same white face and flashing eyes that some [illegible] crowd remembered to have seen once before, entered and walked up to the bar. Peek Brown was [illegible] among the most absorbed of the [illegible] audience of a moment before, shrank to half his usual size and [illegible] have [illegible] but [illegible] fright [illegible] for Tid [illegible] ordered a drink, which was served quickly to him by the [illegible], and then walked quietly away. The next day the crowd's [illegible] closed [illegible] to Tid's little cabin, and his face did not appear at Gulick's. In fact, Tid had vanished, and the inhabitants of Tom Lake village never saw him in their midst again.

Ten years later, Jack Peabody and his wife, whose well-earned wealth had been doubled and trebled by fortunate investments, visited the opera in grand style in one of our great eastern cities. The music was fine, and Mr. Peabody and his wife, who had not missed [illegible] their recent opportunities for "culchah," were listening attentively, and with an acute admiration, when suddenly a couple in an opposite box attracted Mr. Peabody's observant eye. He raised his glass and called his wife's attention to the objects of his gaze, whereupon a prolonged scrutiny and discussion followed.

They saw a gaunt, enormous man, with dull blue eyes and a mass of tawny hair, which had evidently been the despair of some unhappy barber. He was attired in a rich, but ill-worn suit of broadcloth, and by his side was a woman, whose well featured face, expensive dress, and flashing jewels made her harmonize well with her sumptuous surroundings. She looked with a calm interest upon the scenes which were being depicted before her, but the man's rapt gaze never wandered from her face, and to the bewildered pair who were surveying him he was a mute but eloquent statue of love, adoration, forgiveness.

"Yes," whispered Mr. Peabody to his wife, after a protracted and earnest canvassing of the question, "it's them—by George, it's them!"

Some Eastern Parables.

Chamber's Journal.

That there are more ways than one of seeing everything is shown in the parable of the tiger and the man, who were both looking at a picture in which the man was drawn as victorious and the beast subdued. The man said to the tiger: "Dost thou see the bravery of the man, how he has overcome the tiger?" The tiger gave answer: "The painter was a man; if a tiger had been the painter, then the drawing would not have been in this manner."

Rochefoucauld says:

"How can you expect a friend to keep your secret, when, by telling it to him you prove that you are incapable of keeping it yourself?"

To beware of how you confide in your friends is given in the tale of a miser, who said to his friend:

"I have now a thousand rupees, which I will bury outside of the city; and I will not tell this secret to any one beside yourself."

They then went out of the city, and buried the money under a tree. Some days after, the miser going alone to the tree to see if his money was safe, found it had disappeared. At once he suspected his friend; but he dared not question him, as he was sure that he would never confess it. So he had recourse to this stratagem; going to him, he said:

"A great deal of money has come into my hands, which I want to put in the same place. If you will come to-morrow, we will go together."

The friend, coveting the larger sum, replaced the smaller. In the meantime the miser went and found it, and having secured his money, he determined never again to confide in a friend.

One of the kings of Persia sent a skillful physician to the prophet Mohammed. After remaining some years in Arabia without any one making trial of his skill as a physician, he went to Mohammed, and complained, saying:

"They sent me to dispense medicine to your companions; but to this day no one hath taken notice of me, that I might have an opportunity of performing the service to which I had been appointed."

Mohammed replied:

"It is a rule with these people never to eat till they are hard-pressed by hunger, and to leave off eating while they have a good appetite."

The physician said:

"Ay, indeed, this is the way to enjoy health."

He then made his obeisance and departed hence.

We all know what a degrading thing avarice is—how it benumbs a man's finer instincts and lowers and degrades his better nature. More especially is this the case if this undue love of money has developed within a man a want of scrupulous honor as to how he comes by his money, so that he but gets it. An eastern parable illustrates this. A Russian priest knew that a moujik, or peasant, had come upon buried treasure in the shape of a pot of money; and the priest, being excessively avaricious, determined that he should get possession of this treasure. So he killed one of his own goats, and took off it's skin—horns, beard, and all complete; and having pulled the skin over himself, he told his wife to bring a needle and thread, and fasten it up all round, so that it might not slip off. In this guise he went to the moujik's cottage at dead of night, and began knocking and scratching, when the peasant jumped up and cried: "Who's there?" "The evil one!" replied the priest; and demanded that the moujik should at once give him back the pot of money he had found. The peasant looked out of the window, and seeing the goat's horns and beard, he was certain his visitor was none other than he represented himself to be; and in great terror he seized the pot of gold, carried it outside, and flung it on the ground. "I've lived before now without money," said he, and now I'll go on living without it." The priest seized the money and hastened home. "Come," said he to his wife, "the money is in our hands now. Here, put it well out of sight, and take a sharp knife, cut the thread, and pull the goat's skin off me before any one sees it." She took the knife, and was beginning to cut the thread at the seam, when forth flowed blood and the priest began to howl: "Oh, it hurts, it hurts! Don't cut, don't cut!" She began ripping the seam open in another place, but with just the same result. The goat's skin had united with his body all round. "And all that they tried," adds the legend, "all that they did, even to taking the money back to the old man, was of no avail. The goat's skin remained clinging tight to the priest all the same. God evidently did it to punish him for his great greediness."

Fishing for Hats in Theatres.

An ingenius but depraved person has just invented an apparatus which, when put in use at our theatres, as it will soon be, will seriously annoy the wearers of large hats. This apparatus is a very simple affair, consisting of a strong black horse-hair line with a peculiar hook at the end of it. Armed with this apparatus a really wicked man can have no end of nefarious and entertaining sport in a gallery. All he has to do is to gently lower the line over the front of the gallery, until the hook becomes entangled with a large hat. The line is invisible in the gaslight, and the hook can be made to fasten itself with the greatest ease among the voluminous trimmings with which ladies' hats are decorated. As soon as the hook is fixed, a quick, firm jerk is given to the cord which causes the hat to leap in the air, and it reaches the hands of the hat-fisher before the bereaved hat-owner is really aware of her loss. The apparatus was recently tested at a Chicago theatre, where two young men succeeded in catching thirty one and thirty-four hats, respectively, in the space of a single act, without detection. The inventor, who has just placed his hat-fishing apparatus on sale in this city, estimates that three-fourths of all the hats in the parquet of the Academy of Music can be caught by an experienced fisher in a single night, and that even the man who tries the apparatus for the first time can hardly fail to catch a string of twenty or twenty-five hats. Of course it is an unpardonable liberty to fish for ladies' hats, but the sport will afford so much amusement that it is really to be hoped that the large hats will not be suddenly abandoned. Ladies have a clear right to wear whatever hats may please them, and they must not allow themselves to be either coaxed or frightened into changing their hats a moment sooner than fashion may dictate.—*Alden in New York Times.*

A contemporary notes the fact that Attorney-General Brewster habitually wears a ruffled shirt, buff vest and blue swallow-tail coat, with brass buttons. This of course shows that he has no capacity for the place he has been called upon to fill.

THE SPRING POETS.

The Jingling Jollities of Juvenile Jinglers in Verse.

RHYMES WITHOUT REASON.

A Collection of Bubbling Bric-a-Brac Which Should Have Gone Into the Editorial Waste-Basket.

AN EARLY [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
—[illegible]

[illegible]

John Bull asks, "What can you do in a war?"
[illegible]
Let me tell you [illegible]
[illegible]
—[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
—[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

THE [illegible]

A little heat that can't be beat,
The [illegible]
A little breeze a little sneeze
And you're the doctor's pride
Seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents for ten visits.—*Elmira Telegram.*

TO OSCAR WILDE.

Oh Sunflower, wait turn thou thy crest,
Thy suitor is not here,
Ye roses bright, pale, pure to white,
For him that is so dear!
For Boston waits at all her gates,
Impatient hour by hour,
A Pilgrim man, no Puritan,
Not May Flower, but Sunflower!"
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

O, JIMMY BLAINE!

"O, Jimmy Blaine! O, Jimmy Blaine!
You've got us in a stew,
With Clayton-Bulwer puzzlement,
And Chili and Peru;
And, Jimmy Blaine, before again,
For Arthur's place you angle,
'Twere best you'd set yourself to work
These problems to untangle."
—*Rome Sentinel.*

A DIFFICULT MATTER.

She was a maiden fair to see,
In fact, a maiden passing fair,
And ah! the dearest thing to me
Was her great wealth of golden hair;
But when she wore it in a roll,
Or down her back, a mass so rich,
Although I stared, to save my soul,
I could not tell just "which was switch."
—*Evansville Argus*

SKATING.

Mother, may I go out to skate?
Yes, my darling Julia,
But don't you try the figure 8,
For it will surely fool you.
Just as you make the lightning whirl
To show your springy muscle,
The boys will see a foolish girl
Sleigh-riding on her bustle.
—*Julia Ward Howe*

A TALE OF NIAGARA.

Niagara roared, Niagara poured,
Four puss, left floating on a board,
Beheld her fate;
Her back, too late
She'd raised; her tail she turned toward

The winter sky; her speed not slacked,
She little of the torrent lacked.
Soon none could see
The difference be-
Twixt cat erect and cataract.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

GEOGRAPHICAL LOVERS.

"Now," in a Chile tone she said,
"I will be Frank. 'Tis true
Although you Arab brilliant catch,
I do not Caffre you!"
"Oh! lady, Dane to hear my suit,
This heart is Scot by thee,"
"Nay, sir, I cannot heed thy words,
For you Arnaut to me."
"'Tis Welsh," she added, freezingly,
"Since Siam pressed so far,
To Hindoo you no longer here;
And so, good sir, Tartar!"
"What Ottoman like me to do?"
Bewailed the stricken man.
"I'll finish up my mad career,
And wed the Gallican."
—*James G. Blaine.*

PENALTIES OF INNOCENCE.

The distant city's glaring lights,
Loomed up before his boyish eyes—
As from his village home he went—
Like golden hints to Paradise.

He filled his purse with treasured gold,
He gained the doubtful praise of men;
Then, pausing from his toil, he turned
His eyes upon his home again.

He saw what he had sacrificed;
He wept to think of lost delights,
And o'er the city's glare he saw
The beauty of the village lights.
—*Young Man Who Was Bunkoed.*

A HOMESPUN CREED.

I go to Him who all is,
The self-existent perfectness;
Who knows not of finality;
The only Being that can be;
Who, without motion can create,
Or, motionless, annihilate,
A world whose cup is brimming high
With will, and self, and blasphemy.

Unto the All be honor given—
I shall not see Him, even in heaven;
The outlines of Infinity,
The substance of Divinity,
Created spirit may not grasp;
Only by faith his knees I clasp,
My little rill draws near the sea,
Source of my soul, I come to thee.
—*George H. Knaggs.*

A TOO-TOO PAIR.

I shall wed a fair æsthetic
Quite regardless of expense,
All I ask is that she's utter,
And in all things quite intense.
Limp, of course, and lank she must be,
Clad in minor tones of green,
Consummately soulful, earnest,
Must she be, my precious queen.

We shall feast on lilies daily,
Quaffing draughts of beauty fair,
With a dish of ferns on Sunday,
Or a peacock's feather rare.
Thus shall flow our lives forever,
Like two gently gurgling rills,
Breathing poesy and two-too,
And her dad shall foot the bills.
—*Andrews' Queen.*

POLITICAL POETRY, 1844—1881.

Hurrah! hurrah! the country's rising
For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

It is difficult to see why a prize should have been given for this. It is easy to find rhymes for Frelinghuysen. For instance, were a prize to be offered now:

Whoe'er a statesman would set eyes on
Will please inspect our Frelinghuysen.

Or this:

From China to Peru survey the horizon,
What other country holds a Frelinghuysen.

Or this:

The meat of one man is another's pizen,
Was Jim Blaine's last remark to Frelinghuysen.
—*Puck.*

THE BAD SCHOLARS.

School was in and a big boy, Don,
Assumed the master's seat
And wrote down a copy he swore the rest
Should study and then repeat.
'Twas a tale of a Beaver—a tender tale—
That darted right thro' the breast,
About the good nature and other points
He claimed it had long possessed.
Some, fearful of Don, caught at the chance
And set up a longing cry—
As tho' the wail came from the deeps of the heart—
If they couldn't get Beaver they'd die,
While others far bolder and wiser refused
To bend at his beck and call,
And said that they knew the species was good
To skin—and that was all.
And Continental and Beaver dams
Made blue the ambient air—
And the way things looked it ere promised to be
A lively old tussle there.
—*L. L. McArthur.*

SONG OF THE SEASON.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Building fires with charms is fraught,
If fuel ask the man who slumbers,
He will tell you that it's not.

Winter's real! Winter's earnest!
And to freeze us is its goal;
From the cellar thou returnest,
With a scuttle full of coal.

Art is long and Time's a runner,
And our hearts tho' light and chipper,
Tell us that the first base-burner
Was our mother's nimble slipper.

Lives of grate men all remind us,
We can make our houses gay;
And departing leave behind us,
Coal bills that we cannot pay.

Coal bills that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main;
A forlorn and bankrupt brother,
Seeing, shall present again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
And whene'er the coal renewing,
Learn to labor and to weigh it.
—*Gen. E. L. Applegate.*

HIS GRANDMOTHER'S LEGACY.

A furniture van backed up to the door. It created an excitement at once. All the ladies [illegible] front windows, and knew, of [illegible] what was passing on the street. To a man it would have been a small matter, but to women and those women shut up in separate rooms in a boarding-house, it was an event.

They were dull-spirited, and thoroughly used to one another, and there was no inspiring event to charge the everyday atmosphere with the delightful excitement of variety.

They were ready for the event. The married ladies had discussed their babies, servants, and minister's wife, until they grew weary of their own repetition. The old maids had abused the babies, servants, and their own particular minister's wife until they grew almost charitable in their monotony, and forbore for awhile. The young girls sat!

There was but one young girl, and she was [illegible], too hard-worked, and too ready to find [illegible] everywhere, either to discuss or complain.

[illegible] felt the monotony, and was ready for excitement. And she saw the furniture car [illegible] up to the door with a jolt, and dropped her work to look curiously at its contents, as they were deftly deposited on the sidewalk; umbrellas, canes, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, trunks, valise, dressing-case, evidently the property of a man. Then followed a book-rack, books, desk, and a rocking-chair. A rocking-chair for a man!

Simultaneously the thought went through the minds of every occupant of each window, and they sniffed with disdain, and settled the mental calibre of that man at once.

All save the young girl. She thought only of the delightful siestas he must take in that chair, and envied him.

She had no low rocker or easy-chair in her room, for upon her mildly asking for that luxury in her room, she had been loftily answered:

"The cheap rooms furnish their own extras."

Alas, her room was a cheap room—the cheapest! and she was unable to furnish any extras. And so she did her work, perched high on a stiff-backed chair, and dreamed as she worked, of Eastern divans and Oriental cushions.

Bump bump, went the trunks on the stairs, as the carrier toiled up with them. Rattle, bang, went the clubs and canes on the landing, outside her door.

Why, surely the new boarder was to be located on her floor—the third floor; and in that large square-room, too, with its two windows overlooking the garden. Just the room for books, and a—rocking-chair.

The girl sighed, then started up. Voices on the landing. All the female boarders had collected to investigate the new comer's possessions, and discuss his means and position.

It is a peculiarity of female boarders; they know all about the male boarder before he has slept one night in his room, or eaten his first plate of oat-meal.

Curiosity conquered delicacy, and the young girl joined the group.

"Single and an old bachelor," was the conclusion arrived at just at that moment.

"A bank-clerk, or secretary of something," was the next.

"Has is washing done at the laundry," followed.

"Makes a horrid mess bathing every morning, monopolizing the bath-room," sniffed one, with no apparent love for water about her crumpled wrapper.

"Will keep the babies awake with his hideous clubs and dumb-bells—unfeeling creature!"

"Ah! ah!" chorused the group, in married and single notes, to the idea broke mournfully upon the mothers, and old maids, and down stairs they flocked, with indignant protest written in every crimp and flounce.

A woman's skirt so often indicates her temperament!

Left alone in the little hall between her own room and this mooted stranger's, the young girl quietly watched the carrier put everything in the wrong place—the clubs on the table, the books in a corner, the book-rack on the bureau, the dressing-case on the floor—and then her eyes fell on the rocking-chair.

It was an antique, a curio, a medieval structure of oak, brown velvet and gilt knobs. But, ah, how delightfully suggestive of ease! She drew near to it, with admiring eyes.

She patted it softly on its cushioned back, then left it reluctantly to perch herself on her yellow pine pedestal, and think dreamily of the old chair.

The newcomer appeared at dinner. The female boarders were ready to annihilate or worship. He permitted them to do neither.

A cool, quiet man, with steady eye and courteous, indifferent voice, he looked the female boarders over, bowed calmly, sat down and ate with a relish.

One pair of eyes, far down the table, watched him furtively. He saw them, but kept the fact to himself. A jumble of names was in his mind from the minute introduction he had gone through on presenting himself, but this one person had not been named, and, looking at her, he thought her worth all the rest.

He liked fresh air, and gave the chambermaid orders to leave his windows and doors wide open, so as to create circulation.

His door opened out on the small hall or landing, upon which another door opened, and this caused mischief.

The spring days were growing warm. The young girl found her room badly ventilated by its one window and so opened her door. Across the hall stood that other, wide open, and facing it, in all its inviting comfort, stood the old rocking-chair.

It tempted her. Day by day she resisted, but hesitated, and—it's the old story over again—she was lost.

"He never comes home until six o'clock," she whispered to her conscience, "and I have the whole day, before me. He will never know," and she hurried across the dividing line to seat herself in the chair.

Ah, how delightful it was! how easily she could work now! and what dreams her fancy wove as the old chair rocked her to and fro.

It was wrong, very wrong; she knew it, and tried hard to resist. But, just so sure as she would open her door for air, just so sure would the old chair beckon, and she be unable to resist, but have to run to it, pat it lovingly, and sink down in its embrace.

"He will never know," she assured herself.

And perhaps he never would, if the something to which he was secretary had not "shut up," as it is termed, at three o'clock, one Saturday afternoon, instead of the usual hour.

Home came the secretary, and ascended to his delightful room and easy-chair with eager step. He had longed for both all day, and promised himself a cozy hour or two with a favorite author, before descending to dinner, and the silent observation of one face below him at table. He was attracted by the face; it was gentle, fair and womanly; there was a tremor on the lips, but courage in the eyes.

And she wasn't a type of a female boarder. He liked her for that. She was—

Why here she was! Sound asleep! And in his rocking chair!

He felt very much like the Prince in the Enchanted Palace. And he would have liked very much to awaken her by the same means as the situation suggested to the prince.

But modern decorum restrained poetical ardor, and he made himself comfortable on a trunk until the princess should have her nap out and awaken to the position herself.

Her work lay in her lap.

He picked it up. Art work, painting on silk, and done with skill. Poor little girl!

She felt the touch of pity in the air; it awakened her with a sigh of pleasure. Her eyes fell on the man on the trunk.

"What—what—do—you—want?" she stammered.

"My chair if you please" he said, politely.

"Your chair?" still too drowsy to take it in.

"You are sitting in it, you know," he suggested, calmly. "My grandmother's legacy, It is comfortable, isn't it? She thought so for she went to sleep forever in it—"

He was interrupted by the young girl rising with quiet dignity, but with flushing cheeks.

"I beg your pardon!" she said. "It is very presumptuous, I know, but—I couldn't help it!" she cried in a defiant burst of confidence. "You would have your door open; the old chair would invite me to sit in it, and as I had none—"

"No easy chair?" cried the secretary on the trunk.

"Not a bit of one. It's an extra and I can't afford extras."

He looked at her gravely.

"Then you are a claimant on my grandmother's legacy."

She looked at him in wonder.

"The old lady left me her fortune, with a condition attached—that I should every year aid a poor gentle lady. And—you—are—one."

He got down off the trunk.

She looked shy and startled.

"It is true," she admitted quietly.

"Then you must be helped. First, a rocking-chair, eh?"

His laughing eyes made her shy ones look at him.

"I—I—" she faltered.

"You can't help it, you know," he insisted, gravely. "The old lady said I must, and I must. You'll have spine disease if you sit on those abominable things," pointing to the chair her paint-box was on. "And my conscience will reproach me for not fulfilling the condition imposed on me."

His manner was irresistible—kind, courteous, but gravely earnest.

She thanked him shyly, and gathered up her work.

"Your name, please," he added, as he proceeded to wheel his property back into position.

"Oh! it's—it's—Lucy!" she faltered.

"A nice one, too. But I couldn't tell the shopkeeper to send home a chair just to Lucy, you know."

She laughed softly.

"Lucy Day, please."

"I'm pleased very much, Miss Day," he said, gravely.

Though Robin [illegible] insisted upon sending Lucy an elegant easy-chair, she would not have his gift. But one thing she could not refuse when it was given her, some months later, for she had the same to give in return, and the exchange was a glad and mutual one.

"Tell me the truth, Robin," she said, as they strolled through the garden, "or I will not say I love you—did your grandmother leave you any such trust as you claimed?"

"My dear Lucy, the only thing that dear departed ever left me was her old rocking-chair. Her money went to the hospitals and things."

Lucy feigned indignation.

"How could you say such a thing?"

"How could you help yourself to my chair?" with assumed propriety.

A blush, then a laugh.

"Robin, if you'll never speak of that again, I'll promise to—to—"

"Well? Don't be afraid, Lucy," drawing her close.

"To be your wife, Robin!"

And in that city across the river there were two happy souls.

OSCAR WILDE.

The Prototype of Bunthorne Keeps his own Counsel and the Conundrum Merchant gets Tuff.

I had actually been suffering for an interview with Oscar Wilde, and so, while in New York, I went one morning to see him. I sent up my card, and soon received word to follow my pasteboard. I found Oscar with his long hair done up in papers, and looking about as æsthetic generally as a moose in a menagerie. He came toward me and threw his head slightly forward, and then a good deal to the right side, and thrust out his hand and took my little lily-white one in his, all in a sort of two-dollar-chromo-departing-hero style, and issued one of his seven-by-nine smiles for me. I said that I hoped I had not intruded, and I asked Oscar if he had breakfasted. The imported sunflower rolled his eyes in a sort of absconding-bank-cashier-trying-to-calculate-the-deficiency fashion, and said he had just taken his breakfast by feasting his eyes on a bird's-eye view of a too-but-soulful-dado. I ventured to suggest that for a man who was so largely engaged in the soulful business, he was in rather good flesh. He here presented me with another copy of his smiles and murmured, in a gentle whisper, which must have reached the mosquito foundries of New Jersey, that he was growing thinner every day. I said, perhaps, he'd better change boarding-places, but he assumed a kind of tombstone advertisement or graveyard prospectus look, and said he was getting more ideal every hour; he would gradually drift into the truly ideal, and his soul would float in an atmosphere of true art. I changed the conversation by asking him if he liked America. He cheered up and said he did. He loved the east and yearned for the west, I said it took considerable of a yearn to cover it. He asked if Chicago was a fast town. I said yes, it was fast; there were so many mortgages on it that it couldn't get away. He wanted to know if the Indians in Chicago were troublesome now. I said no; the cigar signs has been very quiet of late. Oscar said he pined for a sight of the noble red man. There was a hidden poem in him; there could be nothing more beautiful than the dusky maiden stealing with the grace of a moonbeam through the perfumed air of a great forest looking shyly for the little flowers that first put forth their sweet faces to be kissed by the gentle zephyrs of spring. I said, I liked his exotics of speech, but the only thing he would find secreted about the red man would probably be a flask of whisky, strong enough to open a mine, hidden in the top of the remains of a once plug hat; and as for the maidens, they were fond of stealing anything,—even a forest, if it wasn't so large and wasn't fastened down,—but that moonbeams, especially the American brand, didn't wear government pants and sport a complexion greasy enough to shame a last season's ham into an early grave, or the incurable ward of a lunatic asylum. He said the current of the r.m.'s life must flow on smoothly to the end. I said it did; the current of life and conflagration water were about equal, odds if any in favor of the water. Oscar said he would like to live near the great lakes. He longed to try the waters of Lake Michigan, one of the great inland seas. I told him that unless he used a filter, the water not being pure, might affect his liver and aggravate his æstheticism. He said he merely referred to a residence near the lake, where he could go out when the sun had gone to distribute a few cases of sunstroke among the blest inhabitants of the Orient—go out after the moon rose. I told him the moonrose was scarce here, the moss-rose being more common.

I asked the wandering hair store if he had written anything new lately; he said he had written an ode to winter. I asked him how much he owed Mr. Winter, but he didn't say. I think perhaps he can compromise though. He then showed the beginning of a poem he intends having constructed in a boiler-shop. I will give it as I remember it:

The intensely much and saleratus plambago.
Oh, much! Oh, more! Oh, less!
With north winds from the southwest,
Direct reports every twenty-four hours,
And several counties yet to hear from.

Oscar said it was blank verse: I agreed with him. I thought it was the ——est verse I ever saw. He said this effort would be in about 175 lines, but he didn't know what to call it. I suggested that he christen it "One Hundred and Seventy-five Attacks of Hydrophobia and the Author Still Lives." But he won't do it, I know. Some persons have no idea of the eternal fitness of things.

I felt that I must now cut the tendrils of love that had entwined themselves about my heart and make my escape from this Colossus of culture. He saw me getting ready to depart, and he came and laid his mattress on my coat-collar and his bosom heaved heavily. He said he hoped I would become soulful.

And then I reached the fire-escape and got away. SO-FULL.

The occupant of a room with the door open into the street was startled one day by the entrance, with a buzzing noise, of a large bluish wasp of the kind which captures spiders to place in their nests for their growing wasps to feed upon. After flying around, the wasp went to a corner of the room where a large house spider had made a broad web near the ceiling, with a long, close hiding-place extending down in the corner. The wasp flew under the web and examined this hiding-place closely, apparently to see if the spider was at home, and then, as if satisfied of the fact, flew out into the room, and, returning, dropped down on the centre of the web, buzzing and fluttering like a caught fly. Thereupon the old spider rushed out in great haste to capture his prey, and as soon as he came within reach the wasp picked him up and flew away with him. Was it reason or instinct that caused the action of these two animals under the circumstances? Whately says, "instinct is a blind tendency to some mode of action independent of any consideration on the part of the agent of the end to which the action leads." Did these animals have no "consideration" or expectation of the "end or object to which their actions led?"

Emory Storrs recently delivered a lecture at Lewiston, Ill., on "The Good Old Times." The Chicago *Journal* remarks that Mr. Storrs has had as many good old times as any man in Illinois, but it doubts whether he revealed all that he knows on the subject.—*Iowa State Register.*

A poet has written a song called "Bury Me Near the Old Home." If he has accommodating neighbors, his request will be granted without waiting for him to go through the usual formula of dying; especially if he sings his own songs.

CHILI COLORADO.

To be Taken as Spice by Readers—Boiled Down Wisdom of Others.

SAUCE FOR GOOSE AND GANDER.

What Smarter Folks than we are Think of this Wicked World and its Woeful Works and Ways.

The Mormons are ready for war. They have already planted their Cannon in Washington.

A foreigner is about to write a book on America. He will call it "Great Expectorations."

The home paper having said, "Great credit is due Mr. Smith," etc. Smith showed the paragraph to his grocer.

It is supposed that the reason the sailor returns after many days is because "he was bred on the waters."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Dr. Holland wrote, "There's a song in the air." Investigation would have shown him that the air was in the song.—Courier-Journal.

There must have been fast young men in the days of old Cicero. He said: "To live long, it is necessary to live slowly."—N. O. Picayune.

We are holding space every night now for the full text of somebody's bill to pension the survivors of the Trojan war.—Philadelphia Press.

It may be right occasionally to take a bull by the horns, but it is always well to keep in mind that the horns belong to the bull.—Glasgow Times.

"Yes, sir," said the Louisville man, "my neighbor told me he had concealed $500 in his corncrib. But I didn't go near it. Hang it, I knew he lied."

"There is no accounting for tastes." Nonsense! What is the work of a bookkeeper in an eating house, but accounting for tastes?—Boston Transcript.

Guiteau calls Scoville a jackass, and perhaps he was when he undertook the defense of such a miserable, ungrateful, cantankerous wretch.—Andrews' American Queen.

A correspondent wants to know where the expression "Let up" comes from. We believe it comes from the fellow whose isn't on top in the fight.—Philadelphia Sun.

It does break up the landlord of a hotel to have a guest say: "Landlord, I think it would be an improvement if this shoe brush had another hair in it."—Boston Post.

The floods at Nashville have destroyed the race track, and the people of Tennessee are beginning to think that the silver lining on some clouds is pretty well concealed.

A fish caught in Georgia the other day was found to contain a half-dollar. It was probably on its way to buy a matinee ticket when captured.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

The Toronto *Mail* says that the appearance of a pet dog with carriage created a decided sensation (probably of disgust) among the promenaders on a fashionable street in that city.

A New York man was imprisoned thirty days for stealing fifty cents. Served him right, the rascal. He should have stolen half a million dollars and bought in the court.—New Haven Register.

When Oscar Wilde arrives in Washington he should not be permitted to visit Guiteau. They might get buttercupped so badly that it would be impossible to unmix them.—Norristown Herald.

It does aggravate a man to think that while his wife isn't afraid to tackle him and nearly yank his head off she is madly terrorized by a cow that he can chase out of the yard at any time.—Boston Post.

The police of Troy have not been paid for six months, and are now entirely out of matches and plug tobacco and credit at the corner groceries. The lot of a policeman is not all sleep.—Detroit Free Press.

The New York *World* says: Whatever is most Bostonese in Boston two generations ago was piously austere; one generation ago it was luminously transcendental; to-day it is pensively æsthetic.

"Anything you see me do you can do," said Pingray to his son. "Thank you, sir," replied the young man; "but perhaps I should like to do some of the things you take such mighty good care I shan't see you do."

The American *trichina* is avenged. A decree of the Italian government prohibits the import of oranges and lemons from France, where a parasite called the Morpheus worm has been working havoc in these fruits.

It is said that the only obstacle in the way of transporting live hogs from this country to England, is the difficulty of feeding them on the passage. Why not feed them from the trough of the sea?—Somerville Journal.

"Man and wife are all one, are they?" said she. "Yes; what of it?" said he suspiciously. "Why, in that case," said his wife, "I came home awfully tipsy last night and feel terrible ashamed of myself this morning." He never said a word.

Gilded youth calls upon his friend at 3 P. M. "Why, confound your laziness, you ain't up yet?" "Yes, it is laziness, I know; but you see, I can't help it—I've tried to do like everybody else and get up at eleven or twelve, but I can't."

The minister who opened the supreme court at Auburn, Me., with prayer the other day, closed his petition with the words: "And, at last, may we become dwellers of that better land where there are no lawyers, no judges and no courts. Amen."

A Newport, R. I., couple have just married after a brief courtship of thirty-five years. The ill-advised haste with which these young people have rushed into wedlock is reprehensible, and their parents are much to blame.—Boston Transcript.

"I have read Mr. Beecher's retraction of the statement that Brooklyn school-teachers obtained situations at the price of their virtue, and my opinion is that when it comes to going the wrong way of the track Henry can distance Maud S."—Robert Bonner.

Some people will never get through asking foolish questions. A New York paper asks: "Was Grant surprised at Shiloh?" We don't know how it was at Shiloh, but Grant was very much surprised at Chicago. He was more than surprised. He was shocked.—Texas Siftings.

The Philadelphia *Chronicle*, which is nothing, if not a philanthropist, proposes a rubber cushion to be worn by skaters at the back of the head. Then when two lovely beings in the hues of youth fall together upon the back of their little brain cases, they will execute a pas de deux nace pa?

"S. P. C.," Seguin, Texas: "I am a clerk in a country store, and would like to be an actor. What would you advise me to do?" We would "advice" you to stay behind the counter. If you insist on being an actor, the literary and orthographical labor of writing puffs of yourself for the press will wear your young life away.—Texas Siftings.

A timely tip: "You may say what you please," solemnly remarks a red-nosed listener to a temperance lecturer, "but whiskey once saved my life." "How was that?" "Why, I wanted a drink so bad that I got up once in the middle of the night and went out to hunt for a saloon. While I was gone the house caught fire and burned up my wife."

It's a poor rule, etc.: "How is it, Mr. Brown," said a miller to a farmer, "that when I came to measure those ten barrels of apples I bought from you I found them nearly two barrels short?" "Singular, very singular; for I sent them to you in ten of your own flour barrels." "Ahem! Did, eh?" said the miller. "Well, perhaps I made a mistake. Let's imbibe."—San Francisco Post.

At an official reception a foreigner sees a general whose breast is covered with stars and medals, and notably bears the conspicuous insignia of one order unknown to him. "What order is that?" the foreigner asks of one of the guests near him. "That, sir," says the obliging guest, "is a special order solely conferred upon generals who have commanded an army in the field and lost half of their guns and men!"

A reasonable lover: "Yes," he said to his confidential friend, "I am engaged to her and I suppose I ought to be very happy, but somehow I am worried about a former attachment of her's. There's that infernal blackguard, Jones, who—" "Why, bless my soul! You stupid fellow, she hates him like poison." "Yes, yes, I know; that's what troubles me. She hates him too bitterly not to have loved him once."

An out-of-town druggist yesterday entered one of Boston's apothecary stores, and handed a clerk a sample receipt. "One dollar and fifteen cents," said the latter, as he handed the medicine over. "Isn't that pretty steep?" asked the customer, adding: "I'm in the business myself, and know something about the cost of these ingredients." "Oh! that alters the case," was the response; "seventeen cents, please."—Boston Globe.

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she is very lovely in her way and the best product of the country. She has the most beautiful eyes in the world, with a soft languishing expression in them for those she likes; that sort of a thing, a good colored skin, not rosy but colorless, a magnificent head of hair, and a very shapely head to wear it on, a good waist and a graceful walk. She is perfectly modest; in fact rather timid, perfectly well bred.

CITY TAXES.

The Tax Roll for 1882 is now in my hands for collection, and all taxes assessed thereon must be paid at my office, 105 First street, within thirty days from this date, or the same will be returned as delinquent. Office hours 8 to 3.
Feb. 1, 1881. D. C. McKERCHER, City Treasurer.

[illegible]
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[illegible]
The "COLLEGE JOURNAL," [illegible]
[illegible] Address [illegible]
[illegible]

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Ten per cent. will be deducted of the purchase price in case of cash payment.

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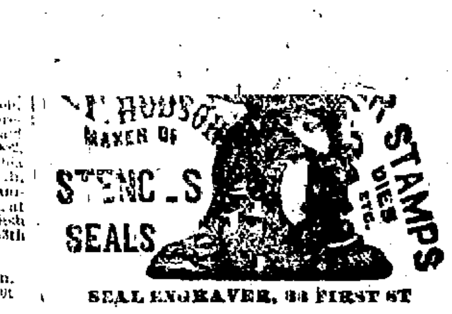
Portland, Oreg'n.

[illegible] to be sold [illegible] February, 1882, [illegible] at public auction, to the highest bidder therefor, for cash in hand. Dated at Portland, in said district, this 13th day of February, 1882.
EDWARD S. KEARNEY,
U. S. Marshal for the District of Oregon.
McDOUGALL & BOWER, Proctors. [illegible]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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING FEBRUARY 12 188[illegible]

IF WE KNEW

If we knew [illegible] cares and cr[illegible]
Cr[illegible] round our [illegible]
If w[illegible] the little losses
Sorely grievous day by day
W[illegible]
[illegible]

If we knew the clouds above us
Held by gentle blessings there
W[illegible] turn away all trembling
In [illegible]
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass
[illegible]
[illegible]

If we knew the silent story
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] angels know

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] alms of light again
We may [illegible] Dear Father [illegible]
As we judge our fellow men

A CHAPTER ON MULES.

[illegible] Sporting Life

The word politics surpasses in himself a study of no mean magnitude observed count Smorltork to Mr Pickwick during their memorable conversation at Mrs Leo Hunter's *fete champetre* The same is the case with the mule, long suffering animal and hard-worked drudge though he is supposed to be A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and ditto with the mule that is if we could consider the United States as the home of the hybrid from whose good qualities we derive so many advantages

We are so accustomed to the sight of the mule that we little understand the benefits that accrue to us through possessing him In any country in the world except our own and perhaps Spain the appearance in the streets of almost any one of a hundred mules that pass by the spectator during a single quarter of an hour of a day would be the cause for admiration and inquiry whilst here mules, that can not be equalled in any other part of the world pass by without either a compliment or comment There are a few in the city so superlative in size and quality that they possibly provoke remark but as a rule the eye even of the lovers of draught quadrupeds is so satiated with excellence as far as mules are concerned, that nothing under seventeen hands provokes remark or admiration Mr Cupples owns a mule that the most casual observer cannot let pass him in the street without a word of praise, and a few matched pairs belonging to well-known firms will also draw forth laudatory remark, but as a whole our mules pass by without query or a second glance Outside of this country the conduct of the spectator would be far different and at least fifty per cent of the mules that we do not honor with notice would provoke enthusiastic praise and admiration The mules that we see in common use around us would each be almost a *lusus naturæ* to the European eye But very few people in any country are aware of the advantages (other than personal) that nature has afforded them and our possessions in the shape of the, to us thoroughly familiar mule, are no exceptions to the rule We are so used to him that we do not study his virtues or excellence We expect him to drag a street car substantial enough to require a pair of horses to move it We see a span of fine mules in charge of the knight of the levee who is ignorant of the fact that he is demanding work of them that a four-horse team could scarce compass We are further witnesses to the successful result of the imposition, we see the mule working away oblivious of our summer dust and we see him, half amphibious when facing our car tracks in a winter such as the present. Whenever and wherever he is called upon as man's assistant he is all there, an excellent and a willing servant, and—neglected accordingly

"Mules to the right of us, mules to the left of us, slaving, not blundering " are so common to us that we get to think that they are not worth a second thought This should not be the case. Elsewhere mules are as rare as here they are common Till but a very few years ago it was, except in countries peopled by the Latin races, more than rare to see a mule Old Rome knew the mule, its patience and its excellence, and utilized its qualities accordingly. The ox became too slow for the patrician, the horse was too fiery for his womankind; the mule stepped in and filled the bill of Roman requirement. Pompeian and Syracusan ruts still bear silent witness to the patient labors of the hybrid whose merits were perhaps better understood during the later days of the Roman era than they are in this country at the present Why or wherefore those merits were allowed to fall out of the knowledge of mankind for many centuries we cannot tell The church apparently always recognized their value The well-fed churchman and his "well-appointed" mule are the words that are constantly come across coupled together in mediæval story. The abbot going to hunt or returning from the feast at a neighboring monastery, apparently always patronized the jennet or the mule The lay part of the community neglected the long-eared cross of mare and donkey, and with the reformation the mule seems to have gone, in Protestant England in to limbo, side by side with the power of priesthood and the Inquisition It is very singular but yet a fact, that till lately the only parts of Europe where mule raising has remained an industry have been the catholic countries It can hardly be advanced as sound argument that this is due to the fact that these countries are mostly in the south of Europe, and that the heat common to them is detrimental to the breeding of horse-flesh of decent size, through many and many a generation during and subsequent to the Roman era the littoral of the Mediterranean was replete with horse-flesh, excellent in quality, of substantial size, and even then of high lineage It is true that the bulk of English writers who attempt to trace the pedigrees of the horse of the British Isles, and therefore of the United States, strike north for the root of the equine tree True that for centuries the fabled horses of Norseland are they from whom almost god-like powers were claimed for many centuries but it remains that during the Saxon regime, and later, during the Norman occupation of Great Britain the cream of animals used by the nobility and the prelates were of southern origin and pedigree. Gauls Huns and Vandals were all more or less horsemen The masses perhaps did not ride did not breed decent horse-flesh but the mere fact of their knighthood orced horses on their leaders and a most natural emulation made the knights themselves look to their mounts and the vulgar see to the quality of the animals bestridden by their leaders These horses as far as we know came one and all, from the sunny south A single glance at Grecian, Roman even Egyptian basso relievos shows us that the Arab or the Barb was the type of horse most in request with the rulers of the world of nearly two hundred centuries ago The Norman war horse was superior in every respect to that the Saxon thane had bred the exiled charger of Alaric or Attila a hundred fold superior to the animals bred at home by the men who mustered at the standards All these highly bred horses hailed from the southern shores of Europe or from still more remote regions northern Africa or Arabia The renown won by the Barb and Arabian stock permeated Europe, and the whole of the northern world had when even in an almost uncivilized state of existence, learnt to look to the south as the home of the finest class of horses There can therefore have been no special reason why the dwellers on the northern shores of the Mediterranean should have taken to breeding mules instead of horses To this day the inhabitants of southern Europe have fine horses in their carriages or for saddle use There is but very little racing, as we understand racing, on the upper shores of the inland sea save in Spain There however there is plenty of it, and though Spain is beyond all other countries the home of the mule she nurses home productions in the shape of horse flesh and strives to improve her stock by copious importations of English Barb and Arabian horses

As far as size of horses goes Italy beats Spain Rome Naples and Florence possesses teams that would almost shame Paris whilst those cities [illegible]

[illegible] carrying of wines mineral and other commodities in either the Pyrenees the mountains of the Sierra Nevada or the plains of Spain is done by the long eared hybrid Italian peasants and farmers use [illegible] a great extent for their farming and [illegible] draught work though they raise a fair number of mules on whom too they set great store Whilst however the Spanish mule averages quite fifteen hands his Italian relation runs hardly over thirteen and whilst the former are [illegible] the latter as a rule are left entire [illegible] especially in the south uses and raises many mules and Albanian or Montenegrin farm work is mainly performed by the same animals In interior Turkey also mules are thoroughly appreciated but the ryots the cultivators of the soil are poor in the extreme thanks to the centuries of bad government they have suffered from and mules therefore are almost beyond their purses It is by no means uncommon to see a mule and cow or even a buffalo hitched up together to draw a plough or araba The neglect of mule raising as an industry *per se* by England amounts not only to a mistake but almost to an infatuation The moment she is involved in war no matter where the scene of operations may be, she indents on the rest of the world for mules and yet she raises absolutely none herself During the Peninsular campaign of Wellington the commissariat transport and ordnance departments were entirely indebted to mules for their efficiency The brief campaign which terminated at Paris in 1815 could not have proved successful save for mules The Crimean war was occasion for purchase of mules from every corner of southern Europe No time was given for their purchase during the mutiny of '57 but Turkey Egypt and Spain were ransacked for the Persian, China and Abyssinian wars that followed Mules shared with the Houssas and other Africans the transport duties that led up to the capture of Coomassie the stronghold of King Coffee Calcalli, and the recesses of Zululand Afghanistan and the Transvaal have also echoed the bray of the much abused but ever necessary bastard of the jackass We in Missouri, have opportunity for golden results in this industry, the raising of the mule We can compare favorably with even Spain both in the size of our mules and the cost of their production We can fairly claim that for instance the final victory over King Cetewayo, at Ulundi, would not have brought laurels to British arms unless Lord Chelmsford had been aided by mules that first saw the light in Kentucky or Missouri Horse artillery and cavalry require horses animals capable of a higher rate of speed than that possessed by the mule, but field batteries, the train the commissariat, and infantry of all the armies of Europe will yet look to the states for a heavy percentage of their utility to be derived by purchase of our mules We do not believe that we shall long have much of a foreign market for sale of mules for horse cars omnibuses or other heavy draught, since steam and compressed air are already their keen competitors but we can and ought to supply the governments of the European continents with motive power in the shape of mules We look sufficiently closely perhaps into the question of their sires, our "pedigreed jacks are excellent, but our farmers have jumped to the erroneous conclusion that any old plug mare is good enough to breed a mule This is not the case A very few dollars of extra price laid out in the purchase of a mare will give rich result in the production of mules of far greater value than can be raised from the common mares Size, symmetry and substance are as necessary to the dam of a mule as of a race-horse a fact which cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of our breeders Here in Missouri we already have the ball at our foot our mule market is already the best in the world, but we have also the additional knowledge that our mule raising is playing out just at the time that we have made our market generally known. In counties where a few years ago, good mules could be found by hundreds dozens can not now be got together for the dealer Sixteen-hand mules were common in this market not long ago, now they are rarely met with There's money in mules, no doubt, but they must be kept up to our old standard or we shall once more be left behind, and with an absence of dealers our market will disappear For the last two years a class that was amongst our best customers the southern planters, have varied their previous system of purchase, which before was confined to mules They now buy almost as many good horse mares as mules and breed the latter for themselves Missouri has in consequence been killing the goose with the golden eggs in that she has been, and is parting with dams that might have brought fortune if not fame to our farmers Our standard of jacks should be maintained; that of the mothers of our mules will bear a vast deal of improvement

The Vatican on Bavarian Beer.

A writer in the *Dutchey Montagsblatt* gives an account of a recent conversation with a German Catholic priest, a member of a princely family, who has more than once been reported as having sanguine prospects of being made a prince of the Roman church The talk turned upon the famous brew of the Munich court brewery "Do you know " asked the prince "what they think of Bavarian beer in Rome? Soon after the year 1860 I became parish priest of a Bavarian county village One day the burgomaster came to me and said he wished to have my judgment upon a very serious point—namely, whether it was proper to drink Bavarian beer in Lent It appears that the good old father of the commune had observed with consternation that the consumption of beer increased to a great extent during the forty days of the fast, the peasants indemnifying themselves for their abstinence from flesh by extraordinary indulgence in beer The pastor replied that he thought a moderate enjoyment of beer was quite lawful The president of the commune however was not satisfied A few days later he again went to his princely reverence and solemnly asked him whether he could not make an inquiry in Rome as to the legality of the wholesale drinking of Baierisch' during Lent The clergyman gladly assented I received a notification from the highest authorities he says 'that no judgment could be given on the beer question until the beer has been seen and tasted A small barrel of the very best Bavarian was sent from the village to the Eternal City, it was probably the very first Bavarian beer which crossed the threshold of the apostles The decision came back from Rome without delay The wine drinking authorities in the Vatican ruled that as much of this singular liquid might be drunk during Lent as a man could bring himself to drink! Not only so but it was even added that it might be regarded as a sort of penance when a man drank a large quantity of so bitter and nauseous a decoction

The other day while an old stag was being hotly chased by the Kapostasmegyerer hound—a subscription pack in Hungary—one hand Poros a discharged hussar managed to bring the terrified animal to a standstill in some close cover through which it was forcing its way and by an almost superhuman effort of strength and agility to vault up on its back After several desperate but unsuccessful attempts to dislodge its rider from his seat the stag stimulated anew to flight by the cry of the fast approaching hounds, resumed its course but it soon broke down under the weight of its unaccustomed burden and gave up the ghost through sheer exhaustion and terror Poros was found by the huntsmen sitting on the unwounded carcass of the stag, which he had literally ridden to death and resolutely claimed as the just reward of an achievement unparalleled in the annals of the chase

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

How It's Progress [illegible] the Last Fifty Years

[illegible]

Our [illegible] advance [illegible] study of [illegible] light and heat [illegible] industry of Tyndall and [illegible] the past thirty years We have [illegible] comparatively more has been [illegible] the [illegible] spectrum analysis and chemistry than in [illegible] The latter [illegible] concentration of the [illegible] into the mysteries of [illegible] matter has made [illegible] this [illegible] of the preceding half [illegible] the indestructibility of matter The corresponding law established within our own memories is the indestructibility of force and we are progressing rapidly toward the identity of force and motion Light sound heat and electricity we know to be modes of motion in matter We have established tables of motion which show the rates of vibration for different sounds colors and temperatures We know that there is a sliding scale of vibratory movement from the ponderous mass motion which the eye can follow up to the invisible molecular current of electricity We have found gaps in this scale as between sound and heat where our senses fail to take up impressions But it is sufficiently demonstrated that when mass motion is rapid enough it produces sound, that when sound is sharp enough it passes into heat and that when heat is high enough it becomes luminous We find that light and heat are first cousins if not twins of one blood Electricity too owns the same kinship In the electric light the current is made to go slower in the carbons and so falls down to the speed of light The intensely white lights that burn in our city squares are due to the slowing up of the electric current so that it can affect the optic nerve The pure electrical motion is too rapid for vision Out of all these experiments has grown the law of the mutual convertibility of the several modes of motion Our knowledge of electricity is still meagre We have chained and tamed this terrible agent without well knowing its nature It does our work, but it still eludes our measurements Only when we have brought it down to the more comprehensible forms of light and heat can we apply to it our mathematics

Spectrum analysis has literally conquered the universe for us within this half century So late as 1816 Comte sneered at the idea that we should ever know the physical constitution of the sun But since then we have not only learned the existence of seventeen of our chemical elements in the sun but we have found out what the stars are made of and have determined the density and by inference, the constitution of several nebulæ The story of Kirchoff and Bunsen in exultant pursuit of their splendid work with the spectroscope is as amazing as a legend of fairyland Chemists have lately learned that all our elements can be vaporized and burned and that the light of each fixed by the prism of the spectroscope gave its characteristic spectrum In this way they learned to know the handwriting (so to speak) of iron lead hydrogen and of all the rest They also found out that the light which each vapor emitted in burning was absorbed if allowed to pass through a stratum of its own cooler vapor Thus the bright lines of the regular spectrum could be displaced by dark ones When the various elemental spectra were compared with the solar spectrum every bright line in the former was covered by a dark one in the latter We can but half imagine the awed excitement of the physicist who thus found the key to the constitution of the sun Since then we have learned to believe that the body of the sun is an intensely heated gaseous globe, and that it is sheathed by layers of cooling vapors Outside of all lie blazing oceans of hydrogen sending up blasts of flame 100 000 miles in height From spectrum analysis we have learned the identity of composition of the material universe We find nothing in the sun and stars that has not already been found on the earth Moreover, we have thus learned the approximate ages of the stars We know that the red stars are cooling and that these contain more elements than the white ones

Spectrum analysis has bound the sciences of chemistry and astronomy firmly together In astronomy proper our progress has been considerable In 1845 the mathematical eye of Le Verrier saw the planet Neptune before any telescope had been turned toward it In 1831 we had only four asteroids upon our list We now have 220 A little intramercurial planet has also been scented by watchful astronomers The wealth of the solar system has increased by the discovery of the inner ring of Saturn and by the subdivision of its flaming belts Moons have been given to Mars by an American astronomer using an American telescope and Neptune Saturn and Uranus have each gained new satellites The heavens have been mapped and measured and the shape of the visible universe determined It seems that our earth is centering near the centre of a magnificent stellar ellipse, and that ours is but one out of at least 75 000 000 of worlds Of those worlds some are dead and cold, like our own moon, some are wheeling away from us others approaching The late calculations of Helmholtz put the life term of the sun at 17 000 000 of years Thus we are assured by the best authority that human research furnishes that our planet has long ages of probable development before it

In geology our chief debt is to Lyell He substituted the idea of slow secular changes for that of sudden upheavals Since then we have learned that mountains valleys and volcanic cones may grow as slowly as coral reefs New divisions and new names for the upper strata of rocks come from Lyell, and through him and others paleontology and the study of fossils became firmly linked with geology Closely treading upon his garments came Agassiz with his patient researches into animal life extinct and recent and his magnificent generalizations from glaciers and surface bowlders Here, again, astronomy and geology supplemented each other From displaced and scratched rocks Agassiz reasoned to a glacial epoch The astronomical calculus sustains the brilliant inference of the naturalist The eccentricity of the earth's orbit was from twenty five to fifty times greater 900 000 years ago We were thus carried further from the sun and the obliquity of the ecliptic gives us a grand transportation of climates every 21 000 years The northern hemisphere is now having its turn at the 10 000 years of warmth Hence melting icebergs float plentifully down from the north in seas while the south pole is locked in a widening area of ice

From Humboldt we have learned more than from any other man of the natural features of the geography of our earth from Lyell Huxley and [illegible] of others of the antiquity of the human race No reliable estimate carries back the existence of man beyond 300 000 years The elements of this calculation are taken from the stone [illegible] shell heaps [illegible] man and animal bones etc Within twenty years the caves and lakes of Switzerland and France have yielded up wondrous secrets We have found out that there was a time when all men were [illegible] savages who skulked and hid from each other in caves and trees a time when they had no pottery no domestic animals no agriculture no weapons but those of stone and [illegible] and no clothing [illegible] straw tied about their limbs

In 1830 the total number of animal species described in works of science was 70 000 In 1881 the number is 320 000 The British Museum contains 12 000 species of [illegible] [illegible] probably not one half the existing species are yet known We may safely bring the number of species fossil and extant up to 12 000 000 The science of embryology has been created within the past half century Von Baer [illegible] the [illegible] discovery that the higher form of life [illegible]

[illegible] Darwin [illegible]

[illegible] for some time [illegible] storms that threa[illegible] the very life of the living creature Finally Huxley [illegible] production of such imp[illegible] has ever gained such ground [illegible] place [illegible] in so brief a time

Finally the sciences of physiology and botany have made [illegible] with Into these fifty years we must put the telegraph The first English telegraph was established in 1838 Submarine lines followed across the straits of Dover under the German ocean and through the Mediterranean Black and Red seas At last in 1866 the old and new worlds were united by the Atlantic cable Lately we have reached duplex and quadruplex telegraphy by which one wire can bear two or four simultaneous messages The telephone belongs to yesterday As all Europe and America have within forty years become cobwebbed with telegraphs and railroads so more lately our modern cities have been filmed over by the wires of the telephone The photophone the phonograph the microphone the stereopticon and the plethysmograph, which measures the amount of blood sent to the brain in any mental action are a few of our modern discoveries The microscope has been so improved that we can now see lines ruled 1 90 000 of an inch apart We have not found the chemical molecule although all our chemists and physicians are in hot pursuit of it Borls is of the opinion that from 500 to 2000 molecules may lie in the space of the microscopic lines Yet this elemental molecule so inconceivably small enters into the sober calculation of modern chemistry The gaps between solid fluid and gas have been lately filled up Air has been liquified and hydrogen solidified The barrier between the organic and inorganic worlds has been removed A long list of substances once thought to be producible only in the bodies of animals or in plants are now produced in the laboratory Lastly Sir John Lubbock claims that the doctrine of free trade has in this half century received the demonstration of 'a scientific truth '

STEPHEN GIRARD.

His Marriage and His Troubles Infidelity and Death of His Beautiful Wife in a Mad House.

"Gath" recently contributed an article to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* on Aristocratic Marriages ' A correspondent of the St Louis *Republican*, in which paper the article was reproduced, writes as follows from Philadelphia

'I was struck with astonishment at the reference therein contained to the domestic relations of Stephen Girard It is confessedly strange that the world knows so little respecting the private life of this distinguished philanthropist especially since in these latter days the domestic concerns of all public men seem to be regarded as public property How many thousands have wondered why Girard established a princely college with such singular provisions left in his last will for its government Every one is presumed to know that Girard college the finest educational institution in the world, with a property the assessed value of which is $32,000,000—admits none but orphans and that no minister or minister's son is permitted to enter any of its buildings or grounds But why? Gath's correspondence which conveys an unjust insinuations against Girard, prompts me to give the following information, which I obtained while visiting the college in the early part of November last

'Having several hours of leisure while in Philadelphia, upon the occasion referred to in company with a resident of the place I drove out to that renowned philanthropic memorial and after inspecting the eight white granite buildings on the ample grounds instituted an inquiry among old Philadelphians to ascertain if possible the motives which prompted Girard in founding the institution, and the cause of his enmity toward all churches The story as I obtained it from unquestionably correct sources, is as follows Girard was formerly a devout Catholic, whose contributions to the church at times were almost princely He did not marry until many years of old bachelorhood had tinged his hair with gray and but for a strange meeting would doubtless have remained a celibate. Being the largest shipowner in the world, his business led him to nearly all parts of the globe, and his name was familiar in every merchant port On a public occasion when a large body of merchants welcomed him home after a long cruise the festivities of the reception turned from speech making to a grand ball, at which Girard saw and was introduced to the daughter of a prominent gentleman in Philadelphia and this meeting which had many singular features about it not necessary to be related, culminated in marriage It is said by all those with whom I conversed on the subject that Girard's young wife was exquisitely beautiful and a lady of rare polish and education His treatment of her instead of being austere, as Gath declares, was that of a proud lover ever anxious to excite her favors by a bestowal of elegant gifts and a constant exhibition of loving tenderness One year after his marriage business called Girard to South America where he remained nearly eighteen months and upon his return he was greeted affectionately by his young wife but her caresses were poison to his lips for there were unmistakable evidences readily apparent that she was about to become a mother I could add nothing to the facts of this sad story by dwelling upon the scene which followed Girard's reproach was succeeded by a frank confession from his wife who named their favorite pastor as her guilty companion I am not prepared to say of what denomination Mrs Girard was a member but my impression now is that Girard had some time previously withdrawn from the Catholic church for some just reason and that both he and his wife had united with some protestant sect

'Girard could not forgive his wife and she being a keenly sensitive woman was so conscience stricken by her great crime that two months after her revelation she became insane and was carried to a mad house Here she languished for nearly two years when death delivered her of her malady The church of which she was a member took charge of her remains and gave them burial in a manner commensurate with the great wealth of her husband A bill of the funeral expenses was afterwards presented to Girard but he peremptorily refused payment and the matter was about to go into the courts Discovering the attitude in which such a legal contest would place him Girard paid the bill under protest and then feeling as though the church had stabbed him twice he withdrew from active life and realizing $10 000 000 from his shipping interests he concluded to spend $8 000 000 of that sum in founding a college which he intended should be a perpetual reproach to all churches and the [illegible] His respect for society and his relations prevented him from exposing the secret which crushed his life and thus speculation has been left to write the history of his domestic sorrow

'In the front center of the main building of Girard College is a large picture of the philanthropist['s] faithful housekeeper but no portrait of the wife was ever allowed to come inside the [illegible] his will has sought to [illegible] from ministerial [illegible] an intellectual [illegible] at his [illegible] Girard survived his wife fifteen years and now lies under a marble sarcophagus in the main college building

'I have not written this for the purpose of resurrecting a scandal but to relieve the memory of a man from dishonest aspersions and to answer a question asked by thousands.

ANIMATED NATURE.

A Column Devoted to the Oddities of Our Dumb Animals.

FREAKS OF FISH FLESH AND FOWL

[illegible] the Animals' Lair and the Birds and Beasts [illegible] There [illegible]

[illegible]

An [illegible] rattlesnake was recently killed [illegible] Hotel [illegible] Arizona The monster had [illegible] was [illegible] the stove It had seventy [illegible] rattles

A game [illegible] was carried away by a bald [illegible] near [illegible] Before the eagle got him out of hearing he crowed cheerfully in [illegible] Three days afterwards he came home [illegible] The eagle has not been seen again

The camels set adrift in the Arizona deserts about twenty five years ago have greatly increased in numbers and have grown to a very large size The Indians whose horses are frightened by them are capturing these camels and selling them to menageries for trifling sums

Week before last a man employed at camp No 2 about fifteen miles northeast of Manton, on the Manistee river Michigan, was torn to death by a panther The man's cries for help were immediately answered but so fierce and awful had been the attack that he had but time to tell that he had been assaulted by a wild animal He was carried to camp where he died in a few moments

The New York *Hour* calls attention to the fact that greater care is taken of young fish than of children in that city For while more than half the children in that city die before the age of five the fish commissioners say that only about two per cent of the spawn of shad or salmon are destroyed Perhaps this is owing to the fact that many New Yorkers like shad or salmon much better than they like children

Monday at about twilight, a daughter of Mr Kraus went out in search of a pet dog that had strayed into the bush in the western portion of the city suburbs Wandering about among the bush she was suddenly attacked by a snake known as the 'whip snake' that enlaced her form and would have eventually caused strangulation had it not been for the arrival of her father who heard her cries The snake was killed and measured eight and a half feet in length —San Antonio Express

A horse in St Louis is recovering from the smallpox The horse was taken sick a month ago and in a short time large boils made their appearance all over his body and the hair fell out, until the animal looked as bare of hirsute adornment as Barnum's famous hairless horse. The formation of the sores and their development were identical with the development of smallpox cases The animal suffered a great deal, and is now only convalescent, the pustules passing out of the flesh and the hair beginning to sprout

Judge M H Mason has a curiosity in the way of a goat The goat, which is about one year old has eighteen horns—two on his head and four on each foot and leg Those on his feet and legs grew from his hoofs, and are now from four to eight inches in length. Reuben son of the judge, cut them off about four months ago and the above stated length shows the rapidity of their growth This goat is indeed a curiosity and would be of great service in an animal show —Wrightsville (Ga) Recorder

A San Jose man undertook to tame a wild monkey The monkey tore his clothes bit his hand and fled to Dr Bentley's office on the Alameda There was no one in the room The monkey put cathartic pills in the whiskey, ink into the paragoric castor oil into the laudanum and then clapping on the doctor's spectacles began to sort his papers The doctor arrived at that moment The monkey's owner has settled for the direct damages and given a bond for consequential damages The monkey died

The Grass Valley *Tidings* vouches for the truth of the following story A very fine canary bird is owned by a gentleman in Nevada county Recently unusual quantities of food disappeared from its cage One day the gentleman chanced to look in the cage, and there, snugly stowed away in one of the seed-boxes, was a mouse as fat as butter Upon attempting to remove the mouse the canary made a chivalrous fight for the little animal A singular fact is that while the mouse was in the cage the bird kept up a constant singing all day, but since the mouse has been removed the bird has refused to warble,

It will be remembered that young salmon from the McCloud river United States hatchery were placed in San Gregorio and Pescadero creeks by the fish commissioners last November The original intention was to stock these streams with McCloud river trout but not having sufficient means the salmon were chosen instead This is but an experiment, and should the result be satisfactory a second stock will be put in next season In June they will be matured and anglers should notify the commissioners when they have caught them They are a beautiful silver color, and of different shapes from the coast salmon.

A gentleman in Warren, R I, who has sometimes assisted in the transmission of messages by telephone, owns a beautiful pet dog named Pat The dog having lost sight of his master, went to the telephone office in search of him and the operator, understanding the object of Pat's visit called for his master at a point where he thought he might be and informed him that Pat was looking for him and was immediately answered, and placing the instrument to the dog's ear he at once recognized his master's voice and started for the door, greatly excited and asking [illegible] language, to be let out that he [illegible] in pursuit of him Providence Journal

John Edwards, a prisoner in Coldbath Fields prison sent there for uttering counterfeit coin tamed a mouse as a companion, and formed a great friendship for him The warders had taken this mouse from him and killed it the prison rules not allowing the prisoners to keep pets The prisoner, enraged at the death of his pet assaulted one of the warders and was indicted for the assault Mr Justice Hawkins before whom the case was brought in London charged favorably for the prisoner, expressing much sympathy and the jury acquitted him This recent event has recalled The Story of Lone Ear " published in *Harper's Magazine* a number of years ago the outline of the fiction being closely like the actual case

A small sized but fleet running dog chased a large raccoon from a wheat field and overtook him on the bank of a creek, about a rod from the water The raccoon faced the dog and sat upon his haunches for battle The dog seized him just below the fore legs in front and tried to shake him but could not for he was heavier than the dog The animal immediately set his long, sharp teeth in the side of the dog's head and clasped him in his claws The dog, whining with pain tried to pull away and shake off the raccoon but was held fast when he turned to the creek and dragged the raccoon which still clung to him into the creek where he held him under water adroitly keeping his own nose out till the raccoon became so exhausted that the dog shook him off and then seized him by the throat and mastered him

From a window of my lodgings I can see a fowl house inhabited by about a score of fowls During the summer there was order in the house the order being maintained by the cock Once and once only I saw two hens fighting but after a few minutes the cock managed to pacify them by a mixture of caresses and pecks I may add that this fight [illegible] one hen would not [illegible] chickens Recently the cock [illegible] removed and the hens left without a master The consequence is that now the hens are engaged in either real or sham fights all day long Sometimes the whole lot of them will start careering about the house indulging in a species of tournament which generally terminates in a [illegible] battle Thus the order of the community seems to depend on the cock entirely —Science Gossip

[illegible] accident lately to a star performer had a far happier termination than was expected. The wife of W H Stowe, manager of Dan Rice's Great Show was terribly injured by being thrown from her horse while performing at Cadiz Ohio [illegible] St Jacobs Oil [illegible]

[illegible]

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STURGES, LARSEN & CO.,
Shipping & Commission Merchants
Wholesale Dealers in
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Salmon Grain, Flour, Wool Country Produce.
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Advances made on Consignments

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
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We make the sale of Dairy Produce a Specialty
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We invite correspondence Weekly price current mailed on application.
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Mark Goods care J. R. F. U. JOHN R FOSTER & CO.

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RATES REDUCED.
A Large Fire-Proof Warehouse for Storage
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Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds of
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, etc,
SEASONED FINISHING LUMBER
Constantly on Hand.
STAIR BUILDING,
Stairs, Stair Railings,
Balusters, Newel Posts,
Both Plain and Fancy, at Reasonable Rates.
IMPORTERS OF ALL KINDS OF
WINDOW AND PLATE GLASS.
Orders from the Country will receive Prompt and Careful Attention Send for Circulars.
SALESROOM, 121 FRONT ST.,
Factory at Weidler's Mill, Portland, Oregon.

"SALEM BAKER'S EXTRA,"
AND
"FAMILY" FLOUR,
Manufactured expressly for Family, Bakers and Export Trade.
NONE GENUINE UNLESS BEARING THE well known and celebrated brands of the
SALEM FLOURING MILLS CO., Salem, Or.
Do not allow your grocer to palm off an inferior article bearing an imitation of the above brands but see that you get the genuine Salem Flouring Mills Co's Flour
Every Sack of which is Guaranteed.
W. M. S. SIBSON, Agent,
N E Corner Front and Ash Sts Portland O

MASQUERADE SUITS
FOR RENT AT THE
Pioneer Masque Depot,

In addition to our large stock of Masquerade Costumes, we have purchased the entire stock of Masquerade Goods lately owned by Mrs Pilger We are adding New Suits every day For further particulars and price list, address
A. F. NAEF, Manager,
S. E. Cor. First and Main Sts.

Pioneer Candy Factory.
ED. BERNHEIM,
(Successor to I Bickel),
Manufacturer of
PLAIN AND FANCY CANDIES,
84 FIRST STREET.
Wholesale Retail.

LADIES
TAKE NOTICE THAT WE WILL FOR THE month of February only make stylish well fitted suits for $5 and silk suits for $18 Cutting and fitting done by Miss Kate O'Connor the well known dress maker MINVILLE & CO 83 Third st

J. H. CUTTER OLD BOURBON WHISKY
And for
VAL. BLATZ MILWAUKEE BEER.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!
SLAB WOOD—$1 50 PER LOAD FROM WEIDLER'S Mill Orders left at mill or in the box at Bose's Saloon will be promptly attended to
W S M L & M CO

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[illegible] W SPENCER
The Portland Savings Bank
OF PORTLAND OREGON
PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.
[illegible]
Union Block Corner Second and Stark sts

BANK OF OREGON,
[illegible] First Street, Portland
[illegible]
1 per cent per annum on 3 months' deposits
4 per cent per annum on 6 months' deposits
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6 per cent per annum on 12 months' deposits
ROBERT BELL, Pres't

LADD & TILTON, BANKERS.
Deposits Received in Coin and Currency.
COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL POINTS.
BUY AND SELL EXCHANGE
ON
SAN FRANCISCO, LONDON,
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CHICAGO BERLIN,
ST LOUIS FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN
WASHINGTON D C. ALT HONG KONG

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INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.
Paid Up Capital..................$ 2,000,000
With power to increase to..... 10,000,000
HEAD OFFICE 28 Cornhill, London.
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AGENTS:
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, CANADA — Bank of Montreal.
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SCOTLAND — British Linen Company.
ENGLAND — National Provincial Bank of England.
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This Bank transacts a General Banking business. Deposits received on current account, subject to check.
Approved Bills discounted. Loans made on available security. Collections made promptly. Exchange sold on London, Liverpool and on the principal towns and cities in Ireland and Scotland from £1 upwards. Also on all places in Canada in sums to suit. Coin and Currency Drafts and Telegraphic Transfers on New York and Chicago.
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SCOTLAND—National Bank of Scotland. Commercial Bank of Scotland.
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Drafts and Telegraphic Transfers bought and sold. Bills discounted and collected. Loans made. Moneys received on special deposit or on current account, subject to check. Commercial Credits granted and a General Banking business transacted
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M[illegible] OF OREGON.
48 First Street, Portland.
INTEREST ALLOWED DEPOSITORS:
Four months 4 per cent.
Six months 4½ "
Nine months 5 "
One year . . 5½ "
INTEREST CHARGED ON LOANS:
NINE PER CENT.
The undersigned has loaned over FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS since 1874, on Farms and City Properties, and guarantees all loans payable within this State.
WILLIAM REID, Managing Director,

LIVERY AND HACK STABLES.

OREGON TRANSFER CO.
GENERAL
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FREIGHT AND BAGGAGE FORWARDED and Delivered with Dispatch.
PIANOS AND FURNITURE MOVED.
ORDERS FOR HACKS promptly attended to, Day or Night.
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CARRIAGE REPOSITORY,
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ACKER & LEIHY,
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Carriage Stands, Esmond Hotel & City Stables. Orders for Carriages at all hours, Day or Night, will receive prompt attention.
Keep on hand a Large Stock of Buggies, Hacks, Carriages, Harness, etc., for sale.

FEED STORE AND STABLE.
THERE IS MANURE AT THE NO 1 STABLE and Feed Store, corner of Front and Market sts, that will be sold and delivered within the city, at any reasonable place, at a reasonable price
GOOD, CLEAN, BRIGHT OAT STRAW for sale and Beds filled for 50c per bed
JOS BARSTOW

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Attention!—Something New at
SOL'S RESTAURANT
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[illegible] 25[illegible]
Hot English Muffins for Breakfast
Also the finest and best meals including a pint bottle of good table claret for 50 cents.
Game and Poultry always on hand
S A SOLOMON Prop'r

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
Corner Front and Morrison, Portland.
(On the European Plan)
THOS. GUINEAN, Proprietor,
(Late of the Arcade Sacramento)
THIS HOTEL IS THOROUGHLY FIRE-PROOF Contains 120 elegantly furnished suites and single rooms, which have been refitted and refurnished in modern style
Free coach to and from all trains and boats

CLARENDON HOTEL,
PORTLAND, OR.,
FIFHER & KNOWLES, Proprietors.
Situated opposite all the Railroad and Steamship Offices. Street Cars pass the house every five minutes. Free coach to and from the house. Street car tickets [illegible]

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!
SLAB WOOD—$1 50 PER LOAD—FROM WEIDLER'S Mill Orders left at mill or in the box at Bose's Saloon will be promptly attended to
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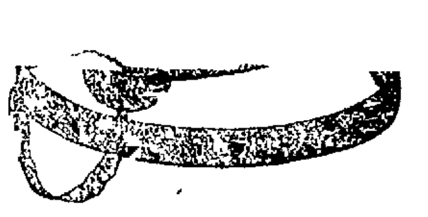

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Also agent for DUPLEX GALVANIZED BELT [illegible]

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[illegible]p Burrell & Co
[illegible]er and Cattle Dealer,
[illegible] Fishel & Roberts
[illegible]nn & Co
[illegible] Shoes
[illegible]ard & Spaulding
[illegible]as $10,000 Insurance in this

[illegible]URANCE.
[illegible]DIAN
COMPANY,
[illegible]NDON.
[illegible] A. D. 1821
[illegible] $10,000,000
[illegible] 7,068,185
[illegible]s absolutely the largest [illegible]mpany doing business in
[illegible] Treasurer in [illegible] $50,000
[illegible] reasonable rates and poli-
[illegible]RCH & CO.,
[illegible] Agents,
[illegible] Sts., Portland, Or.
[illegible], Manager.

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[illegible]PORTLAND, OR.
[illegible]YLER, Agent.

[illegible] National Fire
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[illegible]WELL, Agent.
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LONDON,
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[illegible]ets Forty One Million [illegible] and Ninety-Six [illegible] Hundred and [illegible]hree Dollars,
[illegible],923 00.
[illegible] by the Four Companies
[illegible]ront St., Portland, Or.
[illegible]TT & MACLEAY,
[illegible] General Agents,
[illegible] Manager.

[illegible]FORD 1881
[illegible]NCE COM[illegible]
[illegible] $1,250,000
Assets, - - - - $4,073,575
GEO. L. CHASE, President,
C. B. WHITING Secretary,
A. P. FLINT,
Manager Pacific Department, San Francisco, Cal
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Special Agent for Oregon and Washington Territory.
Office: 33 Stark St., Union Block, Portland.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Sunday Oregonian.

[illegible] FEBRUARY [illegible]

GENERAL NEWS.

A Large Portion of Haverhill, Mass. Destroyed by Fire.

THE LOSS REACHES NEARLY THREE MILLION DOLLARS

Governor Cameron of Virginia Declares War Against Maryland Oystermen

[illegible] DISPATCHES TO THE [illegible]

[illegible] Feb 18—Reports from Haverhill state that a fire started in the business portion of town last night and spread with great rapidity buildings burning [illegible] and igniting very quickly. The [illegible] fire department was unable to cope with the flames which got beyond their control and assistance was immediately telegraphed for to Lawrence Newburyport Lowell and other towns. The town at 1 30 this A M was all ablaze and the business portion will undoubtedly be destroyed. The fire covers the entire tract from the railroad station [illegible] River and between Essex and Wingate streets lined with merchandise and furniture stores and there is no doubt a number of people are rendered homeless. The main telegraph office burned [illegible] and the connection between the center of the city and [illegible] telegraph office is thus severed.

The fire started in Hallet & Arnold's sole leather establishment in a wooden block. The first direct report from Haverhill says. The First National Bank the Five Cent Bank and all of the lower part of Washington street have been burned and there is no knowing where the fire will stop. The operator at the depot says the fire is getting uncomfortable and he is afraid he will be forced to desert his post. The fire he says covers at least ten acres pretty thickly built up. Smith block Finney block Hilton block Prescott building Bishop building Union block and Coffin building on Washington street Pieling building on Washington street and the Pieling building on Wingate street are all gone. The loss will reach several millions.

The fire is under control. But one block remains on Wingate street and at the upper end of Washington street. All else in the square bounded by Merrimac river on the south and Washington square and Essex street on the east the north side of Wingate street on the north and Railroad square on the west was burned to the ground. This territory embraces the largest part of the boot and shoe manufactories. The loss cannot be estimated at present. Joseph Pratt fireman, was killed and George Whittier fatally injured. What yesterday was the finest street in the city and the principal business part is to day a smouldering mass of ruins. Some eighty shoe firms were entirely burned out and others suffered more or less damage. Two thousand people are out of employment and several families homeless. The loss is estimated at $1 700 000. Engines were present from Newburyport, Lawrence and Lowell. Men are already at work clearing away the debris. Ober and Blake's and the Gardner block on the north side of Wingate street were several times on fire but were saved. The wind blew fresh from the northwest, which with the scarcity of water and freezing of hose made it difficult to control the fire. Several are reported missing but nothing definite is known yet.

After the Gamblers.

CHICAGO Feb 18—The *Inter Ocean* will to morrow publish a two page article revealing some highly interesting facts concerning the gambling houses of the city and demanding the indictment of several prominent officials.

The Chester Fire

CHESTER Pa, Feb 18—The list of wounded reported is increasing. Prof Jackson testified at the inquest that no powder was in the room. It is thought the fire must have been caused by gas from a stove. *If the explosion had been from powder the roof would have been blown off.*

A Protest Against Polygamy

CONCORD, Feb 18—Citizens hold a mass meeting on the 22d to express their sentiments upon the evil of polygamy, and the various cities and towns of the state are asked to hold meetings on the same date for the same purpose.

Bank Failures.

MACON Mo Feb 18—The Macon Savings Bank and the Farmers' and Traders' Bank have failed. The liabilities of the former are $278 483 and of the latter $46 949. They will probably resume shortly.

Railroad Suit.

MILWAUKEE, Feb 18—The celebrated railroad case of L. Marine, of this city, against the construction company of the Chicago & Northwestern railway was decided to-day. Marine receiving judgment for $300 000. Questionable responsibility renders the value of the judgment uncertain.

Killed on a Train.

MT VERNON Ind, Feb 18—C S Crow Jr general ticket agent of the O & M railroad was killed to-day. He put his head out of a window as the train was crossing a bridge and was struck by timbers.

A Grand Tournament.

CHICAGO Feb 18—Great preparations are being made for the firemen's tournament to be held here next September. It is expected that over 300 cities and 500 fire companies will be represented. Over $50 000 will be offered in prizes.

The Virginia Oyster War.

RICHMOND Feb 18—The expedition fitted out by Gov Cameron, to suppress depredating oystermen in the Rappahannock river, left here before daylight this morning. Two steamers were chartered for the purpose of transporting the governor and his military staff and command, which consisted of the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, with three-inch guns and the Norfolk Light Infantry, seventy men all told. The military were in command of Major Carter a confederate artillery officer who distinguished himself in a dozen well fought battles during the late war. The men were rationed for three days. Gov Cameron is determined to exterminate these marauders. For several years past the oyster men of Maryland have trespassed in the waters of this state in violation of its laws, and when expostulated with by citizens, have fired on and killed them. In February, 1879, one of the alien fleets fired into a party of colored fishermen in Matthews, killing several and wounding others. Steps were at once taken to arrest them, but before the military reached the scene, the depredators had skipped down the river and got beyond the jurisdiction of the state. Gov Cameron quietly organized the present expedition and it is believed he will capture the whole fleet.

A Huge Steal.

CHICAGO, Feb 18—William C Clarke, resident partner in the paper house of Clarke, Friend Fox & Co having lately purchased the interests of his partners, giving notes therefor, quietly sold the stock for $175,000 and skipped to New York, where he has been seen. Creditors notified Friend at Cincinnati, and the investigation which has just taken place shows that paper of the original firm for $180 000 is afloat here and must be met. The victimized partners paid $40,000 and agreed to meet all just dues. Clarke was a protege of the other partners, and has taken away $1,125,000 in currency or good commercial paper.

Closed up.

WATERTOWN, N Y, Feb 18—Merchants bank has closed its doors.

Lost in a Hurricane.

GLOUCESTER, Mass, Feb 18—The schooner Correnda from Grand Banks reports the loss of six of its crew in a violent hurricane.

Undesired Interference.

SANTA FE, Feb. 18—Edward M Kelly was to have been hanged here to-day, but two applications were made to Gov Sheldon for a commutation of his sentence, but after exhaustive examinations of the laws and facts, the applications were refused. Last night the Attorney General telegraphed to respite Kelly until March 17th. His right to interfere in regard to territorial offenses is denied as a matter of law but Gov Sheldon courteously ordered the respite. The murder was committed in Santa Fe county, and was so outrageous that the respite has caused much ugly feeling, and it is not improbable that an effort will be made to hang Kelly by the people. Gov Sheldon has ordered the sheriff to prevent it at all hazards.

Eastern Freight Situation.

NEW YORK Feb 18—The freight market moves rather slowly by reason of unfavorable weather and the fact that the season is rather well advanced for shipment of other than such goods as have no reason for special demand. The movement is chiefly of goods that have been delayed in delivery by manufacturers although there is still some movement in canned goods and oils notably the latter commodity which appears to have taken a fresh start and shipments are larger than for a long time past the *Standard company being the principal shippers* although still retaining their overland contracts. The ships Arabia and David Crockett have finished loading. The cargo of the former comprises in part 3500 cases and 750 barrels canned goods 250 tierces merchandise 170 barrels whiskey 100 boxes pepper sauce 270 barrels plaster 400 bales oakum 30 barrels pitch, 550 tons coal. The Crockett's cargo includes 5000 cases oil 200 barrels whiskey 2000 kegs nails 170 tons muck iron 200 coils rope and 300 tons coal. *Prices are very firm* with every prospect of further advance owing to higher prices for ships. Tonnage is very scarce although both lines have all they require for immediate wants. No charters are noted although one or two are pending.

Railroad freights have been quite active with considerable shipments of dry goods [illegible] also 100 cases canned goods 100 cases milk 60 cases sardines 125 bags coffee 50 boxes codfish 300 packages tobacco 25 boxes lemons 50 [illegible] 10 barrels molasses 150 pigs lead.

Isthmus freights have relapsed into their old quiet [illegible] there is very little doing by this route.

At Boston *the freight market is fairly active*. The Portland [illegible] has sailed and the Arcturus has taken berth.

Villard's Manitoba Railroad

NEW YORK Feb 18—A *Tribune* reporter has interviewed Edward Pierrepont just returned from Ottawa. He said. My trip to Ottawa was not undertaken directly in the interest of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company as has been reported but in the interest of the Transcontinental and Manitoba & Southwestern companies. There were certain questions which had arisen and conditions in relation to the land grant of the Canadian government to the Manitoba railroad which had to be considered and settled and I went for that purpose representing the company. Villard president of the Transcontinental company is also gratified at the result of my mission. He has been with me most of the day discussing the matter. The Manitoba & Southwestern railroad starts from Winnipeg and runs southwesterly toward the United States. The company was organized by Canadians a few years ago but they were unable to carry out their project for want of funds and the charter of the company passed into possession of the Transcontinental interest more than a year ago and the government land grant with it. The questions in regard to the land grant are not of enough importance to publish although they were important to the company. Parliamentary [illegible] The questions which arose were within the province of the governor general [illegible] to settle.

The Manitoba & Southwestern railroad will [illegible]

[illegible] What [illegible] Walter [illegible] The [illegible] railroad [illegible] is still [illegible] agricultural [illegible] a great [illegible] this [illegible] The land grant of the road is large and valuable [illegible] traffic that [illegible] business [illegible] other railroad at [illegible] all business will be assured [illegible] Manitoba [illegible] When it reaches Winnipeg [illegible] with the Canadian Pacific railroad.

Nuggets in New York

[illegible] nuggets were received in New York assay office this week varying from [illegible] ounces [illegible] The largest one weighed twenty three [illegible] and was worth [illegible] The total weight after melting was 248 [illegible] ounces and the gold bullion was worth [illegible] The nuggets are from California and were [illegible] from pockets by the hydraulic process.

Fire at Chelsea

BOSTON Feb 18—A fire broke out in Chelsea [illegible] this morning. Assistance is asked from [illegible]

WASHINGTON CITY

John Russell Young to be Given the Chinese Mission

WASHINGTON, Feb 18—It is said to day on high authority that the position of United States minister to China was some time ago offered John Russell Young and that he has now accepted it. His nomination will probably be sent to the senate early next week.

A Little Sensation

There is much comment in newspaper and political circles concerning the contents of letters of the New York lawyer Shepherd whose letters were sent to congress this evening and especially in regard to the list of names of prominent public men and capitalists who he says he had associated or would associate with him in the Peruvian Co project. It is almost universally conceded however that Shepherd's unsupported statements are not worthy of credence in view of his own exposition of his character in other letters hitherto published and there is strong probability therefore that nearly all the persons named by him will emphatically repudiate his use of their names and challenge the production of any proof to sustain his assertions.

A Mining Case.

A case of great importance to mining interests of California and other mineral regions which is now pending before the supreme court will soon be decided. *It is an appeal from* a decision rendered by Justice Miller in one of the circuit courts to the effect that when two or more locations of the same *mining* claim has been made but one patent can be issued.

Rochester Confirmed

WASHINGTON Feb 18—Major Rochester was confirmed paymaster general yesterday.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

CALIFORNIA

O'Connor's Mission.

SAN FRANCISCO Feb 18—Hon T P O'Connor M P has returned *from* San Jose where he has been laboring for the Irish cause. He expresses himself highly pleased with the progress of the cause on this coast. He has been instrumental in raising about $40 000 on the coast since his arrival. He will deliver a Grattan centennial address at the Metropolitan Temple on Wednesday.

Death of a Pioneer.

Ex Gov Sam'l F Purdy one of the old pioneers of the state, died here this evening. He came to the coast in 1849. Deceased occupied at one time position as lieutenant governor under John G Downey. At the time of his death he occupied the position of superintendent of construction of the new *city hall*.

Grand Army Meeting

SAN JOSE, Feb 18—Ninety five delegates were present at last evening's session. Reports of special committees were received and a resolution unanimously adopted recommending the *Fraternal Record* as worthy of the individual support of each member. A motion to print proceedings of the encampment under supervision of a grand and department commander prevailed. The committee to whom was referred the report of the committee on veteran's home did not report and the matter is to be taken up to morrow. The encampment are also unanimous in favor of the veteran's home. A large number of visiting members of the Grand Army were present at the evening session. Officers will be elected to morrow and a grand banquet given in the evening.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Points from Pomeroy

POMEROY Feb 18—Smallpox has broken out in Pomeroy. There are six cases *this morning* confined to two families. Dr Piertzycki, from Dayton, came at the call of the county commissioners and the board of health will quarantine the town this forenoon and take every precaution to prevent the smallpox spreading. One of the telegraph operators named Benedict died before it was known what the disease was. Most of the cases now are mild ones.

It is quite cold and the wind is from the east. The thermometer last night stood 2½ degrees below zero, the coldest of the year.

Judge Wingard has decided that the Garfield county seat is on wheels, but the commissioners will hold court in Pomeroy, where the people voted the county seat.

The Norfolk Towed Off.

PORT TOWNSEND, Feb 18—The bark *Norfolk*, recently reported ashore on Point Hudson was towed off at high tide yesterday by the tug Mastick. *No damage sustained.*

BY ATLANTIC CABLE.

A Long Death Roll.

LONDON Feb 18—It is believed that 70 persons perished by the colliery explosion at Trinidad Grange.

The Trouble in Austria.

VIENNA, Feb 18—General Javonovitch states that the extent of the insurrection makes it necessary that troops should wait for reinforcements and improvement in the weather.

A Humane Project.

LONDON Feb 18—The Balloon society appeals to *scientific societies* and the public for aid to rescue the Leigh Smith expedition, and will ask the Lord mayor to call a public meeting in furtherance of the project. Estimates of the total cost of the proposed expedition are £14,000.

Cause of the Riots.

ST PETERSBURG Feb 18—A reported outrage upon Jews near Kichenev is confirmed. The affair grew out of the elopement and marriage of a Jewish maiden with a Christian.

Will Investigate.

LONDON, Feb 18—The House of Lords notwithstanding the earnest opposition of the government adopted by 96 to 53 the motion to select a committee to inquire into the working of recent legislation in reference to land in Ireland.

Prophetic Words.

PARIS Feb 18—The *Journal de France* says Gen Skobeloff *in receiving some* Servian students, said Russia had hitherto been checked by certain foreign influence, namely, that of Germany. The sword, he said, was the only means Russians had of ridding themselves of the incubus. He declared the struggle between the Slavs and Teutons was inevitable and it would be long sanguinary and terrible but the Slavs would triumph. Gen Skobeloff concluded as follows. "If anyone attempts to molest your states recognized by treaties, thank heaven you will not be alone. *If fate so decides*, we shall meet again on the battlefield side by side against a common foe.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

House.

WASHINGTON FEB 18

Argument on the Reciprocity Treaty.

To day the house committee on *foreign affairs* began hearing of arguments on the bill to abrogate the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty. Representatives Randall Gibson and Darrell, of Louisiana, were present as was also J Hale and Sypher planters of that state. Hawaiian Minister Allen and his counsel, ex Gov Boutwell of Massachusetts were also present but did not take part in the argument, the committee having decided that they could reply on Monday next. General Rosecrans was an attentive listener to the arguments. Representative Darrell opened the proceedings. He was followed by H A Brown and J Hale Sypher. Randall and Gibson will close the argument.

The Weather in Chicago

CHICAGO Feb 18. Thermometer 28 to 31 degrees.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

Port of Portland

Entered—Am ss Umatilla Worth commander from San Francisco with six [illegible] and 100 kegs powder.

Port of Astoria.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

ASTORIA Feb 18—Arrived from sea Am ships Reporter and Western Belle.

Crossed out Mc [illegible] Trampe [illegible] Hurlburt and Duke of Connaught.

Arrived from Portland the City [illegible] in tow of the Clara Parker.

SAN FRANCISCO Feb 18—Arrived Str State of California Portland at midnight, Str Aurora Coos Bay, Schr Argonaut [illegible] Bay.

Sailed—Str Victoria Nanaimo. Br ship Denbighshire Cork, [illegible]

Sailed—10 30 A M—Str Oregon Portland.

QUEENSTOWN Feb 17—Arrived—Br bk Harvest Home Portland Oct 18.

LIVERPOOL Feb 4—Arrived Am ship Palmyra *Portland Sept 29*.

HAVRE Feb 4. Arrived—Am ship H S [illegible] Portland Sept 21.

SANDY HOOK Feb 17 (6 40 P M)—Sailed—Ship Arabia San Francisco.

PORT DISCOVERY Feb 18—Sailed—Bk Mary Glover Wilmington.

PORT MADISON Feb 18—Sailed—Bk Coquimbo San Francisco.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

Signal service United States army. Division of telegrams and reports for the benefit of commerce and agriculture. Report for the last 24 hours. The following observations are taken at the same moment of time at all the stations named.

PORTLAND Feb 18 1.57 P M

Place of Observation	*Height of Barom*	*Change last 8 Hours*	*Ther*	*Wind Direction*	*Rain fall inches*	*State of weath*
Portland	30 4	03	24	N E	00	Clear
Olympia	30 38	— 04	38	Calm	00	Clear
Roseburg	30 25	— 01	28	N W	00	Clear
Red Bluff	30 12		34	N	00	Clear
Sacramento	30 06	— 05	41	N	00	Clear
Umatilla	30 58		22	[illegible]	00	Clear

River [illegible] feet 6 inches above low water mark steady.

Maximum temperature 31 degrees minimum temperature 19 degrees.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

Their Antagonism Growing Steadily and Open Hostility a Mere Question of Time

[illegible]

[illegible] It is [illegible] that [illegible] Austria [illegible] to Herzegovina and Montenegro [illegible] the [illegible] Austrian [illegible] has [illegible] appointed minister [illegible] Austria and St Petersburg [illegible] from St Petersburg a programme in which the French minister plays [illegible] part as his recent fall proved. From this reason the ousting of M Gambetta from power was very [illegible] to the Russian government. They knew that his presence at the helm kept Germany on the watch and made her anxious to respect [illegible] and that this would increase [illegible] of Russia with the Austrians who intended to install themselves in Bosnia while Russians ought to establish themselves definitely in Montenegro and Herzegovina. *The Russian government* counted for this upon M. Dechanlars who was named as the successor of General Chanzy but Gambetta having fallen Chanzy will probably not go at least so says [illegible] who fearing a withdrawal on the part of the Russian government engaged by him [illegible] was named at St Petersburg to allow Austria to grab Bosnia. He has promised the Hungarian delegation already published as simply a public reminder of the arrangements agreed upon. The Russian government like an expert player has replied in its official journal [illegible] the loss of the [illegible] on the Adriatic which it believes it has lost. It does not despair of getting it back and it is for that reason that Prince Orloff is on the point of leaving France ostensibly for the purpose of accompanying his son to Olyser. Skatoff director of the Moscow *Gazette* has received orders to remain in Paris in order to see as often as possible the new minister of foreign affairs M De Frey [illegible] with whom he is on excellent terms. So the exact sentiment of the Russian government is this. though despising M Gambetta personally it was interested in seeing him at the head of affairs not doubting that it would so far as Germany was concerned have evidences of this sympathy.

CANADA

Co-operation Don't Pay

MONTREAL Feb 18—The Canada Co-operative association shows a deficit of $12 000.

London Stock Quotations

LONDON Feb 18. Four and one-half per cent bonds 114¾.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

NEW YORK February 18—The theatrical world is without particular feature this week. The weather has been favorable and attendance good at all houses. Lawrence Barrett impersonated King Arthur in the poetic tragedy entitled 'Pendragon' at the Fifth avenue Monday night before a brilliant audience and it is fair to say the play will draw a prosperous run.

Denman Thompson in 'Joshua Whitcomb' is at the Grand Opera house. McKee Rankin and wife in '49' at the Windsor and the Union Square company in 'Celebrated Case' at Niblo's. 'Squatters' at Comique and 'Esmeralda' at Madison Square.

The Boston Ideal Company is at Booth's, and all doing a fine business.

Pauline Maurel of Emma Abbott's opera company died recently in Boston. She was married a year ago to Sevaro Strini who is now singing at San Francisco.

Charley Backus of the San Francisco minstrels is seriously ill of pneumonia.

Madison Square *proprietors* will *soon* put on the road the Hazel Kirk company to play in German.

Mark Hughes the variety actor who recently recovered from smallpox died in Chicago from heart disease.

John F Owens has been engaged to play Rogers in 'Esmeralda' by the Madison Square Theater, to go on the road next season.

Frank L Gardner manager of the Legion of Honor Company has had an offer from a New York manager to play his *company in this city* at an early date.

Eric Bayley's combination, with Lester Wallack as Colonel opened at Haverly's Brooklyn theater on the 27th.

Annie Pixley produced her new play in New Orleans last Thursday, and it met with good success.

Harry Pitt leading man in 'Odette' at Daly's, is seriously ill.

The Royal Middy will be produced at the Bijou Monday by the Emily Melliville company.

Bartley Campbell's new melodrama 'White Slave' is completed and will be produced at a *leading metropolitan theater early next season*. Managers who have heard it read pronounce it the strongest work Campbell has ever written.

It is said that the firm of Poole & Donnelly will be dissolved at the end of this season, and that the Grand Opera House will pass into the hands of new management. According to rumor Poole offered $25 000 for the theater in the name *of the firm*, and subsequently made an offer of $40,000 individually. This is said to be the cause of dissolution. They have been very *prosperous since they took hold of* the Grand Opera House, and a number of managers are endeavoring to get possession, including Haverly, Sheridan Shook and Kiralfy.

NEW BOOKS.

During the past week the following works have been added to the Portland Library.

Numa Roumestan, by Alphonse Daudet translated from the French by Virginia Champlain.

Campaigns of the Civil War V. the Antietam and Fredericksburg, by Francis Winthrop Palfrey.

Two years in Oregon by Wallis Nash.

The Elements of Economics, by Henry Dunning Macleod vol 1.

Young Folks Heroes of History Raleigh, his Exploits and Voyages by George Makepeace Towle illustrated.

Makers of Florence—Dante Giotto Savonarola and their City by Mrs Oliphant with portrait of Savonarola engraved by C H Jeens and illustrated from drawings by Prof Delamotte third edition.

American Men of Letters Noah Webster by Horace E Scudder.

Aspects of Poetry, being Lectures delivered at Oxford by John Campbell Shairp, LL D, professor of poetry at Oxford.

International Scientific Series—The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics by J B Stallo.

Round Robin Series—Madame Lucas.

Rory O More, by Samuel Lover.

He would be a Gentleman by the same.

Legends and Stories by the same.

Handy Andy, by the same.

A Tale of the Shore and Ocean, or the Heir of Kilfinnan by William H G Kingston.

Peter Trawl, or the Adventures of a Whaler by the same.

Hendricks the Hunter or the Border Farm A Tale of Zululand, by the same.

Leisure Hour Series—Dick Netherby by L B Walford.

History of Woman Suffrage, edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton Susan B Anthony and Matilda Joslyn Gage, illustrated with steel engravings in 2 vols vol 1, 1848 1861.

AN AMBUSH OF ARTILLERY.

The Death that met 1500 Men Double-Quicking upon many Masked Guns.

W M Runkel in the Philadelphia Weekly Times

We were driven back at Seven Pines the first day, but on the second we gave them a little "Hail Columbia" and drove them back in return about half a mile from where our outside line was established on the first day. It was a most terrible fight. I had never seen anything like it, and as I have never seen an account of a rebel charge made that day I will undertake to briefly describe it. On a wooded eminence a short distance below where *our first line* had been established two or three batteries of artillery were stationed by Heintzelman. One section of two pieces was drawn out from the wood and placed in the clear corn field beyond. It was rather a dangerous position for a battery to be in without support. The section had scarcely unlimbered when from the woods in their front there debouched four lines of confederates (Chetham's brigade), who in regimental front and four lines deep, came pouring down upon the devoted section. Fire with canister! commanded the weak little voice of the young lieutenant who commanded the *section* and the confederates seemed to laugh at the two little 8 pounders opposing them. Double shot with canister! said the commander of the masked guns in the woods and still the enemy came on and on as if on parade. Not a musket was fired and the section kept booming away with terrible rapidity. I had thought that the lieutenant and his section would turn and flee but he did not [illegible] there and worked his guns with the coolness of a brave man. All at once with a yell the enemy started on a double *quick* and *in a moment* more the section was captured and the lieutenant was a mangled corpse. Now came the most terrible *carnage* I had ever seen. The capture of the section had evidently greatly encouraged the foe and his lines swept on and up the hill until within about a hundred yards of the masked cannon. It was a magnificent sight. The lines had not broken yet but kept onward as if marching for review. Fire rang out from the woods and at least a dozen cannon belched forth their *storm* of lead. I can see it even now. Men in all the agonies of death piled like fence rails one upon another with their more fortunate comrades climbing over *their mangled* bodies to reach the guns. The unbroken lines of a moment before wavered then stood still and then faded away like snow beneath a summer's sun. The charge was ended and but few if any lived to return. The field where the enemy had advanced was a perfect slaughter pen. Indeed. The dead and wounded lay in all directions and not one of all the men who had advanced got back again. It was a gallant charge and to the noble and brave lieutenant who commanded the *section* alone in the field and who gave up his life to duty was the credit of winning the battle due. The enemy lost about fifteen hundred *men in* killed wounded and prisoners. Our loss was eight men killed and sixteen wounded.

The Asteroids

London Times

The number of asteroids that have been discovered is now 120. Recent researches by Herr Hornstein communicated to the Vienna academy appear to prove that the number of those with a diameter of over 25 geographical miles is extremely small, and that probably all such were discovered before 1850. On the other hand the number of asteroids with a diameter less than five miles seems also to be very small at least in the parts of the asteroid zone next to Mars. In the outer regions next to Jupiter there may be a more considerable number of these very small bodies. Most asteroids seem to have a diameter of between five and fifteen miles. The average number of asteroids with a diameter of five to ten miles discovered annually within the last twenty years is about 3. The number of those of 10 to 15 miles diameter about 1 6. Thus should no [illegible] greatly more powerful than the present ones be used in the future in search for those bodies we may expect but a moderate [illegible] of asteroids with diameters [illegible] the [illegible] of those [illegible] be [illegible] I asked for [illegible] in the [illegible] cases.

ALLEGED INSIDE HISTORY

The Reason Why Blaine was not Nominated at Chicago. He was Preferred by the Grant Crowd but was Slaughtered by the Maine Managers

[illegible] what [illegible] is [illegible] has [illegible] important [illegible] unpublished [illegible] As it is a fact [illegible] as it was told me [illegible] true I shall give [illegible] the doubt [illegible] conversation with [illegible] the other day [illegible] expressed [illegible] *Blaine* [illegible] Messrs Hale Frye and Chandler [illegible] I think [illegible] Senator Blaine [illegible] different [illegible] incompetent [illegible] had been signed to the leadership Senator Blaine ought to have been [illegible] have been nominated if his interests had been put under the control of experienced and earnest friends such as [illegible] In that conversation Logan prefaced by saying that his relations had always been friendly with the senator from Maine and that they so continued. But that his friendship toward Gen Grant had determined his course in reference to the presidential candidacy. *Gen Grant* he said was indifferent to the nomination and did not want it. He was literally in the hands of his friends. On the evening of the day preceding the nomination of Gen Garfield Senator Cameron and himself had an interview with the Blaine people and agreed that if an adjournment could be had the *one* [illegible] of a change round [illegible] and time be given for arrangements *of details* the Grant vote would be cast for Senator Blaine. Senator Cameron had in his pocket a letter of withdrawal from Gen Grant *in harmony with such a programme*. Grant with a strong vote could have honorably withdrawn. The Grant leaders recognizing the *character of Blaine's* candidacy preferred that he should succeed rather than any dark horse. He (Logan) believed this would have been accomplished and that the Blaine men would have accepted the proposition. To his surprise when the convention met the next morning the Blaine forces went to pieces and the result was the nomination of Gen Garfield. All this was told me by Senator Logan. I have heard from other authentic sources that Senator Conkling would have preferred the nomination of Blaine to that of *Garfield and* so expressed himself when the result was known.

Garfield's Inaugural Address

From Mentor to Elberon is the title of Colonel A F Rockwell's paper in the January *Century* containing, *among his reminiscences* the following reference to several drafts of Garfield's inaugural address.

Perhaps no better illustration of General Garfield's mighty endurance and capacity for work can be given than that contained in the history of the 3d and 4th of March. The 3d was passed in a continuous round of receptions of friends and the important conferences relating to his cabinet. the close of the day bringing unwonted weariness only to be followed by a banquet at the White House, and the reunion of his classmates. *Returning late to his* hotel, sometime after midnight he redrafted nearly three-fourths of his inaugural address. His faithful and devoted secretary Mr Brown, assisting him in his toil. The rough sheets of this important paper, now in my possession, bear testimony to his indomitable perseverance and will, and his fastidious and scholarly tastes. These manuscripts are voluminous, and exhibit in a remarkable way his habits of thought and work, his fund of knowledge and his versatility and reach in the handling of the great problems of statesmanship. There are no less than a half-dozen separate and *distinct drafts* of the address in whole or in part each profusely adorned with notes, interlineations marginalia. The mass of rejected material is valuable and suggestive and if appropriately arranged, would make a paper of no small worth and proportion. When, at the reading of one of these tentative drafts to me in February last I had expressed to him my desire to possess it he exclaimed in his characteristic and original way. What you would not wish the staggerings of my mind, would you?

Henry Ward Beecher's stanchest stand by in the matter of money is Horace B Claflin who has made a cool $7,000,000 in the jobbing trade.

The salary of President Grevy of the French republic is $160 000 a year. He lives within it but Marshal MacMahon, when president spent about $200 000 a year.

W R Winans formerly of Baltimore and now a resident of Scotland, has spent $2 000 000 in building three cigar shaped ships, which are expected to cross the Atlantic in five days.

Having finished clipping coupons from United States bonds upon which he receives 2,000 000 interest money annually Mr Vanderbilt has reduced the wages on the Harlem road gravel trains to 12 cents an hour.

THE GREAT

GERMAN REMEDY

FOR

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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CALIFORNIA WINES of all kinds.
GILKA KUMMEL,

ALL WARRANTED PURE

ONE TON GENUINE SWISS CHEESE

[illegible] and Fresh.

C A BURCHARDT

44 Washington St.

See this

Man. What does he do? He prints. What does he print? He prints everything. He must be a wonderful man. He is. Is he an old man? No but many people think so. Where did he come from? He came from home. Yes, but what country did he come from? He came from America. What is his name? GEO H HIMES. Has he any other name? Yes, **Himes the Printer.** Where may he be found? He may be found at 5 Washington street Portland Oregon. That is right. Take your seat. feb1

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And General Agent for Oregon and Washington Territory for the

HOUSEHOLD SEWING MACHINE.

Dealer in all kinds of Sewing Machine Attachments Needles Oils [illegible] Sewing Machines Repaired on short notice.

RAILWAYS AND STEAMBOATS.

Northern Pacific Railroad.

PACIFIC DIVISION

KALAMA TO TACOMA

AND

TACOMA TO WILKESON

(Coal Mines.)

South Bound No 1 Pass	Stations	North Bound No 2 Pass
Arrive 1 00 P M	Kalama	Leave 10 00 A M
[illegible] A M	Newaukum	1 00 P M
[illegible] A M	Centerville	1 [illegible] P M
10 A M	Tenino	1 [illegible] P M
Leave [illegible] A M	Tacoma	Arrive [illegible] P M

East Bound No 3 Mixed	Eastern Branch	West Bound No 4 Mixed
Leave [illegible] P M	Tacoma	Arrive [illegible] A M
Arrive [illegible] P M	Wilkeson	Leave [illegible] A M

Connections.

At Tacoma with Pacific Mail Steamships for San Francisco [illegible] with Sound steamers for Victoria Seattle [illegible] and all [illegible] points on Puget Sound.

At Tenino with stage for Steilacoom.

At Tenino with the Olympia and Tenino Railroad for Olympia.

At Kalama with O R & N Co's boats for Portland and [illegible] and steamship [illegible] at Portland.

PEN D'OREILLE DIVISION.

Wallula Junction to Spokan Falls.

East Bound No 1 Mixed	STATIONS	West Bound No Mixed
Leave [illegible]00 A M	Wallula Junction	Arrive 8 40 P M
[illegible]00 A M	Adamsville	6 28 P M
11 30 A M	Ritzville	[illegible] 16 P M
1 4[illegible] P M	Sprague	1[illegible] 42 P M
[illegible] P M	Cheney	11 08 P M
[illegible] P M	Spokane Falls	9 38 P M
Arrive [illegible] P M	Lake Pend d'Oreille	Leave 5 10 A M

Connections.

At Wallula Junction with the O R & N Co's Railroad lines.

At Cheney with stages for Medical Lake, Spangle and Farmington.

At Spokan Falls with stages for Colfax Fort Colville Lewiston Medical Lake Spangle Fort Coeur d'Alene Lake Pend d'Oreille and all points in Northern Idaho.

Through Tickets.

Through tickets for sale at the principal offices of the Company and at the office of the O R & N Co in Portland Oregon to Victoria and Seattle and via P M S S Co steamships from Tacoma and O R & N Co's and P C S S Co steamships from Portland to San Francisco.

Through tickets to Portland Oregon, for sale at Victoria Seattle Tacoma and Tenino,

J W SPRAGUE, Gen'l Sup't
JOHN MUIR, Sup't of Traffic, Portland
OTIS SPRAGUE, Sup't Pac Div
H W FAIRWEATHER Sup't Pend d'Oreille Div

au1

Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.

OCEAN DIVISION.

Between San Francisco and Portland.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO AT 10 A M			LEAVE PORTLAND at 12 Midnight.		
Oregon.	State of California.	Columbia.	Columbia.	Oregon.	State of California.
Jan 4	Jan 9	Jan 14	Jan 5	Jan 10	Jan. 15
Jan 19	Jan 24	Jan 29	Jan 20	Jan 25	Jan 30
Feb 3	Feb 8	Feb 13	Feb 4	Feb 9	Feb 14
Feb 18	Feb 23	Feb 28	Feb 19	Feb 24	Mar 1
Mar 5	Mar 10	Mar 15	Mar 6	Mar 11	Mar 16
Mar 20	Mar 25	Mar 30	Mar 21	Mar 26	Mar 31

Right is reserved to change steamers or sailing days.

Through Tickets sold to all principal cities in the United States and Canada.

RIVER AND RAIL DIVISIONS.

Columbia, Willamette and Yamhill Rivers

NOVEMBER 20, 1881.

Leave Portland for	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat.
Dalles, Walla Walla, Umatilla and up river points	7 AM	7 AM	7 AM	7 AM	7 AM	7 AM
Astoria, Kalama, Tacoma, Seattle	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM
Victoria, New Westminster	6 AM		6 AM		6 AM	...
Cathlamet, Bay View, Skamokawa, Brookfield	6 AM		6 AM		6 AM	....
Westport, Clifton, Knappa		6 AM	..	6 AM	..	6 AM
Dayton Or	7 AM		7 AM	..	7 AM	......
Corvallis and intermediate points	6 AM		..	6 AM	..	...

NARROW GAUGE DIVISION.

EAST SIDE DIVISION.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND BROWNSVILLE via O. & C R R to Woodburn

MONDAY, DEC. 12, 1881

Trains for Brownsville leave Portland at 7 30 A M on Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays.

LEAVE		ARRIVE	
Portland	7 30 A M	Brownsville	3 17 P M
Brownsville	8 00 A M	Portland	4 25 P M

Trains for Portland leave Brownsville at 8 00 A M on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

WEST SIDE DIVISION.

BET PORTLAND SHERIDAN AND AIRLIE via O & C R R to Whites.

LEAVE		ARRIVE	
Portland	8 15 A M	Airlie	4 25 P M
Sheridan	9 55 A M	Sheridan	1 20 P M
Airlie	7 00 A M	Portland	3 20 P M

FREIGHT

For all points on Narrow Gauge Division will be received and forwarded by the O & C R R, East and West Side Divisions, respectively.

C H. PRESCOTT Manager

General Offices—Cor. Front and D Streets.

J McCRAKEN & CO., Ag'ts State of California.

A. L. MAXWELL Ticket agent O R & N Co

JOHN MUIR Superintendent of Traffic

PORTLAND

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Corner of Stark and First Streets, Over Ladd & Tilton's Bank.

Over 10,000 Volumes & Over 125 Papers and Periodicals.

MEMBERSHIP FREE TO ALL.

Monthly Dues $1 Quarterly Dues $3

Directors:

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PHILIP C. SCHUYLER, C. H. LEWIS,
MATTHEW P DEADY, M W FECHHEIMER
H. W CORBETT, H. FAILING
E S KEARNEY, R. H. LAMSON

M. P DEADY .... President
H FAILING .... Vice President
P C. SCHUYLER, ... Treasurer
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HENRY A. OXER. ..Librarian and Recording Sec'y

BOOTS AND SHOES.

REDUCTIONS! REDUCTIONS!

ROOM! ROOM! ROOM!

Before my departure for the East where I will purchase my Spring stock. I intend making a sweeping reduction in prices as follows.

Look at a Few of My Prices:

Ladies Calf Buttons	$2 00
Ladies Calf Buttons worked B H	2 50
Ladies [illegible] Buttons	2 00
Ladies [illegible] Buttons worked B H	2 50
Ladies American Kid Buttons	2 00
Ladies [illegible] Shoes	1 50
Ladies Calf [illegible] Shoes lined	1 [illegible]
Men's Full Stock Kip Boots	3 00
Men's Calf Dress Boots	4 00

Other Shoes will be sold at correspondingly low prices.

Call and Convince Yourself

NEW YORK BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

H GALLICK Propr

108 First Street, Portland. das

CAPILLINE.

THE BEST HAIR TONIC

In the world. Removes dandruff promotes the growth of the hair and leaves it soft and glossy. Prepared only by W. S. Wallace & Co. Druggists No 2 North First St. Portland Oregon. d4lm

---

$3,500! $3,500!

CO-OPERATION.

THE

True Solution

OF THE GREAT

Social, Domestic and Business Problems of To-day.

PRIZES.	IN ALL	PRIZES.
CLASS I ONE PRIZE, $1,000!	$3,500.00.	CLASS I ONE PRIZE $1,000!
CLASS II. EACH MONTH ONE PRIZE, OF $100! TWO PRIZES $50 EACH! 4 PRIZES $25 EACH! AND 20 PRIZES $10 EACH!	[illegible] TO BE DISTRIBUTED AMONG OUR CUSTOMERS ON THE CO-OPERATIVE PLAN! MELLIS BROS. & CO.	CLASS II. EACH MONTH ONE PRIZE OF $100! TWO PRIZES $50 EACH! 4 PRIZES $25 EACH! AND 20 PRIZES $10 EACH!

A DIVISION OF PROFITS WITH OUR CUSTOMERS
A DIVISION OF PROFITS WITH OUR CUSTOMERS.

$3,500.00! $3,500.00!

Reviewing our great and continued business success, we have concluded to place it beyond all previous results, by adopting the truest and most enduring business principle: A division of profits with our customers, giving to every one dealing with us an interest in the prosperity of the establishment. We will

DISTRIBUTE EACH MONTH,

Commencing March 15th,

$500.00!

Continuing until July 15th, when the Grand Prize of

$1,000.00 Additional

Will be awarded, making a distribution in all of

$3,500.00!

The Five Hundred Dollars distributed each month will be in

ONE PRIZE OF $100
TWO PRIZES OF .... 50 EACH
FOUR PPIZES OF .... 25 EACH
TWENTY PRIZES OF .... 10 EACH

Every customer purchasing goods to the amount of ONE DOLLAR will receive ONE TICKET (white), and each customer purchasing goods to the amount of FIVE DOLLARS at one time will receive ONE TICKET (red) EXTRA, entitling to one number in the grand $1,000 prize, in addition to the tickets (white) for each dollar's worth in the monthly distribution.

MELLIS BROS. & CO.

MONEY IS DEPOSITED WITH FIRST NATIONAL BANK, AND WILL BE DRAWN AND LEGALLY DISTRIBUTED STRICTLY, NOT [illegible]

SWORN STATEMENT.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.
County of Multnomah, }

I, F. R. MELLIS, being first duly sworn, do depose and say that I am a member of the firm of MELLIS BROS. & CO., doing business in the city of Portland, Oregon, and that the above is the true purpose and intent of said firm. F. R. MELLIS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of February, A. D. 1882.

(Seal.)

E. L. REED,
Notary Public, State of Oregon.

Sale Begins Feb. 15, '82.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

Referring to the above, we will add, that our prices will be as popular as ever, and, as in the past, we will in the future endeavor to offer the best assortment and grades of goods at the lowest possible figures.

MELLIS BROS. & CO.

126 FIRST ST.,

127 and 129 FRONT ST.,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

CITY TAXES.

[illegible]

Feb 1, 1881 [illegible]

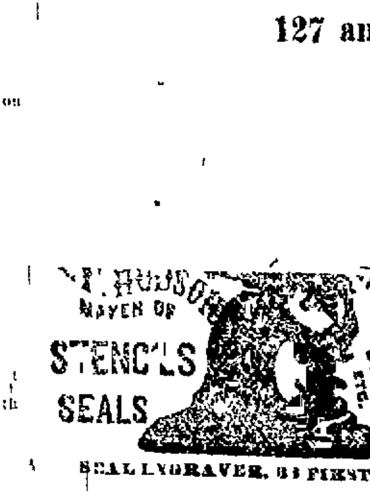
[illegible] IN WORLD OF THE [illegible]

[illegible] JOURNAL [illegible]

60 CHROMO [illegible] NEW [illegible] [illegible] J M SHAW & CO Jersey City N J

Offer the [illegible] for sale upon the following liberal terms [illegible] in cash [illegible]

[illegible] Portland Oregon.



SEAL ENGRAVER, 81 FIRST ST

Monthly Dues $1 Quarterly Dues $3

Directors

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MATTHEW P DEADY
H W CORBETT
E S KEARNEY, R. [illegible]

M P DEADY
H FAILING
P C SCHUYLER
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